



TALES OF THE FOREST:

CONTAINING

THE LOTUS-WALKER,

AND

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.



BY

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TALES OF THE FOREST.

INTRODUCTION.

It was toward the close of the year 1838 that I proceeded, in fulfilment of my instructions, toward the right bank of the river Sarduh, to survey the adjacent Forest lands. Wearied of the flat, tame, over cultivated tracts of upper India, the idea of entering upon so new a scene, was extremely welcome ; although considerable difficulty was apprehended to my operations, in the seas of reeds and lofty grass, through which it would be necessary to cut lines. But my establishment of Natives heard of it with very different feelings. The tracts bordering this forest, even where cultivated, are at certain seasons extremely inimical to the human constitution. When the mass of decaying leaves, which for many centuries the forest has been accumulating beneath its shade, has been completely saturated with the torrents of rain poured down by the Monsoon ; and the scorching

sun of upper India blazes upon this vast hoard of corruption; exhalations of a deadly kind are raised, which act upon the frame of man, as the most virulent vegetable poisons. The water, also, being then brought to the surface of the earth, becomes impregnated with the gums and oils of the vegetable soil, which may even be seen floating upon its surface; and creates indigestion and low fevers, which carry off large numbers yearly.

The Natives of the healthier districts adjoining have, it may be supposed, greatly exaggerated an evil, sufficient in itself. They know also that nature has peopled these forests with wild beasts, and have added to the array, ghosts and demons and wizards of their own imagining. The result is the most slavish fear that can be conceived. As soon as my purpose was declared, a large number of my Native surveyors absconded; preferring the loss of employ, to the encounter of the horrors of the forest tract. All this lent an excitement to the undertaking, which was a relief from the monotony of my usual duties, and I shall long recall the hours spent in the green-wood bordering that magnificent river, as some of the most pleasant of my Indian career.

I soon found, by mixing much with the Natives, that these wilds were fruitful of more than the calamities

and monsters ascribed to them by the ignorant. Here and there I came upon the site of some long-buried city or ruinous fort, which always had its own peculiar legend. The traditions of the Hindoo are full of interest and beauty. I lost no opportunity of collecting and treasuring such as came to hand. Some of them I have since worked up into Tales, two of which are now presented to the public. They betray, I fear, the haste and singular circumstances under which they have been written :—A Canto in one corner of the world, a Stanza in another. But the nature of the fictions does not seem to me deserving of any high-working ; although interesting as undoubted traditions of the spot, and as exhibiting the prejudices of the Hindoo, and the high moral sentiment of his tales.

In order to enter into the spirit of the second, which is of more recent origin than the first, it is necessary to bear in mind the history of Hindoostan, once peopled by Hindoos alone ; ruled by Rajpootre Princes, and governed by the laws of Menu ; but at the period of this tale, in subjection to a conquering race from Afghannistan and Tartary, of different habits, alien blood, and the most hostile religious prejudices. The Hindoo, who cannot intermarry even amongst Hindoos out of his own

immediate caste, considered himself polluted and eternally disgraced and ruined by alliance with Moslemim, his conquerors. The Rajpootres, or Thakoors, the caste distinguished by selection for the offices of the state and the service of arms, especially abhorred the intermixture of their blood, received through an illustrious line, from their great progenitors—Suriya and Chundra*, who have been exalted to a glorious sphere in the universe, as the rulers of the day and of the night. Acts of heroism almost without example amongst any other people, are on record, of this high spirited tribe, to escape alliance with their Moslem rulers. But the spirit of the people was weakened in latter days, and Rajpootre kings and chiefs were found, base enough to court those connections, which their fathers had bought off with their dearest blood.

Chehbee Singh, the last Raja of Kanp upon the Sarduh, not only carried off the daughter of a Moslem noble, but accepted from the emperor of Delhi, who was delighted with his gallantry and grace, the title of Khaun (Lord), and was intriguing with a Muhummedan damsel, when the singular adventure recorded in the tradition befell

* The Sun and Moon.

him. His capital is at present a grassy plain, girt ^{*}on the one hand by the forest, on the other by the river Sarduh. The tombs erected over the ashes of the warriors and their widows slain in battle with the Delhi troops are still existing, but no longer five hundred in number. I gazed upon them with melancholy interest, enhanced by observing, that even in their sepulchral monuments the gallant Thakoors had at length conformed to the fashions of their conquerors; from whose tyranny, death, it might have been hoped, would set them free. What a nation lies buried in the wide plains and forests of Hindoostan. Every where we are reminded by monuments, by traditions, by facts, of genius, virtues, science, that have utterly disappeared from the soil. This mystery is full of poetry. We travel back to explore it, until we find ourselves in the presence of chaos, surrounded by beings without form. The void of eternity above us, and beneath us the abyss of departed years. Nothing gives us so strongly the impression of this antiquity as the complete triumph of nature over the labours of man. In these forests, forts and villages are occasionally disinterred, in digging pits to snare the wild elephant. Forts that have been buried many feet below the soil, by the mere accumulation of

decayed leaves. Yet these are probably modern, compared with the finer literature of the Hindoo, and with the traditions, stored in the memory of the Hindoo peasant.

In other lands, when we find great declines from former virtue and mental endowments, they are generally combined with such a change in the habits and religion of the people, as lead us to regard the present, as distinct from the race that has passed away. But this is not the case in Hindoostan.

The Hindoo, whom we meet on every hand, retains his religion, his manners, his customs, his prejudices, his physiognomy, almost as they were borne by his fathers. Your groom reasons with you upon the identity of the Godhead with the visible universe. The peasant lectures you upon the sin of slaying the innocent birds, whose song is breathed by a spirit once animating a human form. The widow will still burn herself, unless arrested by British law, with the body of her husband; and there are men who will vow in childhood to devote themselves to the goddess of death, and after the lapse of twenty years, at the day and hour appointed in their voluntary vow, will cast themselves from the precipice sacred to such sacrifices. Still the terrible rite of Tāpāsā is

enacted, by illiterate wandering vagabonds, in the fond belief, that it gives them dominion over the world of spirits. The devotee sits in the monster-haunted forest, girt seven days and nights by water, as many by fire; silent, unsleeping, unresting; absorbing, or endeavouring to absorb, his whole mind and soul in the idea of the deity.

The body, the form, the features are as in ancient days. But the spirit has departed. The Hindoo astronomer calculates as before his celestial observations: he foretells the true hour of an eclipse or a submersion, as infallibly as his forefather. But he knows as little of the principles upon which the calculation is made, as does the paper upon which he works it. In like manner he repeats you the odes and stanzas of his ancient poets and philosophers. He delights you with beautiful imagery, he enchants you with pure and undefiled morality, he elevates you by conceptions of the deity, the most sublime and glorious. But the practical application of all this is lost for ever. The mind of the speaker is grovelling below the very dust. The fire that glows in the words of his bards and his poets—the wisdom that inspires the page of his philosopher—the rapt exalted strain on which he rises in contemplating the

divine perfections—these, all these, fall vivid and glorious like the bolt of Indra,* from his ancient heaven, but they fall not on the rock to rend it ; they fall not upon the forest to inflame it ; they fall not upon the nitrous hoard to give it energy and life. An ocean of thick gloom receives the radiance. It is quenched and dissipated for ever.

* Indra, God of the Firmament.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.



Tales of the Forest.⁽¹⁾

TALE I.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

THE INVITATION.

Art 'Thou of the Forest, free ?
Dost thou love the greenwood tree ?
Would thy footstep careless roam,
Where all wild creatures find a home ;
Beneath the drooping⁽²⁾ Jamun' shade,
Or Burgut's sunlit colonnade,
Or where, her fluttering music strowing,
The Seesoo fair is waving, bowing ?
If thou cans't, without a sigh,
The heartless smile, the practis'd eye,
The tongue that drops, with accent fond,
The honied³⁾ dew of 'Trebizond ;
The empty breast, the vacant mind,
The hollow laugh, the sneer unkind ;
—If thou cans't these glories flee,
To live, a forest-child with me ;
Welcome, to my jocund home !
Here no carking cares may come ;

Clashing discords jar not, here;
Drunk with music reels our sphere,
In a merry maze and free,
Around the sun of liberty.

Would'st the savage tiger bay ?
Would'st thou rend his spoils away ?
'The leopard's spring, dismounted, dare,
Or beard in his own den the bear ?
Come, and bring thy rifle keen ;
Thou shalt see, what few have seen ;
Not the shackled forest king,
With humbled crest and cowering mien ;
But him, whose voice is fate, whose eye
All living things, affrighted, fly ;
Whose bound is death, who ne'er has known
A rival, near his blood-stain'd throne ;
There, when he rears his princely crest,
When glares his fiery eye, in quest
Of one, 'mid all his mighty foes,
Worthy, in fight, with him to close ;
—Spare him awhile, 'twere felon blow,
Should thus, at vantage, lay him low !

Peruse the stern, majestic air
Of conscious might, Earth's Tyrants wear ;
Then, as the wilds his roar resound,—
Meet him on the deadly bound !
Meet him with thy rifle gun !
His reign is o'er, his course is run !

Thou shalt learn, e're long thous't been
A forest child, such sport to deem
Too tame to wake the spirits glow,
And cause the sparkling life-tide flow.
—Bring thy spear, thine Arab stced !
—Hast tried his metal, prov'd his speed ?
Is he fearless, is he strong ?
—Rouse his fire, and bound along ?
Leave awhile the forest glade,
Leave the flitting light and shade ;
Seek the plain, the waving corn ;
Thither crept, at early dawn,
A leopard, from the covert low,
A beauteous and a worthy foe !

Cautious, round the cover ride,
Till thou mark his spotted hide,
Down the furrow'd corn.—There, There,
I caught his eye balls' cruel glare !
—Now spur we our good steeds and ride
Around him, first in circle wide,
But narrowing ever, till so near,
That we may launch the ready spear.

Crouch'd he lies and glares around,
Collected for the fatal bound ;
Folded like serpent, girt with fire ;
Enchain'd by doubt, and swoln with ire,
Now here, now there his scowl he throws,
Divided 'twixt his equal foes :

Then flies the spear, nor flies in vain ;
But, as a spark ignites the train
Of mine, conceal'd with treacherous zeal,
So, wounded by the glancing steel,
From sloth to sudden vengeance stirr'd,
Bursts on his foe, the crouching pard !

Now stir thy might, my Arab steed,
Ere-while thous't match'd thine arrowy speed,
With the dread Siroc's wing, and now,
Hangs on thy step a deadlier foe.

Swift flies the steed ; not Earth, but air
Seems his pursuer's form to bear,
Bound following bound. But on his trace,
In turn is urg'd the fiery chase.
Scarce from his third and final bound,
Alights the pard ; when glaring round,
He sees and rises to his foe,
And meets the spear, that lays him low.
Wounded to death, but not despair,
He rends to fibre the tough spear,
And closes, rampant, with his foe ;
—One claw is on the saddle bow,

One ploughs the horseman's thigh :
But his fangs rend the harden'd hide,
And scathless is the good steed' side,

Tho' scar'd, he may not fly ;
For vengeance curbs his fire awhile,
As with a grim and fatal smile,

And swift, firm hand, his lord hath press'd
His pistol, on the monster's crest,
And high the death shot peals :

The rearing steed, no more controll'd,
Bounds frantic :—from his vengeful hold,
With gore defac'd his spotted gold,
The clinging leopard reels.

Time serves not, or I'd gladly tell,
How the mighty Gheynda* fell :
How to his den, we drove the bear,
Enter'd, assail'd, and slew him there ;
How, as some river, when o'erthrown,
Its mountain scarp, it thunders down,
Through the crackling forest' rent,
Bears down the frantic⁽⁴⁾ Elephant,
Shaking with Earthquake throe the plain,
And by a hundred wounds scarce slain :
How, thirty balls the⁽⁵⁾ Urrna† bore,
O'er‡ Sarduh's flood, from shore to shore ;
How, when he felt the deadly storm
Still beating o'er his giant form,
On vengeance bent, he plung'd again,
Intent the hostile shore to gain ;

* The Gheynda is the wild Rhinoceros.

† The Urrna is the wild buffalo. See notes.

‡ The river Sarduh is broader, deeper, and more rapid than the Ganges of the same latitude. See notes.

And perish'd, not by man subdued,
But mightier arm of River God.

But come, dear Dacre, come and see,
And share my green-wood sports with me;
As thou from youth hast shar'd my soul;
Inspir'd by Sarduh's flood, shall roll,
In current, fiery, full and strong,
The numbers of thy deathless song;
Till, rous'd in Bulkh's time-moulder'd cave,
For ages long his glory's grave;
Eraun's ⁽⁶⁾ fall'n lion shall arise,
And shake the death film from his eyes;
And gaze upon his own bright sun,
And, frowning, seek his ruin'd throne;
And while the rocks and mountains hoar,
Thrill, proud, that long forgotten roar;
Swear, that once more ⁽⁷⁾ Istukhr's skies,
Shall sec Jumsheed's proud columns rise;
Bulkh's mouldering dust disclose the Throne,
The sceptre yield, wreck'd Babylon;
And where the rose and cypress weep,
Not death, but Honor's deadlier sleep,
Mid palaces of Isfahaun,
The soul of Abbas shall awake:
Roostum' strong arm his cerements break,
And rend the rocks of Sigistâun.

Or thou, young, bright, and beauteous Flower:
That nurst'd beneath the sheltering Bower,

Of changeful Heavens know'st but the dye,
Which stains thine own pure, lustrous eye;
The breezy waft, that if it dare
Lift of thy locks *one* silky hair,
Subdues its spirit to a sigh,
And faints, oppress'd with harmony.
Would'st Thou, Ah! would'st Thou let this hand
Transplant thee to the Fairy's Land;
To reign the Queen of Forest Flowers,
The sun-gleam of my green-wood bowers!
O! gentler joys await thee there,
An Empire wide, a Throne most rare:
A sceptre, whose al-potent wand
Will ne'er fatigue thy fairy hand!

Ask ye, beneath what far off sky,
An exile's boasted realm may lie?
—Gaze round thee;—Thou its centre art:
—That realm unbounded is *his* heart.
All happy things, that roam the air,
The Earth, the Deep, shall greet thee there;
He loves them all—the fair, the free!
Were this a realm, unworthy Thee?
Thy throne, of love's pure wealth, we'll pile:
—Thy sceptre! — *Thou* shalt bring — — a smile!
Al-potent o'er the realm of sighs,
Dun cares, and hopes with sunny eyes;
To sway, subdue, and harmonise.

No discords, here, thine ear shall greet:
At early dawn, the young⁽⁸⁾ Kokleete,

In accent, faltering with delight,
Shall woo thee forth, to see how bright,
The lingering star : how lucid lie
The tears of Night's deep, soul-fraught eye
How pure, how fresh the morning air :
—Thine Arab steed will joy to bear
His freight of beauty, free and far,
While pales, eclips'd, the morning star !

At noon, pavilion'd, where in small,
Soft showers, the golden sunbeams fall ;
The pencil in thy magic hand,
Shall build the fanes of fairy land.
Whilst I to thee the legend read,
Or record of th' illustrious Dead,
Whose names, on virtue's tablet grav'd,
Survive the very realms they sav'd,
And, like the echo of their shore,
Where god and hero tread no more,
Still linger round the ruin'd shrine,
Sole embers of its fire divine.

At eve, on stately Sarduh' shore,
We'll sit, and muse past glories o'er ;
Or, with the floating blossoms, roam
The current bright of bliss to come :
There, as along that mighty river,
The eve-star's beams delighted quiver,
Thy voice shall rise upon the night,
Like spirit of some past delight,

Till every breeze forgets to sigh,
And folds the wing in extacy,
And deems each wandering star to hear
The lov'd, lost music of his sphere.

Or thou shall tell me, beauteous Rose,
How reason's ray did first unclothe
The tender petals of thy mind :
What planet of the heavenly quire,
Did, first, thy glowing heart inspire
With fragrance of a soul refin'd.

And I! O! yes, e'en I, for thee,
Can shake some slumbering melody,
From the old, ruin'd harp; can find,
In that most won'drous lute, the mind,
Sounds, that seem'd discord, till thy song
They met, and flow'd with it, along,

In harmony, sweet harmony;
I'll show thee, how, so lately found,
Thou long hast bless'd the depth profound,

Of my heart's crystal sea;
As Ocean clasps the Pearl unseen;
As Ocean shrin'd young Beauty's Queen,
{ And knew not whence his wayward mood,
{ What spell upheav'd the billowy flood,
{ Or why, in musing trance subdued,
Like slumbering infant, now, he lay,
And listless sigh'd, his might away.

And I have many a treasur'd store,
Of annals old and fairy lore,

From distant lands and regions nigh :
To win *one* smile, to stir *one* sigh,
I'd try a higher, prouder strain,
Than the old tale of good King Bhayne.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.



CANTO FIRST.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CANTO FIRST.

The young king Bhayne in silence stood,
O'er Sarduh's Forest-tangled flood,
Before whose giant path is rent,
Himàla's snow capp'd battlement :
The glorious river, bounding free,
Exults in hard-earn'd liberty,
And, as supreme, she rolls along,
Hums to the wilds her careless song.

“ Who is for might, like Sarduh, known ?
“ Himàla's spoils are careless thrown,
“ By Sarduh's hand, from mount to vale :
“ Himàla bleak, whose tower to scale,
“ Pants the ambitious world in vain !—
“ *Who* rends the forest, cleaves the plain,
“ Sweeps peopled city, tower and fort,
“ Of boasting man, in idle sport,
“ Hurling the wrecks, confus'd, away,
“ Mid forest leaves and dancing spray ?

“Feasting her water-sprites on groans ?
 “Paving her path with jewell’d thrones ?
 “While many an imp, in robe and crown,
 “Apcs royal strut, and regal frown ?
 “Who, but Sarduh, free and strong,
 “Hurling her ocean-might along ;
 “Who, but Sarduh, strong and free,
 “Earth’s groan, her note of revelry ?”

Such words, ’mid hurtling waters’ roar,
 Distinct the wandering breezes bore,
 To the young monarch’s ear ; for he,
 Of dread Tapāsa’s⁽⁹⁾ rite was free :
 Seven days and nights, in forest deep,
 Where tigers prowl, and serpents creep.
 And genii, foes to man, abound,
 Had sat, with water girdled round :
 Seven days and nights, in fiery zone,
 Out-watch’d the stars, out-gaz’d the sun :
 And seen, unmov’d, around him prowling,
 The fiends of night, and monsters howling :
 His thoughts from earthly wandering free,
 Absorb’d in the Deity.
 And thus, to him ’twas giv’n to scan
 The page, by nature seal’d from man ;
 To view the spirit hosts, who wander,
 Where forests gloom and streams meander,
 Or cleave, with crystal wing, the air,
 Or nestle in the chalice fair

Of lily, or the watery bower
Of ether-tinted lotus flower.

The voice of birds, which haunt the spray,
Of bees, that roam the live-long day,
From sweet to sweet, and homeward come,
With nectar'd hearts and blissful hum:
The secret soft of virgin Rose,
When first her fragrant lips unclose:
The musing stern, and murmur deep
Of giant Pine, that, o'er the steep,
From age to age, hath droop'd his brow,
And view'd Time's motley current flow:
Those sights his eye, those tones his ear,
Freed of Earth's film, could see, could hear;
And wisdom did, through each, impart
Some lesson to the monarch's heart.

“ And is *my* empire thus upborne,
“ On eyes that weep and hearts that mourn?
“ Are Sarduh's waters, deep and free,
“ The type of earthly sov'reignty?
“ What marvel, then, at thrones' decay,
“ That he who gives, should take away
“ That power, abus'd, with gods to vie,
“ To staunch the tear in sorrow's eye,
“ Bind up each broken heart, and throw
“ Our mantle o'er the child of woe?
“ Crush with strong arm the robber's brow,
“ The curse uproot, the blessing sow,

" And, like yon starry Realm Divine,
 " In dews descend and sunny shine.
 " What marvel, Heaven's offended Might
 " Hath quench'd in Ganges' gentler light,
 " The glories, ancient Sarduh bore,
 " From Himalaye to ocean' shore :
 " For thunders build not Heaven's intense
 " Blue temple of Omnipotence :
 " Clouds climb not there, where veil'd in light,
 " Beneficence reclines on Might !"

Thus mus'd the king. His train remote
 Now hasted to the signal note,
 As, deep his conch pour'd forth the waves
 Of sound, imbib'd in ocean' caves,
 When winds and waters hurtling meet :
 —Low bending at the royal feet,
 Select his gorgeous throne to carry,
 Kneels the matchless Bussunt Kalli.*
 The silver steps king Bhayne ascends :
 Prostrate each noble Thakoor bends :
 Their thousand elephants around,
 Kneeling, strow the forest bound ;
 But when the golden chuttre† spread,
 Guards the monarch's sacred head,
 And when the peacock banner flies,
 Dazzling with its rainbow dyes ;

* Name of a female elephant.

† The golden Umbrella, one of the symbols of Royalty.

Then, to one deep, immeasur'd roar,
 The forest quails ; and Sarduh's shore
 Beats, shuddering, to the adverse side,
 In volume huge, the crystal tide.
 His spring the couchant tiger staid,
 And crouch'd beneath the sedgy shade ;
 The mighty urrnah*, from his lair
 Upsprang and snuff'd the tainted air,
 And o'er the sea of reeds wide spread,
 Like crescent isle, his surly head ;
 And, as the airy waves did smite
 The nurkul†, with a tempest's might,
 Rush'd crashing, thro' its forest sere,
 The Gheyndha huge‡ and antler'd deer.

Through the Sarduh's forest glade,
 Sweeps the royal cavalcade ;
 Where the shadows deepest grow,
 Where the golden gleams break through,
 Where the sombre boughs have grown
 Rich with glories, not their own ;
 Where the shrub and thicket serc
 Bear tokens of the changing year ;
 Where, on autumn-dappled lawn,
 Sleeps the sunbeam with the fawn ;

* Urrnah. The wild buffaloe, a creature of such size and strength, that not only is he unknown as junglie byngss (literally wild buffaloe) in India ; but even naturalists have treated of him as a distinct animal.

† Nurkul. The hollow reed, which sometimes grows to the height of 18 feet and the thickness of a man's wrist.

‡ Gheyndha. The rhinoceros.

Through the cane⁽¹⁰⁾ palm, green and high,
 Where the Cheethul* loves to lie ;
 O'er the⁽¹¹⁾ dwarf-date's coral plant,
 Browse of lordly Elephant.

Onward as the monsters pass,
 Rise⁽¹²⁾ perfumes from the mangled grass :
 Such fragrance true love will impart
 E'en to the hand, that wrings her heart !

With a mighty crash they go
 Thro' the coppice, sere and low ;
 'Tramping o'er the foliage brown,
 Autumn's hand hath shaken down.
 Vainly, with his arm would stay,
 The Forest Lord, their onward way ;
 O'er the mighty bar, doth fling,
 His mightier trunk, the forest king ;
 With the crash of sudden thunder,
 Falls the barrier, rent asunder.

Now the sullen pool is won,
 Girdled by a wild'ring zone ;
 Of † Nurkul high—The star of day
 Spends not, here, one golden ray,
 That is not, from its bosom black,
 In deadly poison render'd back ;
 E'en the gentler friends of night
 Here distil no welcome light ;

* Large hollow reed. † Spotted deer or axis.

But grimly smiles the wave accurs'd,
When, to slake his fiery thirst,
To its brink the Tiger draws,
And bathes his gore-distilling jaws ;
And, crouching, laps th' empoison'd tide ;
Then rising, fresh in power and pride,
Casts his crafty, cruel eyes,
Where in the pool his image lies,
And, pleas'd, uplifts his head and voice,
And bids the shuddering woods rejoice ;
The shuddering woods, whose Echo shy,
Hides deeper, ere she yields reply.

But now the⁽¹³⁾ bustard's booming cry
Tokens of the champaign nigh,
And now, emerging from the shade,
Lighter sweeps the cavalcade ;
O'er the grassy plateau springing,
While the⁽¹⁴⁾ silver bells are ringing,
And the conch is deeply sounding,
And the mettled steeds are bounding ;
And, with startled falcon vying,
The wild-ey'd antelope is flying ;
And all are sprightly, all are glad,
Save one :—the monarch's brow is sad.

Alighting at the guarded fort,
The king his high zenana sought,
Where, bounding in her beauty's pride,
Rush'd to his arms his matchless bride ;

Then at his feet, with rev'rence low,
Blushing and smiling droop'd her brow,
And pray'd, no pardon he'd accord,
The lover, who had wrong'd his lord.
But vain young Soondrie's every wilc,
To cheat him of the wonted smile,
In vain, with many a fairy band,
Of jasmin, gathered by her hand,
She binds his unresisting arms,
More firmly fetter'd in her charms,
And claps her tiny hands, till all
Her laughing maidens throng the hall;
Then bids around him build the pyre
Of roses red, and fan the fire,
That the young phœnix,⁽¹⁵⁾ old in gloom,
May in the scented flame consume
His worn-out frame, and leave, "politely,
His dust, to mould a bird more spritely."

But when she saw each smile constrain'd
Of the reluctant lips, but train'd
Fresh gloom-clouds to his brow, her hand,
Dismiss'd, at once the laughing band;
And sinking on the rosy throne,
Her lavish glee had round him strown,
She fondly to his own uprais'd
Her eyes, and in that mirror gaz'd,
Which, still, her lover's heart laid bare,
And aye reveal'd ~~her~~ image there.

“ Wherefore droops my Falcon’s eye ?
 “ King of all who cleave the sky ;
 “ Wherefore droops my Lotus Flower ?
 “ First in glory, first in power :
 “ Wherefore, from mid heaven doth bow,
 “ Glory of woods, my cypress brow ?
 “ *Can* love’s pure, empyreal air
 “ No more the wing aspiring bear ?
 “ *Can* love’s crystal depths afford
 “ No bliss to their long-cherish’d Lord ?
 “ *Can* the star, that loves him best,
 “ Gild no more my cypress’ crest ?
 “ Oh ! let the King of Birds declare
 “ His grief, to his own vassal Air ;
 “ Would his spirit stern, unbend,
 “ Her whisper’d anthem she will lend ;
 “ Would he with the tempest vie,
 “ Her whirlwinds waft him victory ;
 “ Let the Lotus gaze below,
 “ Where his crystal treasures flow :
 “ Love’s, Heaven’s pure azure he shall find,
 “ And deep, within, *his* image shrin’d ;
 “ Let the cypress, to his own
 “ True star, his secret care make known ;
 “ Other Lights wane pale and dim ;
 “ Brightly burns her soul for him !”

“ Breath of my life,” replied the king,
 “ Young Breeze, at whose soft whisper spring,

" Thro' the leafless glade and sere,
 " Fair earnest of a brighter year !
 " Why should my heart its sackcloth fling
 " Oe'r thy wild, thy blissful wing ?
 " Why taint my fountain Wave ?—Ah why,
 " My young Star, dim thy lustrous eye,
 " With the vapors dark, that brood
 " Oe'r remorseful memory's flood ?
 " Do I wrong thy love, Ah ! no !
 " I do but mourn the share of woe,
 " Exacted by thy faithful heart.
 " —Then list Thee, Soondrie :—whilst apart
 " From my Train, at morn I stood,
 " In Sarduh's dark, deciduous wood,
 { " Listing the lark' and dhayul' song,
 { " And following, as they glide along,
 { " The foam bells of the current strong ;
 " A Bee, that from the Bussunt* dew,
 " Her wealth of perfum'd nectar drew,
 " Hymn'd the while a measure gay,
 " And thus she sang her roundelay,

Song of the Bee.

Who is lightsome ? Who is free ?
 Who is like the woodland bee ?

* Bussunt—The first flower that appears in spring—It is much regarded by Hindus.

When the bounteous sun appears,
 —Transmuting into molten gold,
 By glance of love, Night's plenteous tears,
 In many a flowery chalice roll'd ;
 —To the golden banquet, see,
 Hymning, flies the woodland bee.

What flower so coy, her fragrant breast
 Is not the wild bee's welcome nest ?
 From each young bosom' hoard she drains
 The golden tide, whose currents bear
 Nepenthe's essence, thro' her veins,
 And rippling bound o'er every care.
 A labourer gay, a vassal free,
 Who is like the woodland bee ?

Other states proud lords oppress :
Our greatest, he, who most doth bless :
 If, to golden feast we spring,
 With joyous heart and blissful hum,
 Oh ! brighter, happier shoots the wing,
 When sighs of eve invite us home,
 Then who would not earth's tyrants flee,
 To roam with her, the woodland bee ?

“ The measure ceas'd ; but deep and long,
 “ In memory thrill'd that blissful song ;
 “ Blissful to her, the woodland bee,
 “ But fraught with deepest woe to me.
 “ Alas ! were mine the joys, that rise
 “ From blissful hearts, and beaming eyes ?

“ Was mine the radiance, doubly blest,
“ Caught, reflex, from my people’s breast ?
“ Did all the courtly flattery, spent
“ Before me, speak the calm content
“ Of the poor peasant, whose hard fare
“ The luxuries of my Court impair ?
“ Who toils beneath the blazing sun,
“ Unresting when *his* course is run ;
“ Who naked, bears the winter’ cold,
“ To wrap these limbs in worthless gold ;
“ By each proud Noble’s scorn oppress’d,
“ That one may wear a glittering vest ?

“ My heart was sad ; nor ceas’d its care,
“ When rose the soft and balmy air,
“ From slumber o’er the sunny sward ;
“ And, mingled with the wild accord
“ Of subtil harmonies, that rise
“ From Nature’s bliss-relieving sighs,
“ Bore the tyrant river’s song,
“ Rolling in her might along.
“ Not her’s the boast of bounteous breast,
“ That, blessing all, of all is blest ;
“ But the bitter mockery, hurl’d
“ O’er a crush’d and mangled world.—
“ —Deep I mus’d the truth sincere,
“ Not oft address’d to monarch’s ear :
“ Which was glory ? which was might ?
“ To blot, or to create delight ?

" Worms rend the bud, whose tiniest vein,
 " Not Sarduh's flood can fill again,
 " —The haughtiest conqueror Earth has known,
 " Was but a canker-worm o'er-grown !
 " What thinks my bride ?"

" She deems with Thee,
 " That love is might's true majesty."

" But can she, for love' sake, forswear
 " The gems, that make her, not more fair ?
 " The sparkling gauds, whose every dye
 " Hath cost pale Penury a sigh ?
 " Concreted tears of Virtue's eye !
 " Can she, content, her lover see
 " Array'd as useful peasants be ?
 " Nor scorn the coarse and rugged fare,
 " His hand must win with daily care ?"

" Can she ? Oh ! vain were love, if gauds
 " So base, were reckon'd in his hoards,
 " If by the robe or banquet caught,
 " By pomp allur'd, or pleasure bought !
 " If honor, splendor, glory, praise
 " Deriv'd not, from his state, their rays,
 " Whose lot to share, howe'er unblest,
 " Is the deep pride of loving breast !
 " Love, when he link'd me to *thy* side,
 " Depriv'd me, like ⁽¹⁶⁾ Qurafa* bride,

* Qurafa—a fabulous bird. See note.

" Of the wing, that idle grown,
 " Was render'd useless by thine own
 " But talk not thou of [#]rugged fare ;
 " This hand shall learn full many a care,
 " And cunning art, to win for thee
 " The peasant's blameless luxury !
 " Beneath the spreading Peepul tree,
 " We'll weave the rush, thy guide I'll be ;
 " The cunning⁽¹⁷⁾ Kānjur maid shall show
 " Where reed covers fairest grow :
 " And thou shalt cut the Seerkee* fine ;
 " And I the fairy threads will twine ;
 " And those, who marvel at thy state,
 " Shall marvel more, that one, so great,
 " Should be so useful to his fellows,
 " And make such loves of sieves and bellows."⁽¹⁸⁾

" Laugh, at thy will, young giddy thing !
 " But, when thy mirth has tir'd its wing,
 " Tell me, dost thou, in Nature, see
 " One, from the general mandate free,
 " To win, by toil, his daily food ?
 " One, who is not by Heaven endued
 " With feet, to bear his weight of clay,
 " With hands, that cunning skill display
 " In all the thousand arts, which dress
 " With might, man's native helplessness ;
 " Did Nature's architect allot
 " The hand to one, to one the foot,

[#] The highest joint of the reed

" Eyes to a third ; or one had blest
 " With reason, lacking to the rest ;
 " Then, were it well, the helpless wise,
 " Should use his neighbour's hands and eyes,
 " Loll easeful, like Cheen's * idol God,
 " And count it mighty toil to nod ;
 " E'en thou."—

Her hand, young Soondrie press'd
 Firm o'er his lips, her mirth repress'd,
 And made, with pettish tone, demand—
 " And would'st thou have this *little* hand,
 " Guide the rude plough, the mattock wield,
 " And break the clods of fallow field ?
 " Till rough, as that immortal file,
 " With which was rasp'd the iron pile
 " Of—Maandoo-gurh ?⁽¹⁹⁾ I know who said it,
 " He lov'd its softness more than velvet,
 " —Its softness,—Pooh ! he'll never miss it ;
 " Only I know, he'd best not kiss it,
 " Lest haply, some raw, brittle day,
 " It rasp the royal nose away !"

" Soondrie," replied the king, " Thou art
 " Queen of our realm, as of our heart !
 " My only right, thy will to move,
 " My only claim on thee, is love !"

" Nay, dearest, if my mirth distress,
 " Tears, sighs, shall buy thy cheerfulness !

* Cheen, China.

" My guide, my life ! Since made thine own,
 " Like helmless bark, my bliss I've known
 " In floating, calm and careless, still,
 " Down the sweet current of *thy* will,
 " Unwitting whither tends the tide,
 " So its bright wave beside me glide,
 " So its bright mirror render fair
 " My form, in sunshine basking there !
 " This first, best privilege, to be
 " From all but thy dear pleasure free,
 " Deny me, when I mindless prove,
 " Worthy I *am* not, of thy love !
 " Now shalt thou see, with how light heart,
 " How freely, gaily, I can part
 " With gauds, that lost their borrow'd dyes,
 " Soon as they ceas'd to please thine eyes."

She paus'd : then smiling, laughing, threw
 The emerald anklet, dropp'd with dew
 Of brilliants, mid the roses, strown
 Profusely, round that pillow'd throne ;
 The ruby armlet next unbound ;
 The rich tiar, her brow that crown'd ;
 The harrh* of brilliants, and the zone
 Of sapphire deep and onyx stone ;
 The nutt,† whose blushful rubies vie
 With virgin opal's hectic dye,

* The harrh is a species of Necklace

† The nutt is the hoop of gold, strung with jewels, worn by eastern beauties in the nose.

The sever'd nutt, the list did close.

—Oh ! *had* you seen that little nose
 With the mighty hoop that strung it ;
 —All Hindostān was mad upon it,
 Kings, heroes, pilgrimis'd to view it :
 She always kiss'd her husband thro' it,
 —Ah ! fatal hour !—Not five years from it,
 Feather'd his tail an angry comet.

{ The glittering heap scarce noted lay,
 { Nor robb'd her eye of one glad ray,
 { But left reveal'd a nameless trait

Of beauty, in each swelling line ;

A grace note, in a chord divine.

So deem'd the King—The fairest rose
 Of all the scatter'd flowers, he chose,
 And twin'd it o'er her fairy brow.

“ Now, tell me, Soondrie ; how wilt thou

“ Dispose of these thy costly hoards ?

“ —Gems *have* their worth ; for dainty Lords

“ Will, for these color'd stones, bestow

“ Wealth to redeem a world of woe.”

“ Nay, think for me,—you always do !

“ —I've half a mind to give 'em you.

“ —But, No ! you'll have enough of care,

“ To part with your own, proper share ;

“ I know, I know !—The grim Fuqueer,

“ ⁽²⁰⁾Bhoop Sahd, who dwells below Seesgurh ;

“ Never saw I a man so holy,

“ So frightful, wise, and melancholy.

" I'll give 'em all to Bhoop, I tell 'oo !
 " Oh ! he's such a grizzly fellow !
 " Shanks so bony, crooked, hairy ;
 " I'm sure there's not a Bhoot or fairy,
 " (21) Soor, * or Ussoor† grim, existing—
 " —Bhowanie's‡ self would ne'er resist him."

" Stay, my Love," the monarch said,
 Shaking grave, his Kingly head.
 " Bethink Thee, this same holy Friar,
 " Hath long forsworn each vain desire ,
 " Dwells apart in holy cell,
 " Where the wolf and tiger fell
 " Nightly come, to wail and weep,||
 " And, with their⁽²²⁾ tails his foot-stool sweep
 " — Thrice, in search of death has been
 " Salted⁽²³⁾ and buried to the chin :
 " But Bhowanie's self, 'tis said,
 " Dar'd not harm his saintly head,—”

" Thrice buried and in salt—The worthy,
 " Sweet man,—I thought, a something earthy
 " There was, about his eyes and forehead,
 " Like Bhowanie's caldron§ horrid—
 " —So very like—there was, no doubt,
 " Some blunder, when they dug him out.

* An angel † A Demon

‡ Goddess of Slaughter

|| See note

§ Bhowanie's caldron is a skull

" Thrice buried ; what a clever thought !
 " —Art certain, Love, about the salt ?
 " —He shall have all—harrh, anklets, nutt !
 " Think, what a figure he will cut !
 " I'm sure I shall of fright expire ;
 " —Do send, Love, for the sweet, grim friar."⁽²⁶⁾

" Nay, silly child, how *can* you doubt,
 " That one who lives, the world-shut-out,
 " Will prove of gauds, as stern a scorner,
 " As would the toad, who shares his corner."

" And yet, my dear, the Toad, 'tis said,
 " Wears a jewel in his head—
 " And sure I am, Bhoop Sahd would prove,
 " With aid of these, a perfect Love."

Displeasure' slightest shade did stain
 The manly brow of good King Bhayne,

" Do, as thou wilt," he said, " thy zeal
 " For piety beseems thee well.
 " Yet I confess, this old Gosyne,
 " Is no such patron Saint of mine !
 { " The young⁽²⁴⁾ Brimcharee Priest for me,
 { " Who thinks not, by deformity,
 { " To grow more like the Deity.
 " Who preys not on his neighbour's store,
 " Nor robs, in Heav'n's dread name, the Poor ;
 " But tills the Earth, himself to feed,
 " And minister to others' need,
 " And, as from God all blessings flow,
 " Counts it most blessed to bestow.

" Who, not with toads in loathsome cell,
 " But mid domestic joys doth dwell ;
 " And will, his own bright circuit run,
 " Transmit his virtues to his son."

" My *poor, dear* Bhaynee ! *what* a taste !
 " —*What*,—that young, mincing, meek, smock-faced
 " Brimcharee, with his plaited hair,
 " And limbs, as smooth as mortal's are !
 " Dearest : in him what can you see,
 " But common-place vulgarity ?
 " If Bhoots and fairies dreaded such,
 " *Mortals* need not respect *them* much ;
 " I hate your smooth fac'd, trim-dress'd men."

" Soondrie !" —replied the good king Bhayne,
 " Am *I* so ugly and ill clad ?
 " Or are *you* growing monster-mad ?
 " What is the hideousness you see
 " To bind your wayward taste to me ?"

" You ! my own love ! Oh, no !" replied,
 With downcast eyes, his blushing bride,
 " *You* are all bright.—Nor can I tell
 " Wherefore my heart loves *you* so well.
 " Unless, 'tis, that you love *me* too :—
 " Unless 'tis just,—that I love you.
 { " Unless 'tis for your falcon eye :—
 { " Unless 'tis,—*that*—I know not why.
 { " —Your forehead ? No ! 'tis all too high—

“ Your nose ? Too straight :—too smooth your cheek—

“ Your lips ? Too soft ! and when you speak—

“ Too musical your voice ! I really,

“ Can’t tell, why I love you so dearly !

“ But so it is, and still hath been !—

“ —I’ve got it !—Yes ! the chin, the chin !

“ That vile, young priest, who plaits his hair,

“ Hath a chin, as soft and fair

“ As any woman’s.—Dearest Bhaynee,

“ Do make it capital for any,

“ Whose chin is sleeker than a goat’s,

“ To prowl, without its petticoats !”

“ Wife,” said the king, “ sincere thou art,

“ My beard thou prizest, not my heart !”

“ Oh ! yes ! Oh yes ! your heart I prize,

“ I love your nose, your face, your eyes :

“ Your lips, your speech, to see, to hear you !

“ —But then, you know, love, you’re no hero !”

“ Indeed !”

“ Oh no ! for if you were

“ I’d not weave ⁽²⁵⁾ lovebine in your hair,

“ Nor pat your cheek, love, thus and thus !

“ —And as for venturing to buss—

“ Oh, Gunga Jee !—”

“ Young silly dove !

“ Why could’st not thou a hero love ?”

“ Love ! yes—I’d love him, just to spite thee !”

" And kiss ?"

" Oh not for worlds !—he'd bite me !"

" What then are heroes like ?"

His Bride,

" Look'd up, look'd down, and thus replied,

" I've ask'd that question, o'er and o'er.

" And, first, I thought of nothing more,

" Than perfect forms and souls, that shine,

" All harmony and grace divine.

" But soon I found, 'twas earthly feeling,

" To which those glories were appealing :

" For, when I found them all in thee,

" Love conquer'd young idolatry.

" At least, I hope I don't adore,

" But only love *thee* more and more !

" And so I ask'd, what form might be

" Beseeming a divinity,

" That o'er my heart he should possess

" Love's might, without its tenderness.

" —And thus, I ran their Godships o'er,

" —And first I thought of Indra's pow'r,

" His thund'rous arm and cloud-pil'd throne,

" And all the mischief he had done,

" By the last hail storm in our Bower,

" And of the headless cauliflower,

" Slain by a red-hot thunder bolt :—

" —And so I bade them dig it out,

“ And when at length we found it, dearest,
“ Will you believe me, ’twas the merest,
“ Nut of a pebble ; not so big !
“ —Young Koko flung it at the pig.
“ Then Krishn came, the fair and free,
“ The maiden’s young idolatry ;
“ But still, with thine, the traits were blended,
“ So there his claim to worship ended.
“ —Well, Bhaynee, to make short the tale,
“ I tested all, and all did fail—
“ E’en Hunoomaun,* Prince of fine fellows,
“ Fail’d of his claim to make them jealous.

“ Thoughtful I wander’d, where the pool
“ Lay in the sunbeam, clear and cool ;
“ And, leaning o’er the brink, I spied,
“ Think, dearest, what !”

“ My own sweet Bride !”

“ Yes ! there my form, reflected stood,
“ Waving beneath the crystal flood ;
“ And sooth to say, ’twixt thee and me,
“ I thought :—but never mind :—the Tree,
“ Drooping above, droop’d there below,
“ And leaf kiss’d leaf, and bough kiss’d bough,
“ And round them watch’d the deep blue sky.
“ —I gaz’d—could I believe mine eye ?
“ —There, in that crystal shrin’d, so deep,
“ It seem’d the sceptre e’en of sleep

* God of Monkeys.

“ Could never triumph o’er mine eye ;—
“ —There, had death drunk its fountains dry,
“ And left but cavern’d vaults of gloom :
“ —Gone was the rounded cheek, the bloom
“ Of youth, of health, of life was gone :—
“ There grinn’d a ghastly skeleton.
“ —Nay shudder not ; nor deem I read
“ A presage of that hour, so dread,
“ When we must part ! This ghastly token
“ Of life’s urn, o’erthrown and broken,
“ Was not the shade of thy young bride,
“ But lay, chance-strown, beneath the tide.
“ *This*, (the heart’s first, faint sickness o’er.)
“ I learn’d :—yet hence new subject bore
“ Of musing.—Many a form mine eye
“ Had seen ; but none with this might vie,
“ In its dread, fascinating glare.
“ —And why ?—my destiny was there !
“ Death, the sole certainty, sole key
“ Undoubted of futurity !
“ —And then I mus’d on death—and thought
“ Of all the matchless triumphs, wrought
“ By his strong arm ; That monster grim !
“ Which of the Gods might vie with him ?
“ What was the bolt of Indra, weigh’d
“ With his keen scythe, his mighty shade ?
“ His harvest field the teeming earth,
“ He reaps the Nations in his mirth :
“ That edge, the forest overthrown,
“ Is keen to fell the silky down.

“ Which feathers earth’s minutest plant :
“ —The viewless worm and elephant
“ Lie sever’d, side by side,— —my breath
“ I stay’d—I ponder’d deep on Death ;
“ Sole hero he, in whose dire shade
“ Man’s shuddering spirit sinks, dismay’d.
“ —Death’s worship draw we, with our breath :
“ —But none e’er lov’d the monster, Death !”

She paus’d, glanc’d up, and met his eye,
Fix’d in fond, aw’d solemnity
On her ; and at the sight, each trace
Of care fled, rippling from her face :
“ Now, dost thou see, Love, why a hero
“ Must be a grim and ghastly fellow ?”

Intent the monarch gaz’d, the while,
On her soft cheek ; where still the smile
Sprang fresh, as some gay bird of spring
Shakes light and dew showers from his wing.

“ And thou,” he said, “ so gay, so fair,
“ Is that young heart the seat of care
“ So deep ? Hast thou too dream’d of—death ?”

“ Yes ! dearest. And when even’s breath
“ Wafts me the sighs of dying flowers,
“ And requiem of departed hours ;
“ I sometimes think, ’twere sad to be
“ Exempt from their sweet destiny.

{ " But this is, when thou art not nigh ;
 { " For then, the thought *but* makes me sigh :
 { " Yet, sometimes, gazing in thine eye,
 " Death's awful form, death's ghastly might
 " Pale, vanish, in that mightier light :
 " And half an infidel I prove
 " To death ; to fate :—to all, save love !"

" Wondrous it is," king Bhayne replied,
 " That thou, my young, gay-hearted bride
 " Hast read so deep the mystic page,
 " Which many a learn'd and holy sage
 " Hath clos'd despairing. Yes ! above
 " The throne of death, dwells deathless love.
 " Heav'n its deep ocean' source. Love's sea,
 " Th' unfathom'd depth of purity
 " Are one. By love, man's work is tried,
 " By love, his heart is purified :
 " His Soul, from heaven is sent, to prove
 " And perfect its high powers, in love :
 " Death's terrors, like the night-hag rest
 " On all, except the loving breast :
 " Love's draught etherial who respire,
 " Breathe, like the gods, immortal fire :
 " The ashes of their earthy frame
 " Death grasps, but trembles at the flame,
 { " Which perfected on earth, and free
 { " From earthly taint, flows back to be
 { " Absorb'd, once more, in Deity !"*

* Such is the doctrine of the Hindoo.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CANTO SECOND.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CANTO SECOND.

'Tis morn: the young ⁽²⁷⁾ Popéia's note
Resounds from grove, to grove,
From coppice near, and brake remote,
“ Ah whither fled, my love !
“ I left him, when the day decay'd,
“ I left him, in the twilight glade,
“ He never yet his faith betray'd;
“ Alas ! alas ! where hath he stray'd ?
“ Where is my Love ?”

“ 'Tis morn :” the plain, the laugh is heard,
Now sad, now gay, of Mangoe Bird:
“ 'Tis morn,” declares the ⁽²⁸⁾ Voice of spring,
“ 'Tis morn,” the ⁽²⁹⁾ Buhr and Shāma sing:
The Goorgul from Korounda thorn,
The Dhayul sings, “ 'Tis morn, 'tis morn.”
⁽³⁰⁾ The lark has ta'en the parrot wings,
To light, to Heav'n, he mounts, he springs:
Floating in ether, far, afar,
He hangs. like some belated star,

That left of her bright choir forlorn,
 Implores in notes, that thrill, that burn,
 " Sisters sweet, return, return!"

But, earliest token of the morn,
 The plunderers of the trampled corn
 Have heard their watchful warder's horn.
 Startled from browse to sudden rest,
 Each trunk hath dropp'd th' untasted feast,
 And cautious snuffs the morning gale:
 The flapping ear, the swinging tail
 Are still: the mighty grist suspent,
 Each ivory-fang'd, proud elephant
 Obeys the tyranny profound
 Of Fear, and Fear's chief herald — sound:
 The small, sagacious, twinkling eye
 Peers, curious, tow'rd the eastern sky;
 There, o'er the forest' ridge of Night,
 Hangs Beauty's own pure urn of Light.
 Effulgent, but unwelcome sight.
 Away, away the monsters throng,
 Huge trooping, in their might, along,
 Through the gloom, that still supplies
 Fresh bulk, to their surpassing size.
 So,⁽³¹⁾ panic-struck, o'er Lunka's plain
 Fled Rāvān's giant troop amain:
 When Seeta, beauty's tear-gem'd star
 Beacon'd the Sun of night from far,
 Raam's monster-quelling scimeter

O ! yes, 'tis morn,—From covert shy,
Leads forth his Troop, the dark Neelghae :
The serpent, leaning o'er the Pool,
The fire of his parch'd tongue to cool,
Meets in the wave a ray, too bright,
Too pure, for his gloom-pamper'd sight,
And stealthy winds his glittering train,
Through paths of mystery, back again.

Oh yes, 'tis morn ! The very flower
Stand's blushing at half-open'd bower,
Ready to bless the golden sun
With gales, that sparklingly have run
Through her sweet veins ;
Divested there of earth's alloy,
Till but the' aroma fresh of joy,
Heaven's nectarous feast, remains.

O ! yes, O ! yes, young frolic Queen,
'Tis well to droop the dark eye' screen,
When, spite of thee, the laughing light
Will gush, in many a wavelet bright,
'Twixt the ebon stems, that grow
Where life's flashing fountains flow !
Up, up, Thou ever-giddy thing !
The bulbul' self hath trim'd his wing !
Prolong'st thou beyond his, thy rest,
Whose pillow was the Rose's breast.
Who, meed of each rapt strain, did sip
Soft perfume, from that young, coy lip ?

Young Soondrie rose : yet not as rise
Earth's daughters ; slow, with drooping eyes ;
'Twas some young bird of paradise,
That pillow'd on a fleece of light
And curtain'd by the starry sky,
Hath quaff'd Heaven's music, all the night,
And wakes, oppress'd with strange delight,
To sow the winds with melody !

And Soondrie donn'd her new attire,
Of spotless white—Ah ! sainted friar,
Who dost so killingly besmear
Thy gaunt, lean limbs and matted hair,
With ashes : whence hadst *thou* the face,
To anathematize that grace,
Which lent to simplest robe of white,
Such fascination o'er the sight ;
And swear that she, who jewels scorn'd,
Was vainest still, when least adorn'd ?
How hadst the heart, thou holy man,
With such keen eye those robes to scan,
That the phylactery, so slight,
Of scarlet horrified thy sight,
E'en whil'st, in thy sole garment's fold,
The cast off spoils were cautious roll'd.
In vain the saintly head was shaken,
Young Soondrie vow'd him quite mistaken :
His gifts rever'd, but thought, in dress,
Herself the mightier prophetess !

The old saint shook his grizzled locks,
And vow'd her faith, unorthodox.

And now, within the guarded court,
From spot to spot, young Soondrie sought
A vessel, for the water cold:—
—Alackaday! they all were sold!
For as, within the royal kitchen,
The Raja-cook, caught viands dishing
In vessel save of gold, had sentence
To lose his uppermost excrescence;
Those costly pipkins ill agreed
With Bhayne's new sumptuary creed,
And an edict warn'd the Nation
To purchase, without reservation.
And thus the T'hakoor,* Siroop Jee,
Made sure of wealth, in sipping Tea,†
From the Royal, golden schneaker;
And the Pundit‡ grim of Seekur,
Built airy castles which began
And! ended, in the frying pan:
Nay, Jewan Rām, a chief of mettle,
Was knock'd down for the great fish kettle.

* T'hakoor—a Rajpootre.

† The worthy Moolla affirms that this should be "Ghee," not "Tea"—But we consider the former liquid too fat a tipple to be swigged from Schneakers. The Moolla cannot agree with us, *De gustibus non, &c.*—

‡ A Hindoo Philosopher.

Like a dancing sunbeam went
Young Soondrie, on her mission bent,
Perplex'd, yet turning into glee
E'en trouble and perplexity.
Aye! search Jumnootre's cloud roll'd throne,
Ye dreamers of the chemic stone,
Whose touch transmutes to ruddy gold
Earth's baser dross. Ourselves will hold
Our quest in Realms untrod by art
The pure, sweet springs of Soondrie's heart.

But baffled oft' and o'er, her care
Had well-nigh ended in despair:
When she beheld a small, round fellow
Rolling, as with liquor mellow,
Jollily along, along,
Roaring loud a jovial song
Through an open throat:—we'll swear
No falsetto notes were there;
Right, good base, as clear as sirup,
With, now and then, a mighty hiccup.

Soondrie paus'd in some amaze
As the monster met her gaze,
That belly round, that open throat,
That nose upturn'd, those lips which pout:
That air, half humorous, half splenetic,
Throat, so short and apoplectic;—

Well might the young Queen start to see,
For the first time, a Kedgerree.*
Quick as thought, she sprang to catch him ;
But, the little wily Urchin
Dodg'd, and roll'd in wondrous sort,
Like hunted Tortoise, round the court :
And when, a thousand doublings past
She'd fairly corner'd him at last,
Turn'd and leer'd in roguish wise
Into the young Queen's laughing eyes ;
And thick as frogs by south wind sent
Utter'd the fulsome compliment.
To Paragon of earthly beauty,
Dedicating love and duty,
But pleading urgent haste just now
To meet a tryst and keep a vow.
His heart, the while, should never stir
But dally there to wait on her.

He blew a kiss, and would have gone
With a mighty swagger, on ;
But Soondrie caught him up, and bore
Despite his kicking, to the shore ;

* Calcutta was supplied with earthen vessels from a Pottery ormerly at Kedgerree, and hence all earthen water-pots have acquired amongst the English the name of Kedgerree-pot. The native name *gherra*, being almost unknown to the English Resident.

Unwitting she, a Monarch's daughter,
 That Vase unbak'd must melt in water.
 There round his neck her unskill'd hand
 Twin'd a bright but fragile band,
 Of her rich locks one silky hair.*
 —The Kedgerree, in wild despair,
 Beheld, and thus his wrath express'd :
 "Let go, I say, let go ! you'd best !"
 Then ran he on in piteous strain
 The dire disgrace, the cruel stain
 Upon his scutcheon, thus to swing
 Like felon, throttled with a string,
 And such a string. Why he defied her
 To borrow frailer of a spider.
 'Twould snap, he vow'd by† Bacchus' might,
 And leave him in a horrid plight,
 All unanneal'd his doom to brave,
 And melting sink to watery grave :
 A martyr to the spite inhuman,
 Or will perverse of lovely Woman.
 But she who burks you sudden, still goes
 Bail for all your peccadilloes.
 And, thanks to passion's, crime's progression,
 He'd leave a nretty rich succession.

But the relentless Queen insisted,
 And only laugh'd, as he resisted ;

* The original tradition says a yarn of untwisted thread.

† Bacchus, the Bang-is, or, Lord of the Leopard of Hindoo mythology, see
 Tod,

Bent o'er the pool in youthful glee
While shuddering hung poor Kedgerée.

And now, her delicate foot-finger,
(Toes had gone out the reign before)
O'er the bright, freezing wave did linger,
Just kiss'd to dimples and no more.
And at each kiss, the waken'd tide
To her unwonted shriek replied;
Then voic'd, in gladder note and softer,
The music of her heartfelt laughter.
"Mimini, pimini!"* said the Queen,
Shrinking within her mantle's screen
And drawing her sweet form together:
"Oh! 'tis, 'tis 'tis such killing weather!
"How shall I ever? Ah! I never!—
"And then suppose, that whilst I shiver
"Almost to fragments in the waters,
"Some long, green snake, or even tortoise!
"—Oh! I should die outright!—dear Bhayne,
"I'll never liken you, again,
"To a nasty Lotus flower!
"I'm sure the Bull-frog makes his bower

* "Mimini, pimini, powder blue and pepin starch," an old and fashionable receipt, by uttering of which the mouths of fair ladies are brought back to their original delicate dimensions, after having been distended or distorted by some word too large or ugly for them.

" Beneath its shade ! I'm very certain
 " 'Tis no one's eye and Baytie Mahtin*
 " About the greedy Bhoot† who sups up
 " Young live Queens like rose-apple syrup !"

Now, o'er those waters cold and blue
 Her Beauty such a radiance threw,
 That the deep slumbering lotus flowers
 Were waken'd, in their crystal bowers,
 And one, by one, did graceful rise,
 And languid op'd their large, soft eyes :
 And still another and another
 Call'd from deep rest his beauteous brother ;
 Till, suddenly, the pool had grown
 Suffus'd with tints, to earth unknown ;
 Or borrow'd but from Heav'n's own light,
 When sunset stains the snowy height.
 The very intervals, between
 The floating flowers and leaves of green,
 Had blent their cold, pure, azure ground,
 With the soft, roseate flush around ;
 Such hue Cashmeera's lake discloses,
 So brightens, at her feast of roses !

* Baytie, a daughter—*Mate Deen*, i.e., the Gift of Doorga, a common Hindoo name, pronounced *Bay's Marten*.

† Bhoot—a Demon, of which each pool has its own.

A sudden thought possess'd the Queen,
—Might not those floating islets green,
Might not those fairy arks that rest,
So loving, c'er the lakelet's breast,
Afford her, each, a resting place ?
—She look'd :——each wore a smiling face,
Nay ! she was sure the nearest spread
More winningly, it's soft, fair head !
Oh ! she was sure her foot was slight,
And she would step so *very* light !
As for her weight, 'twas no great thing
She well knew ; for when weigh'd last spring,
Against the roses, which they cull,
To make the Royal Utta Gool,*
Only three ⁽³⁴⁾ bulbuls died heart-broken :
And one of those, she'd heard it spoken,
For a young Bud, that would not open,
But let him lay the praise on, thick,
And bought her lover's soul, on tick.

With^f fluttering heart, and laughing eyes,
Her foot the nearest blossom tries ;
The flower, her fairy weight beneath,
Sways gently, as if morning' breath
For freight, spring's kiss of love consign'd :
—To and fro, it softly sway'd ;
Whilst, rippling thence, soft billows wind
Between the floating isles, and bind
Round each a silvery braid.

* Otta of Roses.

Onward, from flower to flower she stepp'd,
—The lake whose tide so tranquil slept,
Between its clustering, fairy isles,
Now dimpled with a thousand smiles.
O ! 'twas a new and strange delight,
To walk thus, in her beauty's might,
O'er vassal heads so soft and fair,
Who her sweet weight so loving bear,
Bow'd, but as hearts, when some faint strain,
Swells o'er the night,—then dies again.

And now she paus'd and gaz'd below,
Where, condens'd to mystery, grow
The lucid depths.—What meets her there?
First, her own form ; it seem'd more fair,
Than, heretofore, her eye had known ;
And yet, that roguish Nutt was gone,
And each bright star, whose radiant arms
Flash'd glory o'er her Heaven of charms,
Had shot to darkness from its sphere,
And left but Love's twin planets there.

“ I wish,” thus thought the conscious Bride,
“ I wish, dear Bhayne were at my side,
“ I'm sure, could he my image see,
“ Floating in such soft mystery,
“ Waving with the viewless wave,
“ That shrines it, as in crystal cave ;
“ To something pretty he'd compare me,
“ A water nymph, perhaps, or fairy :

“ And then he’s such a graceful way,
“ Of saying that, he has to say.
“ Ah ! me, I’m growing so transparent,
“ My very heart will be apparent.
“ Well ! he may search it o’er and o’er,
“ He’ll find, lets see,— —a full-blown flower
“ Of vanity ; yes ! there it lies,
“ Large, glaring, but without disguise.
“ And next, I fear, I sadly fear,
“ Those insects, which from hence appear
“ Such innocent and darling creatures,
“ Would show dear Bhayne some ugly features.
“ —Ah ! well-a-day ! his spirit bright
“ Shall clothe his silly Bride’s with light !
“ —But deeper still ! what glittering things
“ Shoot past ; on gold and silver wings,
“ Gleaming and lost, as sport at dawn,
“ Young sunbows o’er the dew-sprent lawn ?
“ Ah ! those must be the pretty wishes,
“ Whims and freaks and little fishes,
“ The odds and ends, the fits and starts,
“ That store our funny little hearts !
“ Who would have thought they dwelt so deep ?
“ Aye ! now the tremulous waters sleep,
“ And in my heart of hearts I see
“ Some one—Oh fie ! it cannot be
“ My little self !—No ! No ’tis Bhayne,
“ Of course ; and now I look again,
“ I trace distinct the nose and eyes ;
“ How silly was my first surmise !

“ And yet I think ’tis like me too !
“ But then he’s just myself, you know !
“ A velvet peach are Lord and bride,
“ Only, my Love’s the sunny side.
“ He moves, he stirs—Oh fie on thee
“ Rude breeze, to hide my Love from me !”

But still the ruffling breeze blew on,
The wavelets roll’d, the form was gone :
Yet not remov’d her searching eyes :
—O ! mark her horror and surprise,
When, sudden, through the wave did break
The genius of th’ enchanted Lake,
Uprear’d his awful head on high,
Blink’d thrice with large, round, yellow eye,
Shook from his shoulders, green and golden,
A shower of brilliants, light-enfolden,
Took of the gale a mighty whiff,
Blew out his cheeks, and sigh’d “ Ifgh, Ifgh !”
Then gave the silly world his back,
Saying the least he could—“ All Quack !”

Soon as the young Queen’s mirth was spent,
O’er the calm wave, once more she bent,
Plung’d in the vase, and laugh’d to see
The faces made by Kedgerree,
As spite of rolling, floundering, hiccup,
Compell’d the cold, bleak wave to lick up ;
Expecting, not without good reason,
To melt, e’en while his heart was freezing.

For he was but a cutcha fellow,
 And unbak'd clay dissolves when mellow :
 And th' invisible thread which hangs him,
 Suspended o'er Perdition's chasm,—
 —He'd known select committee dinners
 Of the tribe of money-spinners
 Digest a branch Humane Society,
 For a less perilous variety ;—
 But vain the fears of Kedgerec !
 From the cold plunge unscath'd came he :
 'The young Queen marvell'd not, nor saw
 Suspension, here, of Nature's law.
 Did not her own tame Bhaht* declare,
 She could bind armies with a hair
 Of her bright brow ? Nay ! had not Bhayn
 Vow'd himself fetter'd by the chain ?
 Where then the marvel, it should be
 A cable to a Kedgerec ?
 Thus, daily, in her virtue's power,
 She walk'd the waves from flower to flower,
 Her little foot disdain'd the green
 Bright leaves, that lay so calm between ;
 And still, through virtue's sov'reign aid,
 Unharm'd the vase, the thread unfray'd,
 Her young heart bright, as her sweet eyes :
 —Alas ! to such a Paradise
 That evil e'er should entrance win,
 And discontent, the sin of sin !

* Bhaht, answering to the ancient Bards of Ireland, Wales, Scotland. The office is hereditary.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

—

CANTO THIRD.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CANTO THIRD.

The good King Bhayne, in pomp of state,
Within his Dhurm Sālā * sate ;
His nobles and his chiefs, around,
Stood in silence most profound.—
The old Gosynē, Bhoop Sahd, alone,
Mutter'd his creed in absent tone.
A knotty cause perplex'd the King :
Fifty tall chaps, the least a Singh,†
Swore, by the sacred ⁽³⁵⁾ Ganges' water,
They'd seen the pris'ner slay his daughter.
—But fifty more, as tall as they,
And just as good Singhs, any day,
Swore the same oath, on the same water,
That pris'ner had not burk'd his daughter.
Those had seen Priz her windpipe nicking,
These swore her, still alive and kicking :

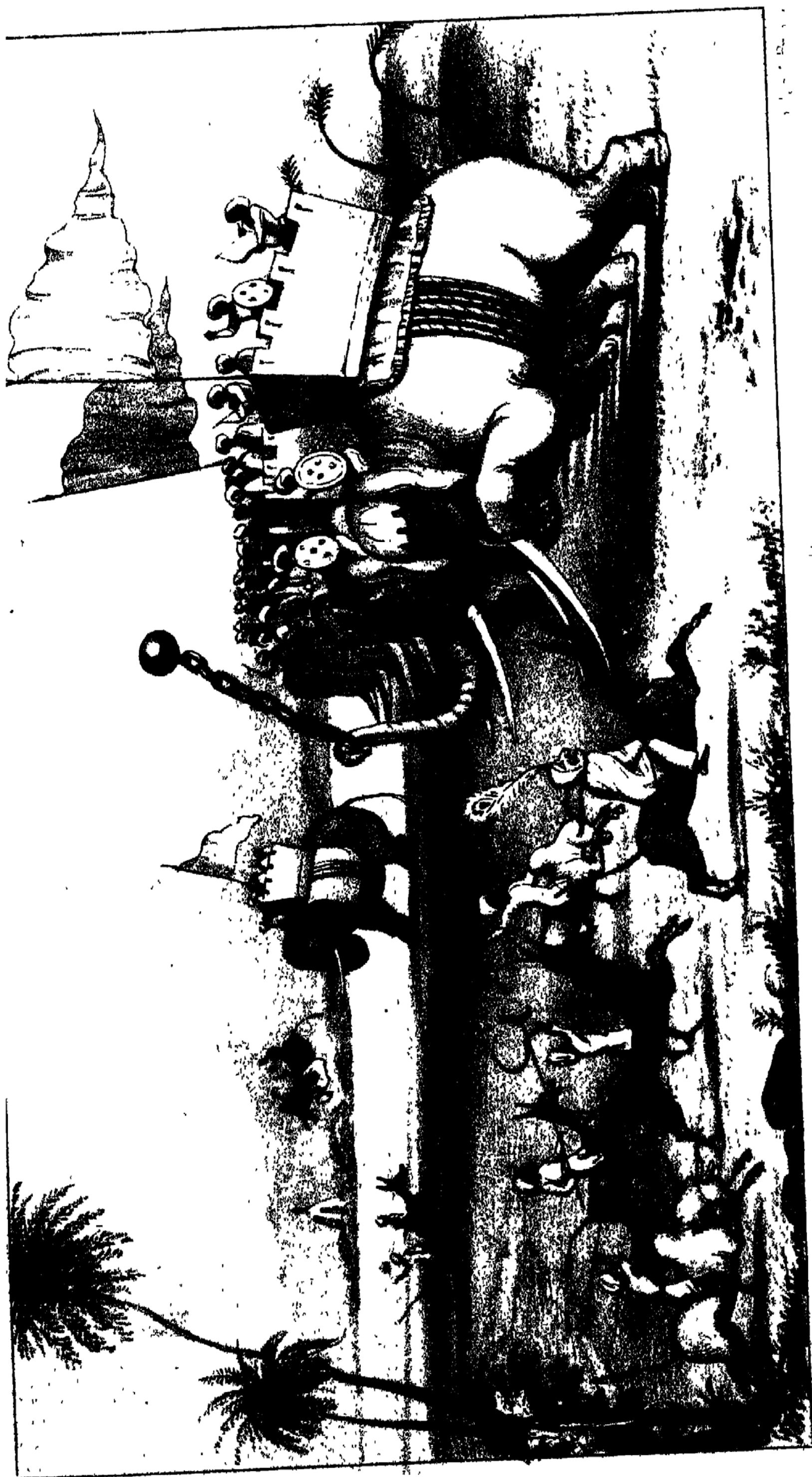
* Dhurm Sala—Hall of Justice—or of Charity—Justice being the only true charity.

† Literally Lion—A title claimed as the heritage of all Rajpootres, and since usurped by Sefks.

Nay ; what was more, the witness squads
 Were just as like as mustard pods ;
 For Pros and Priz each dressed in line,
 A* Jemadar ⁽³⁶⁾ and forty-nine,
 And, to make the case more ugly,
 They man to man agreed in pugrie, ⁽³⁷⁾
 Chupkun and Dhotie :—'twas a strike :—
 Their very slippers curl'd alike :
 . Fac similes their noses were ;
 They blew them, with the self-same air,
 Between the thumb and middle finger ;
 A bit of foppery just come in, Sir !
 But chiefest poser this appear'd,
 The sympathy of beard with beard ;
 Florid or simple, stern or gracious,
 Their trim—all equally veracious :
 Ten white, ten grey, and thirty black,
 And twenty false, in either pack ;
 For who in Eastern Court e'er heard,
 Of witness box'd, without his beard ?
 Had there been but *one* piebald frubble,
 One fallow chin, or one in stubble,
 Justice had jump'd, distinct and clear :
 But no such bungling work was here :
 Each Jemadar, in action calm,
 In tactics, Sir, another Raam,†
 The King reviewed them o'er and o'er,
 And couldn't find a single flaw.

* Jemadar—a Captain.

† A celebrated Hindoo Hero



In study brown and deep he sate,
 Whilst his unconscious fingers plait
 The mats, whose sale, must now supply
 The prog and tog of Royalty.
 Around, his chiefs and nobles stand,
 Each with dry date-leaves in his hand,
 In cunning plaits the foliage teasing,
 But ever wary of high treason;
 Seeming to work, with might and main,
 Yet yielding stitches five to Bhayne,
 Whose plait was of such Royal merit,
 That when he'd ta'en a patent for it,
 Another patent was required,
 To make old wives and bunnias* buy it.
 A patent, which incens'd th' Assahmies†
 And caus'd five risings of the Grahmies‡
 Quash'd in a charge of Elephant chivalry
 With the old cat, who led their cavalry.
 Hence learn, 'twere safer snub a rocket,
 Than touch a Hindoo's quick, the pocket.

Perplex'd, we said, the monarch's mien,
 How mystified his courtiers, then!
 At length a bright idea came, slick,
 Just as a palm thorn touch'd his quick.
 "The maiden!—bring the maid in court."
 —But old Bhoop Sahd his words cut short.

* Bunnias, Merchants who retail grain

† Assahmies—literally, servants The Husbandmen are so called

‡ Grahmies—Thatchers

“ That may not be ! The maid’s a minor,
 “ And can’t give oath.”

“ We will not bind her,
 “ Suffice it, she appears in life.”

“ If Priz bring throat, then Pros brings knife.
 “ When, Pros may prove throat, fine-drawn :—but it
 “ Were hard to prove knife could not cut it.
 “ The maid’s appearance will prove nothing;
 “ But that there *was* a throat for cutting.”

“ But if alive ?”

“ That’s not the question !
 “ The past, not present tense we’re testing.
 “ A ⁽³⁸⁾ life-certificate’s effective
 “ For its own month,—not retrospective.
 “ Nor can the life give oath, *se ipse*,
 “ The oath is valid *but* by proxy.
 “ A swears, till blue about the eyes,
 “ ‘ ‘Sir, I’m alive’—But B replies,
 “ ‘You are no judge of such a question ;
 “ ‘You’re a self-interested person ;
 “ ‘Of honour pure :—but human, Sir !
 “ ‘Self-love would make a corse forswear !’

“ Sound law perchance ;—but justice hollow !”

“ Leave such raw fancies to the ⁽³⁹⁾ Târoo !*
 “ Justice !—’Tis but an old wife’s saw,
 “ Despised by those, who’ve handled law !

* A savage See note at end.

“ If justice could suffice the nation,
 “ Whence those fine codes of legislation,
 “ In tongue, unknown, save to the few,
 “ Who have with justice naught to do :
 “ Whose trade expires, if justice cold nose
 “ But perk its neb above the bed clothes.
 “ No ! Baba,* all must live ; and these
 “ Old Jemadars of witnesses,
 “ Veterans who have spent existence
 “ In foraging the law’s subsistence ;
 “ Who’ve thrown such light on science, that
 “ Men dare not name the name of ‘ Rat,’
 “ But fearing writ of libel, call him
 “ ‘That ‘long tail’d Spawn of houses falling’ !
 “ No ! Baba, it becomes not Lions
 “ To make such hideous gaps in science !
 “ No greater smash than this there’d be,
 “ If some strong† Soor or Ussoor Jee
 “ Should lift ⁽⁴⁰⁾ Kanouj up, like a brick,
 “ And drop it in the very thick
 “ Of Intellect’s marching Squad of Nurselings,
 “ And squash ’em like a brood of goslings.”

Howe’er King Bhayne the question saw,
 He knew, there’s no resisting Law.—
 His great grandfather, Raja Bhowan,
 Had lost his head and Regal crown,
 (Things, that are apt to hop in couples)

* Baba, Son, Father.

† Soor, a good angel : Ussoor, an evil angel—Jee is a term of respect.

Because, in lieu of legal Bubbles,
 He solid justice would dispense :
 Nay ! his own sire, for like offence,
 To Rânie Moodie's field was cited ;
 Where the ferocious snips, united
 Under a contumacious carter,*
 Forc'd him to sign a Magna Charta,
 Binding himself and heirs to double
 Their free-born rights of froth and bubble.

Pos'd was the King. And without joking
 The case was cruelly provoking.
 In either scale, a single Tee
 Had hang'd or set Defendant free.
 But, 'twas the special pride of these
 Old Jemadars of witnesses,
 To win by half a hair, or split
 A moon-beam into planks for it,
 As a crack Whip delights to nick, Sir.
 The roosting fly on your pet whisker.

The King, in this emergency,
 Up to the punka † turn'd his eye,‡
 Where, whilst the monarch play'd at law,
 The flies were playing see—see— saw :
 It struck him, as a sun-beam, clear,
 That a double court was here ;

* Carter—Gariewahn, in the original.

† A large wooden frame, covered with canvass and fringed—which is swung to and fro by means of a rope, in order to agitate the air in hot climates.

‡ See note at end.

'The Commons in the Pit all clotted ;
 Above !—my Lords and Bishops squatted ;
 And, since the Commons were a tie,
 'The upper House the cause should try,
 — The odds, on mercy's side he notes :—
 — Then cautiously sums up the votes.

“ One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—seven,
 “ He'll scape by Ganges ;—No !—”Tis even,
 “ I see a Bishop on the string,
 “ Who makes it eight.—The Rogue *must* swing.
 “ I fear, I greatly fear.”

The Priz

Heard the dire words, with lengthen'd phiz.
 “ Oh ! mercy, Maharaj”* he cried,
 “ The Punka has another side,
 “ Here are two votes.”

“ Precisely two ?—
 “ Even again !—”Twill never do !”
 “ Oh ! Maharaj,” he cried, extending
 His head aslant, and upward bending
 His squint intense ; “ Another still,
 “ 'There, there, he's half way up the frill.”

The monarch look'd : “ You *saucy* fellow,
 “ 'Tis nothing but a gnat, I tell you.”

“ No ! Maharaj ;—Then look at *that*,
 “ I'll *swear* he's an Aristocrat !”

* Great King.

{ 'The King beheld.—“ 'Tis very true,
 “ But a Blue-bottle votes for two,
 “ See H——gton De jure ju :”

This was a hard and deadly hit ;
 But dire despair sharp'd pris'ner's wit.

“ Say ! Did not he of ⁽⁴¹⁾ tongue so oily,
 “ That great blue-bottle Bab Mac——ay
 “ When last he let a maggot drop
 “ In the Calcutta slaughter shop,
 “ Bring the musquito's claim in, pucka,*
 “ As Peer to a first-rate blood-sucker ?”

“ True,” said the monarch, gravely shaking
 His head, “ You're right, and I'm mistaken.
 “ —Yet were I you, I'd rather swing,
 “ Than profit by so crude a thing.”

“ Ah ! Maharaj, so high a fate
 “ Beseemeth pomp and regal state !
 “ But I'm an unambitious wretch !
 “ —None of *our* necks would ever stretch !
 “ 'Tis quite a gift hereditary !
 “ Now, there was poor aunt Dhurmadairie,
 “ Died of a surfeit of raw eggs,
 “ She took to cure the screeching pegs
 “ Of her poor clavers, when she'd hung three
 “ Raw nights, dear soul, upon the plum tree !”

Jaded with cares that fetter power,
 The monarch sought his Soondrie's bower,

* Pucka, permanently · literally, ripe.

As some earth-prison'd Hooma* flies
 Back to his native Paradise.
 Could he have walk'd as spirits tread,
 He might have found that brow oèrspread
 With other than the radiance fair,
 Which ever shone to bless him there :
 But the heart-tides discern'd from far
 The advent of their Sov'reign star,
 And mists and clouds, in his lov'd ray,
 Melted in azure peace away.

“ O !” said the fairy, as around
 Her lover's neck her clasp she wound,
 { And hung, like some rare garland, thrown
 { O'er stately oak, by hand unknown,
 { Her eyes up-gazing in his own ;
 “ O ! weary is the homeless home !
 “ I thought my love would never come !
 “ I ask'd the Shāmā,† why he sung,
 “ The fountain, why on high it sprung,
 “ The Nurgis‡ of the garden, why
 “ Unclos'd his large, soft, slumb'rous eye ?
 “ I quarrell'd with the young Kokleete,§
 “ I told the Fawn, his silvery feet
 “ Jarr'd worse than war-steed's on mine ear,
 “ Drowning the step, I watch'd to hear !

* Hooma—The bird of Paradise—The phoenix.

† Shama—A small bird, answering to the English Robin.

‡ Nurgis—The Narcissus.

§ Kokleete—a bird which repeats its own name.

“ I sent the flaunting flowers away,
“ For daring to be fair and gay ;
“ Nay ! I shook one vain creature’s head,
“ Until a shower of tears she shed,
“ And sever’d her, a good half hour,
“ From the twin-partner of her bower.
“ And when on all I’d wreaked my spite,
“ I sat me down, and wept outright.
“ —And then a thousand thoughts arose,
“ A thousand foolish, silly woes.
“ I said, *There was* a happier day !
“ He was not, *always*, thus away !
“ Time was, when claims of Regal power
“ Left, here and there, a bright, brief hour
“ To social joy—a space to guess,
“ If not to sum love’s happiness !
“ But then my Bhayne esteem’d me fair :—
“ And now I’m growing !—Look, love, there,
“ See, what a wicked, cruel blister
“ The broom has made—I’m sure, ’twill fester,
“ And then they’ll cut your Soondrie’s hand off ;
“ And Kedgeree will have a fine laugh,
“ And twit me with his wise advice,
“ And call my hand a blacksmith’s vice !
“ —He’s such a wretch, that Kedgeree !
“ There, dearest !—*Now*, I’m sure ’oo see,
“ The naughty blister ;—near the ring, here :
“ —I’m almost *certain*, ’tis that finger !
“ There kiss it, love, and make it well !”

" Poor little hand ! 'twill never heal,
 " Until the balsam we apply,
 " Distill'd of peace from industry !
 " But who is Kedgerce ?"

" I'll tell 'oo !

" Oh ! dear, he's such a crusty fellow !
 " So full of quips and old, wise saws,
 " With *such* an eye for finding flaws !
 " D'ye know, he says, the sun's not bright,
 ' But rouges, monstrously, with light,
 ' For that his cheek is, ⁽⁴²⁾ Mata-pitted ?*
 ' The moon, he vows, is but half-witted,
 ' And as for Venus,—he knows what,
 ' But will not say.—Do think of that,
 ' Isn't it provoking, love ? And then
 ' He speaks of all the hands he's seen :
 ' This had been perfect : but the thread
 ' Had forc'd the blood up to its head,
 ' Just like a malefactor's.—This
 ' Was not so *very* much aniss,
 ' Until it meddled, like a ninny,
 ' With the old wife's spinning-Jenny.
 ' But that, which makes him choak with laughter,
 ' Is the hand us'd in drawing water,
 ' —He hints, (think what a horrid creature)
 ' At the fried claws of kite or vulture,
 ' Points with a meaning sneer, whenever
 ' I bear him to the pool or river,

* Pock marked.

" At fissures in the sun-dried mud,—
 " —And says, " 'The pretty little pud'—
 " And then he's always so provoking;
 " I know not if he's grave or joking;
 " He keeps me in a constant fret,—
 " I'd give the world, could I but get
 " His real opinion of my hand;
 " But, though my strategies I've plann'd
 " Full fifty times, his cunning eye
 " Sees through, and lets the bait float by."

Mirth yielded to the gloom of pain,
 Upon the brow of good King Bhayne,
 Thus to behold the ill weeds rise
 In that heart's smiling paradise :
 Deep blame he charg'd himself, withal,
 For leaving one so young, to fall
 Into a snare, so artful spread.
 —" And what is Soondrie's will"? he said.

{ " What *should* it be, save thine? *But* say,
 " 'Thou lov'st me, yet; wilt never stray,
 " Though, one by one, should fade away
 " 'The charms, thou wert the first to spy,
 " Priz'd, as discov'ries of *thine* eye!
 " Tell me but this, love, every day,
 " In glance, in tone, in smile:—I'll lay
 " The blest assurance, side by side,
 " Against the fond, triumphant pride

“ Of *being*, that, I seem to be
 “ Only through love’s credulity.”

“ My silly, silly bride, who art
 “ The young ⁽⁴³⁾ Pudmahnî* of my heart,
 “ Drawing my thoughts, hopes, after thee ;
 “ E’en as she draws her faithful bee
 “ To gather from the nectar’d air
 “ The fragrance she hath scatter’d there ;
 “ Sooner that bee shall truant prove,
 “ And quit the banquet of his love
 { “ To gloat on fragrance less divine,
 { “ Than Soondrie’s Bee haunt any shrine
 { “ Of beauty or of bliss, but thine !”

“ Sweet are thy words as summer rain !
 “ Oh drop them, dearest, once again !
 “ Nor count thy Soondrie vain, to prize
 “ Aught, precious in her lover’s eyes !
 “ How could she bear, thy hand should press
 “ A hand, less soft, less fine than this ?
 “ Thou could’st not know it for thine own !
 “ A truant, thus, would’st thou become,
 “ From very faithfulness. Now see
 “ My little scheme for me and thee !
 “ —Give up thy trade of basket making !
 “ —Be sure, love, thou art quite mistaken,
 “ To think, *one* pair of hands can guide
 “ A nation’s reins, and weave, beside,

* Lotus Nymph.

" That nation's mats ! The wretch, whose head,
 " For treason, late, was forfeit, said
 " With his last breath, he died content
 " In innocence, nor deem'd misspent
 " A life, by which he'd purchas'd thee
 " The mystery of the plait of three.—
 " And then, you know, dear, what a failure,
 " Those mats have been ! I heard a tailor
 " Preaching to all the Ryutt's women,
 " That comet, pestilence, and famine
 " Were Indra's judgments on the nations,
 " For buying such abominations.
 " Then all those murmurs of the Assahmies,
 " Those outbreaks of the rampant Grahmies,
 " I trembled for my Bhaynie's life,
 " When that blood-thirsty, grim old-wife,
 " Seizing thy capital, did burrk
 " 'Th' Apparent, with a toasting fork "

" Wife !" said the King in mark'd displeasure,
 " Whence hast thou learn'd the words to treasure
 " Of vile breech-darners ? know'st not, that
 " The world is ringing, with my plait ?
 " But base monopolists decry
 " The good, with which they cannot vie."—

" But Regal cares ?"—

" Mere toys, my child !
 " Thousands have sceptres held, and pil'd

“ Up, useless palaces :—but *show* me *one* ,
 “ Who, born the master of a Throne,
 “ Could weave such————why ! I do assure thee
 “ *None* of my Nobles can come near me ;—
 “ Not by five stitches !—As for texture,
 “ *My* plait is call’d celestial mixture.”

“ Dost know the reason ? ” —

“ ’Tis quite clear ! ”

“ I heard a wicked wit declare,
 “ ’Tis that, when held up to the light,
 “ ’Tis starry, as the heavens at night !
 “ Celestial, since no tax on air,
 “ On light, on moisture’s levied there !
 “ Celestial, for its path is thorny,
 “ Beset by many a* Soul-Attorney,
 “ And excommunication doctor,
 “ Famous for cures of mental lock-jaw ;
 “ Who, if the key don’t fit, punch out
 “ With old Nick’s crow, the teeth of Doubt,
 “ And fixing orthodoxy’s funnel,
 “ (No joke,† Sir, like our new Thames tunnel,)
 “ In the wide gap, drop down your throat,
 “ Their pill, the red hot thunder bolt :
 “ Or failing, still, ship off the evil,
 “ For change of climate, to the devil.”

* Soul-Attorney—The Reader is *requested* to refer to the note.

† The learned Moolla thinks this word should be *choak*, and not *joke*. Undoubtedly the joke is in the choak—But the subscribers choak upon the joke.

The good King writh'd beneath the smart,
 For Satire wields a rankling dart :
 But wisdom, virtue, check'd the fire,
 And calm'd to thought his struggling ire.
 Truth, through the tumult, passion stirr'd,
 Faint, but with traits divine, appear'd ;
 And bowing to her high behest,
 He silent own'd the heavenly guest.
 'Tis thus with Virtue's child : his zeal
 For Virtue may his footstep steal
 From Wisdom' path, but never close
 His eye, against the ray, which shews
 The deadly snare.—

His reverie,

Young Soondrie waited tremblingly.
 The love of mischief, dear to youth,
 Had so far buoy'd the wing of truth—
 But fail'd in love's o'er anxious sigh,
 And conscience' deep, reproving eye :
 Trembling she sat ; but, when she heard,
 In place of harsh, resentful word,
 Her lover's voice the mercy bless,
 That left him, 'mid the loneliness
 Of Regal Power, and Flattery's art,
 One faithful voice, *one* loving heart ;
 Remorse took place of doubts and fears :
 —She answer'd with a shower of tears.

“ Love,” said the king, when calm'd the excess
 Of his young Soondrie's tenderness,

“ What was the scheme, thy little heart
 “ Devis’d ? I ’ve heard it, but in part ?

“ Oh ! ’twas a silly whim !—I’ve none,
 “ Dear Bhayne, believe me, but thine own.
 “ I only thought ’twould be so pretty,
 “ And save *thy* little hand *some* pity,
 “ ’To buy me, ’stead of those palm fibres*
 “ A lit— —tle broom of ostrich feathers
 “ With a pearl handle. Then ’oo know,
 “ Although I quite agree with you,
 “ In the bad taste of rich adornment :
 “ Yct, Love, the Nutt was *such* an orn’ment.
 “ Kedj vows no face can do without it.
 “ I wouldn’t mind so much about it,
 “ *But* ’twas my *Bhaynee’s* wedding present :
 “ And Kedj declares, he heard a peasant
 “ Mourn, that the rice had never thriven,
 “ Since it to banishment was driven :
 “ So, ’twere but *justice* to the Ryutt,
 “ To send to old Bhoop Sahd, and buy it.
 “ ’Tis but a sin—gle kingdom’s worth :
 “ And *Bhayne* is monarch of the Earth !
 “ Now Bhayne, don’t ’oo think with Kadj
 “ The Nutt is *quite* a queenly badge ?”

“ Daughter of Kings, thy will shall be
 “ Law in this realm :—but is’t for thee,

* Brooms are commonly made of bundles of fibre, split from the palm branch, and without any handle.

“ In rank, in beauty first, to smile
“ Upon this upstart, base and vile,
“ This Kedgeree ?—Pah ! the low name
“ Blisters my lips—In very shame
“ Dismiss him, Soondrie ! In his place,
“ I’ll purchase thee a golden Vase,
“ With gems adorn’d.”

“ Nay ! wilt thou, Sweet ?

“ That, that will be indeed a treat !
“ —But, Kedj—I do assure thee now,
“ He’s any-thing but base and low !
“ Why, he makes it quite a favour,
“ My bow to answer ; and his ’haviour
“ A captive monarch would become,
“ His honor sav’d, tho’ wreck’d his throne.
“ Indeed he hints, that such is not
“ Far from the mystery of his lot :
“ But more he prides himself upon
“ His genius, than his forfeit Throne.
“ He says, the Aristocracy
“ Of blood is wither’d up and dry ;
“ That mind will now assert its sway,
“ And wit shall bear the bell away.
“ And, ah ! such cutting things he says
“ Of woman’s faith, and woman’s ways !
“ I half suspect, with all his slashing,
“ He’s victim to some hopeless passion !
“ —Isn’t it, love, a sweet idea ?
“ We’ve had no Werter patient here

“ At court, since that brave Lord, who set
 “ To music, in a canzonette,
 “ His matrimonial squalls and hobbles,
 “ And advertis’d his curtain squabbles,
 “ And paid off, through the printer’s devil,
 “ His naughty Rib, her taste uncivil.
 “ Then, with the heroes cast his lot,
 “ To do, he didn’t well know, what :
 “ And whilst the world was all askew
 “ At deeds, he ne’er essay’d to do ;
 “ In his first field, upon his back
 “ Was laid, by man’s last Foe,—the Quack,

“ Well ! silly one, you’ll some day mourn
 “ Your grace to this plebeian-born.
 “ But if I stay, the laws will rue it :
 “ E’en now the sun-flower looks on Soorut.”*

She clung to him, half-broken hearted :
 —They bill’d, they coo’d, and so they parted :
 The King, to weave grim codes of Rules :
 The Queen, to knit gay Reticules.

* Soorut, called by a strange perversion of ours Surat—was Bhayne’s original capital. It is still a flourishing city on the Taptee River—It bears S.W. from the scene of this Poem.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

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CANTO FOURTH.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CANTO FOURTH.

'Tis Morn. From bleak Himmālā's mountain
The sun hath kiss'd the Lotus' fountain,
And call'd, from sleep in crystal cell,
Full many a blooming Lotus bell.--
Glorious they rise, each proud to be
The ark select of Deity.*
First-born, alike, and first in grace
Of all the beauteous flowery race.

Soondrie beside the fountain stood,
In alter'd guise and alter'd mood :—
Could this be she, who lately scorn'd
The aid of gems : and rich adorn'd
In Nature's, virtue's simplest dress,
Had walk'd supreme in loveliness ?
— The same : but chang'd : around her shine
Bright rays, but from no source, divine ;
The Emerald's green, the Brilliant's glare,
The Ruby's, Sapphire's hues are there :
But there no more, refresh'd, we see
Beauty's best pearl—simplicity.

* Brahma is represented floating on the Lotus, in which it is supposed he first had being.

The lotus flowers no longer know
The spell, that bent each glorious brow
To woman, in her native dress
Of guileless, blameless, loveliness.

Unconscious of their alter'd mood
Young Soondrie at the fountain stood ;
The cares, the joys, so lately dear,
Are drudgery now, and woe to her ;
Lost 'mid the tides perturb'd, that dart
In vainest whirlpools of the heart,
She paus'd awhile ; but 'twas not dread
The path oft tried, once more to tread ;
'Twas *but* to afford young Kedgeriee
Space to admire the symmetry,
And own the triumph, how complete,
Of the little twinkling feet.

But Kedj had other fish to fry :
His ever prying, curious eye
Saw mid those floating Lotus isles
Something amiss, for all their smiles :
And praising, piquing still the beauty,
Hard he strove to shirk his duty,
Prating much of ghole and snake
Ambush'd in the smiling lake ;

Note.--In many of the larger Rivers of India, a mysterious creature is supposed to exist, not larger than a hare—but provided with innumerable tendrilous arms, in which he entangles and drags down the most powerful animal. Any man or woman who suddenly disappears whilst bathing in the Nurbudda, is supposed to be the victim of this monster.

Of Hydra, small to human sight,
But gifted with such wondrous might,
That where his fibrous arms are thrown,
They drag the frantic elephant down.

“ O ho! O ho !” the young queen said,
Seating Kedj upon her head,
Where he sat shuddering with dismay,
“ Your pipes are out of tune to-day ;
Why do you tremble so ?”

“ I saw
A stout, green snake with such a maw,
Two rows of fangs in either jaw.”

A moment's anxious doubt possess'd
And chill'd the pulse of Soondrie's breast ;
Like croak of some ill-omen'd bird,
Whose voice at midnight hour is heard,
Those accents came : but well she knew
The selfish source from whence they grew ;
And Reason did her aid impart
To quell the sinking of the heart.

She tried the flowery path once more ;
Her weight the first fair Lotus bore,
But sway'd beneath her fairy tread :
A second, third, and fourth succeed,
Each trembling, bowing, till the wave
Her ancle's jewell'd band did lave.

Lightly had borne, each Lotus flower,
 Her and her virtues, beauty's dower ;
 But Vanity's dull burthen scorn,
 —Gladly, gladly would she turn,
 But her step no respite knows ;
 Onward, tottering still she goes,
 Trembling as the waters all
 Trembling rise, and trembling fall ;
 Till, in mid depth, where darkest hide
 The mysteries of th' enchanted tide,
 —With sudden shriek, with helpless bound,
 She plunges to the depths profound.

And Kedgerree ! Ah ! who shall tell
 With what a wond'rous splash he fell !
 Ne'er did Oonkar,* the mighty, throw
 Such summerset from Janna Pow
 Down to Mandahta, ⁽⁴⁷⁾ and the blue
 Narbudda's wave, as Kedjie threw
 From the young Queen's head, his mountain.
 Slap dash into the Lotus fountain.
 Ne'er did fat parish clerk up-bound,
 More buoyant, o'er the waves of sound,
 Shaking his jolly, full-blown jowl,
 Till cracks the spheres his lengthen'd howl,
 Than Kedj, uprising with a splutter
 And groan mere mortal ne'er could utter,

* Oonkar, seems to be the son of Mahadeo, God of Nature ; but at Man-
 dahta he is worshipped as Mahadeo.

And mouth agape, and pouting lip,
That took, at times, reluctant sip
Of the wave, so thin and blue,
His farewell glance around him threw.

Yes! farewell! 'tis undoubted fact,
That stoutest heads at times be cracked;
And hearts the toughest at a welting
Are most in danger still of melting.
Nelson, mightiest Son of Battle,
Was bull-calf to his Neighbour's cattle:
And Marlborough, who the world could thwack,
Sal's whale-bone welted like a sack;
Nay: since the Polar ice is slacking,
Some say, e'en Joseph's head is cracking.
—Kedj, who unmov'd had stood the charms
(Trust him) of Beauty's world-in-arms,
Their chief, a monarch's matchless daughter,
Kedj melted tamely in cold water—
His head, unscath'd in many a fight
With the unsavory* Muscovite,⁽⁴⁸⁾
Was fractur'd now, by sudden hurtle
Against the shell of slumbering turtle;
Who, wond'ring what *new* maggots these
Of Indra,† to rain Kedgerees,

* I adhere firmly to my opinion, that this word should be translated Musk Rat, between which and the Kedgerree there are continual squabbles: see note.—

† God of the firmament.—

Begg'd him, another time, to rap
Off, first, at least *one* thunder clap ;
Then drew his head beneath his buckram
And, grumbling, scuttled to the bottom.

Kedj, felt that he had sprung a leak,
And gaz'd round o'er the water's bleak ;
His case seem'd desperate, far away
His own redoubted squadron lay,
Those who had ta'en freemasons brand
And dar'd to venture forth from land.—
His timbers strain'd, and drench'd his swallow,
His very heart and spinal marrow
Dissolving in the liquid cold,
With four feet water in the hold,
And both his pumps unshipp'd in falling,
He heard distinct Fate's Bellman calling.
But, surely, Nature, Virtue might
Lend him their aid, if su'd aright.

“ Nature,” he cried, “ my charming creature
“ Show us your pretty pud ;” but Nature,
Just then in night-mare strong was snoring
On Wordsworth's ⁽⁴⁹⁾ couch, and did not hear him.

“ Virtue,” he said, “ in youthful days
“ I wander'd far thro' Passion's maze,
“ For youthful blood is prone to err,
“ And ¹ruby lips are dainty cheer ;

“ And there be cheeks, so soft and shy,
 “ It seems a sin to pass them by ;
 “ And there be eyes, whose lightnings dart
 “ Consuming radiance thro’ the heart ;
 “ And forms !—ah me ; I’ll not deny
 “ I sipp’d a little, just to try,
 “ And found it, O ! so passing sweet,
 “ I quite forgot to sound retreat,
 “ Till well nigh lost. To be sincere,
 “ I was a gay young Reveller ;
 “ Mid chosen flowers a summer Bee
 “ —Until !—until, I heard of Thee ;
 “ Then saw I mortal charms decay
 “ In moral Beauty’s heavenlier ray :
 “ I said, If thus her fame smites me,
 “ What must not her sweet presence be !
 “ O ! if her eyes be like *some* eyes
 “ I’ve known—her smile a paradise ;
 “ If on her cheek young roses blow ;
 “ If, above all, her *hand* be snow :
 “ Not the dull freezing hoard of earth,
 “ But that, on which the god of mirth
 “ Pillows his head on Meeroo’s* steep—
 “ O ! I’d forget *my* woes, to weep
 “ Tears of pure, virtuous joy, to think it
 “ The casket, worthy of the trinket.”

Virtue was wide awake, of course ;
 Who *would* not be, when Wilberforce

* Meeroo is the Hindoo Olympus.

Charms the rapt soul, and yielding sense,
 With heaven-descended eloquence.
 Virtue was well inclin'd to stretch
 Her hand to save the sinking wretch ;
 She deem'd the act a sacred duty :
 Lik'd the idea of " moral beauty,"
 Thought she *might* have a rose or two,
 And eyes of lustre-swimming blue —
 Her smile could ⁽⁵⁰⁾ Cheshire's mightiest move,
 Nor fear'd she to draw of her glove :—
 For virtue can afford to show
 Her hand, with *any* hand we know.
 But, virtue, in those olden days,
 Was sadly cramp'd by fashion's stays,
 And patent bobbins were n't invented,
 So that she'd often sore repented
 'Mid a loud crash of failing laces,
 Her condescendence to the graces
 Of pity and humility.
 She thought, too, with the Oxford student
 It were an act, the most imprudent,
 Would cause a mighty hue and cry ;
 Dame Prude might term it rank seduction
 To cross hands without introduction :
 So, on the whole, she deem'd it better
 To sob and shriek, and make a flutter,
 And turn her back, and beg they'd blow her
 News, when the poor thing's pangs were over ;
 Nay ⁽⁵¹⁾ scandal vows, she bade her porter
 Chuck a large stone to make 'em shorter.

And was *all* lost. He gaz'd around:
 'The cold, blue waves, th' horizon bound,
 But many a floating Lotus isle
 Dimples the wave with rosy smile.

" O might sublime of beauty's power !
 " Come here, he said, my Lotus flower ;
 " Let me the ripe, rich nectar sip.
 " From that young and budding lip :—
 " I tried the Rose, but yestermorn,
 " Eh !——not so coarse : yet I'll be sworn,
 " Those ruby lips would waste and pine,
 " If brought in contrast, sweet, with thine !—

One Flower was fool enough to listen,
 With blushful cheek and eyes that glisten :
 Kedj got his chin above her lip,
 And, when he made his final dip, }
 Remorseless shear'd, at one fell nip,
 Her little nose and one cheek's metal,
 Id est, the stigma and a petal—

And *must* he close his mortal story ?
 And *must* he die without his glory ?
 Heroes had died, time out of mind,
 Yet left their name and fame behind ;
 For each had found some Bard or Poet,
 For love of fame or gold to blow it.
 And why should not a Kedgeree
 Blow his own trumpet, loud and free ?

Small was his lake, but deep and clear
To *him* 't was quite a Windermere,—
Where swans, on their own charms who gloat
Sing their own praise, with open throat.

He sang:—Parnassian Choir, ye know
The words sublime and notes of woe,
On which thy soul, young Kedgerce,
Soar'd from its Earthy trammels free:
Something there was of Patriot meed,
A word on Earthly grandeur's trouble,
Allusion quaint to Curtius' deed,
Cut short with "bubble,—bubble."
A hiccough huge, a gulping sound,
The wave clos'd up—and Kedj was drowned.

Meanwhile, beneath the watery wave
Young Soondrie sank, ah! who shall save
Thee, hapless Queen, in weakest hour
Victim to weakest passion's power?
She fell, she sank;—her panting breast
The weight of those deep tides oppress'd:
Dire flashing lightnings scathe her eye,
Dire thoughts and terrors yell reply;
Her ear the roaring surges strain;
A gloomy vortex whirls her brain.
The struggle vain, the war for life,
The cold despair which blames the strife—
All these were hers; and she had ne'er

Again inhal'd life's balmy air,
 Again gone forth, at early day,
 T' illumine with her beauty's ray;
 But that a thousand virtues wake
 The genius of the Lotus lake.
 And Nature's self, in accent wild,
 Pleads for her own, lov'd, erring child.
 —He nods assent. The Lotus flowers
 Rejoicing, tender all their powers;
 They throng around, with outstretch'd arms;
 They catch, they raise her sinking charms;
 They bless the burthen sweet, once more
 They waft her senseless to the shore.—
 There, the warm sun with fondest glance
 Woos, wakes her from her death-like trance.
 She stirs, she heaves a deep-drawn sigh,
 She languid opes the large dark eye—
 What!—where is she? A hideous train
 Of fancies throng upon her brain.
 Despair, death's grasp, the struggle vain!
 —And is *all* o'er? Yon orb of day
 Imparts he thus his genial ray
 To the pale throng beyond the tomb?
 For them do flowers expand their bloom
 And happy insects for their eye
 Display the ever changeful dye?
 And summer birds, from brake and spray,
 Tune for them the roundelay?
 She clos'd the aching orbs of sight;
 But when, once more they sought the light,

Each dear, familiar object spoke
In tones, that her delusion broke.

She rose with faltering step and slow,
And languid limbs and aching brow;
No more a vain, gay, insect thing,
Proud of the plumage of her wing:
But cur'd, for ever cur'd of all,
Save the sweet faults that shadowing fall
With virtue's rays. She walk'd with frail
Reluctant step, and cheek most pale;
And robes, that clinging round her, weep
Big tears, and heavy locks that sweep
The pavement wide. A Naiad, so,
Might trail her languid steps of woe,—
When banish'd from her azure wave,
Her amber rocks and coral cave,
The scenes, the haunts, the memories, dear
To childhood's merry smile and tear.

She chang'd her dripping robes, array'd
Her locks in many a snakelike braid,
Cast from her limbs each jewel rare,
Had dazzled with its deadly glare;
Then sought her bower, where long and vain
Tarried for her the good King Bhayne.
She knelt before the pillow'd throne,
Her beauteous brow bent meckly down,
E'en to her lover's feet; then cried
“ Behold thy vain, thy silly bride

“ Cur’d of her whirl in fancy’s maze,
 “ Return’d to Virtue’s soberer ways;
 “ Here, let her deep her fault deplore,
 ‘ Here vow to wander never more!
 “ Never to doubt thy counsel wise,
 “ Nor count her will a sacrifice!
 “ Deeply she’th paid her folly’s smart.”

He caught his Soondrie to his heart,
 “ My love, we both have err’d; but mine
 “ The deeper, and the deadlier crime.
 “ My judgment rash led thee astray,
 “ Guil’d my own feet in error’s way;
 “ I thought the head might act the part
 “ Of head and foot, of hand and heart.
 “ ’Twas Folly’s scheme, delusion’s trick—
 “ —Confound this palm-thorn at my quick,
 “ It pricks my conscience; much I fear
 “ The anguish dimm’d my judgment clear:
 “ Ten Nutts* were set a dangling, straight:
 “ My mind misgave me when too late.
 “ —I did not turn the punkah!—Love!
 “ And when ’twas pull’d, there buzz’d above
 “ A cloud of Votes, Lords, Bishops, Peers
 “ And new-created blood-suckers.”

“ My Bhaynee, love, forbear such doubt!
 “ Show me the thorn! I’ll kiss it out!
 “ That wicked Thorn! *Why* mind a Race,

* Nutts—Indian gipsies.

“ Whose vote is not for truth, but place ?
“ —I’ll warrant, when the punkah swung,
“ Their buzz had fifty Innocents hung,
“ For crossing them, when fore’d to hop,
“ Without a warning, neck and crop.
“ Nay ! if you take it so to heart,
“ I’ll show you how to cure the smart :
“ We’ll put a poultice on the thumb,
“ And the next guilty Ten, that come,
“ Why, Bhaynee, we’ll forgive arrearage,
“ And raise them snugly to the Pecerage :
“ So Justice’ scales will even swing.

“ O Bhaynee, ’tis the happiest thing
“ To know just when and how to give ’em
“ The veriest pull, to set ’em even.
“ Alas,” she cried, relapsing straight
To sadness, from her mood elate ;
“ Alas ! heaven leaves me no resource
“ Against the tortures of remorse ;
“ For me no scale will turn : life, yet
“ Must be consum’d in vain regret.”

“ Say not, my Soondrie, thus ! Thy crime
“ Was light and trivial weigh’d with mine.
“ ’Twas I that caus’d thee most to err,
“ By grievous burthens, hard to bear.
“ Mine is the penalty, to know
“ I’ve caus’d thy heart a moment’s woe.
“ Dry thy sad tears, each seems to start

“ A sanglot, from thy lover’s heart.
 “ In virtue’s ways the past forget !”

“ Ah ! love, but he was such a pet !”
 “ So crabbed, humorous, touchy, testy,
 “ Always grumbling, always crusty :
 “ And then, in person such a fright ;
 “ To laugh at him was my delight,—
 “ And see him fume, and snarl, and hit
 “ At random with his wicked wit.
 “ He was the *sweetest* monster!—Bhayne,
 “ I ne’er shall see his like again.”

“ Soondrie, for shame !” the king replied—
 “ A monarch’s child, a monarch’s bride,
 “ Canst thou such low, base taste, indulge,
 “ Nor blush, the folly to divulge?
 “ Now, bless the pool, whose wave of might
 “ Swept that abortion from my sight !
 “ ’Twas he that taught thee to despise
 “ Thy harmless joys for vanities,
 “ And lur’d thee to the brink of death.”

“ O no, love, with his latest breath
 “ He pray’d me to excuse him ! He
 “ Foresaw his coming destiny ;
 “ Had quite a sweet presentiment,
 “ That something would that day go wrong ;
 “ And pleaded hard, to make a catspaw
 “ Of A. D. C. Gustavus Vāsū,
 “ —Wasn’t it clever ?

Bhayne replied—

- “ Is this, mine own, my chosen bride!
“ This my heart’s treasure, light, and pride !
“ Is this the shrine, which to possess,
“ I counted more than happiness !
“ O! it was once a shrine most fair,
“ No thought deform’d had entrance there,
“ But all was graceful, pure, refin’d;
“ And, as some tempest-madden’d wind
“ At length on bed of violets knows
“ The heaven-born blessing of repose,
“ So knew my soul in thee.—And now
“ Strange loathly things their forms do show
“ Where all was beauty. And beneath
“ The violet shade, his noisome breath
“ The venom-pamper’d toad makes known
“ Claiming that refuge for his own.
“ —O Soondrie, deck thee, at thy pleasure,
“ With all Golconda’s sparkling treasure:
“ Call from the depths of Singuldeep
“ The tears of bliss, which sea-nymphs weep:
“ Let Buddukshaun and Ava’s mine
“ For thee their richest gauds combine !
“ Forgiven all! For who could see
“ A jewel’s ray, fair thing, on thee?
“ But put away—far, far from thee,
“ This monster-petting fantasy—
“ And be again, as erst thou wert
“ ‘Th’ unblemish’d Jewel of our heart.’ ”

Young Soondrie heard, with downcast eyes,
And blushful cheek, and tears and sighs:—
“ I thought,” she said, “ my Bhayne could bear
“ The little whims to woman dear:
“ But ’tis not so; and ne’er again
“ I’ll suffer monster in my train.
“ But ah ! my own true-love recall
“ Those bitter words thy tongue let fall.
“ Say not, the gem, thou once did’st prize,
“ Is tarnish’d, dimm’d in thy dear eyes !
“ I’ll weep the blemish from my heart:
“ Long days, long nights, the tears shall start,
“ Till those lov’d lips assoilzie me
“ Of every crime, but love to thee !”

“ Come then, my true love, to my heart;
“ And, ah ! believe, a lover’s part
“ Must still be stern to scrutinize
“ The faults, which baffle other eyes.
“ E’en as the Hero keenly proves
“ The brightness of the blade he loves.
“ Its virtue tried, reposes there
“ Life, honour, fame; and deems each care
“ To save from soil its lustre bright,
“ A debt of gratitude and right.”

END OF CANTO IV.

THE LOTUS-WALKER.

CONCLUSION.

THE LOTUS WALKER.

CONCLUSION.

So ends our tale.—But would ye know
More of the good king Bhayne, and how
In after times he held his state ;
Whether, by weaving mats of Date,
Or acts more kingly.—On a day,
In greenwood fair, I met a Fay,
Who by a thousand nameless wiles,
And queenly frowns and merry smiles,
Led me through thicket, brake and dingle,
And thorns, that made my poor shanks tingle .
And pools, chock-full of frogs and tigers ;
And seas of Buffaloes and high-grass :
'Till wilder'd, maz'd, exhausted quite,
I threw me down in very spite,
With eyes half-clos'd.—Not long I lay
When, tiptoe came that wicked Fay,
And well nigh stole my heart away.
But I was ware of her device,
And watch'd her through my half-clos'd eyes ;
So, when my heart was in her grasp,
I locked the wrist with iron clasp—

And springing to my feet I caught her,
The beauteous Thief, the Fairy's daughter.
But still, my heart she would not quit,
She vow'd she had a right to it.
And truly, (though I can't tell why)
What time I met that sweet blue eye
I could not, for my life, deny—
But pleaded sore to her's my right
In fair exchange. She laugh'd outright,
Said 'twas her sovereign will and pleasure
To seize, but ne'er surrender treasurc.
Enough for me, so poor a prize
Should find such favour in her eyes ;
Yet since my loss was no great gain
To her, she'd yield it back again.

But so it was, that whilst I press'd
In my rude grasp that slender wrist,
And gaz'd upon that living eye,
Now wild, now grave, now kind, now shy
And the pure cheek, a lakelet bright,
Reflecting every shade and light
Of the orbs that roll'd above ;
I felt, I own'd the power of love.
I said, her touch had seal'd its fate,
That heart ! To her 'twas consecrate.
I loos'd her wrist, I clasp'd in mine,
The small, soft hand, where lilies shine :
I drew her to my side—No more
She struggled now, as heretofore.

She saw 'twas Love's own glance sincere,
She knew love's tone, and did not fear;
For earthly Queen has no such power
As Maiden in her Beauty's hour.
But by my side she frankly sate,
On bank, with wild-flowers decorate:
And still, the lily-balm to sip,
That hand was lifted to my lip;
And still those lips, a sweeter prize,
Denied the cold glance of her eyes.
And thus (around, the forest wild)
We laugh'd and talk'd, we sang and smil'd,
And seem'd her mind its rays to fling
O'er each bright, and sparkling wing.
—For she was wing'd, alas! for me,
A fleeting, star-born Fantasy!
For earth too bright—for Heaven too wild—
The greenwood Fairy's matchless child.

Thus, whilst we sate, I made her sing
The songs that guide the Fairy's ring;
When, like a constellation, lent
To earth of heaven's high firmament,
The livelong night they circling trip,
And, with morn's dawn, in darkness dip.
And still, whenc'er I saw a wing
Trembling, as heavenward it would spring,
I sued her for another song;

I pray'd her loose the Syren tongue :
And though she laughing still denied,
Yet still her lips the measure tried :
For still I found her themes of song,
Whose magic train'd her soul along :
And still the quivering wings were staid,
A little while she still delay'd,
To add to this, our humble strain
Traditions of the good King Bhayne.

Bhayne once again reform'd his court :
No longer, leaves of date were bought,
And noble thumbs, made smart and bleed,
In deference to the Monarch's creed.
But, as his justice grew more pure,
When thumb and finger grew secure
From counterpricks of long date thorns,
And all the wildering twists and turns
'To plaiters known : So justice now,
Became th' employ of high and low—
And virtue, modesty, and truth,
'The chosen gems of age and youth ;
And gold and silver, worthless grown,
Were by the wayside careless strown.

And Bhayne, 'tis said, was seen no more
In coarse, vile raiment of the Boor,

But clad, as well became the birth
 Of Heaven's viceregent, here on earth.
 —But, when the spring's reviving power
 Brought forth the sacred Bussunt* flower,
 King Bhayne in state went forth, at morn,
 One furrow of the glebe to turn.
 And mid the Kānjur† craft would plait
 A single fold of date-leaf mat.
 For he would have the Nobles know
 Their debt to him who guides the plough ;
 That none more noble than the hand,
 Whose bounty feeds and clothes the land.

And once a year, with vase on head,
 Young Soondrie to the fountain sped ;
 Her train, the young, the fair, the gay,
 Matron and maid, a long array,
 Chanting Jy-deva's matchless lay.—
 And still the Lotus flowers, 'tis said,
 Stoop'd to the Queen each vassal head ;
 Altho' the little Nose still bore
 That roguish‡ Nutt it lov'd of yore ;
 And on the ancle still was seen,
 The brilliant's strife with emerald green.
 O ! where the flower, so hard to please,
 Itself so gemm'd, had grudg'd her these ?

* The first spring flower emblem of immortality.

† A Tribe of mat and basket weavers

‡ Nose Jewel.

Nature deem'd not her pure design
Marr'd by those costly jewels' shine ;
And virtue saw, yet did not spy
The ambushment of vanity.
For Soondrie better lov'd the dyc
Of grateful gems in sorrow's eye.

Yet still the same wild thing was she
All smiles, and wiles, and witchery,
Constant in her inconstancy ;
Tormenting, soothing, blessing, teasing,
Most perversely, strangely pleasing !
Innocent, yet full of guile ;
Weeping, when the wise ones smile ;
Smiling, when they bid her weep,
Laughing in her very sleep.
Now all tenderness—Anon,
The lightest heart, the gayest tone ;
A wit, most playful, artless, airy,
Now a sage, and now a Fairy ;
Fearlessly exploring, now,
Realms of darkness, dread and woe,
Where the mightiest wings have quail'd,
The mightiest spirits droop'd and fail'd :
Anon, o'er Summer's blissful sigh
Floating with the Butterfly :
Mysteries, wrung from Death's stern power
Squandering in the Rose's bower ;
Summer rose and lily gem
Strowing through the Monster's Den,

Until a flowery path appears
That dismal avenue of tears.

The Fairy ceas'd, the fairy smil'd,
She spread the wing, so bright and wild ;
 { She snatch'd the hand, 't was mine to press—
 { She left me in her loveliness—
 { Me, in my heart's deep loneliness.
I knelt, I spread my arms on high,
I call'd her from th' unpitying sky,
" My Life, my Bride, my Spirit's own,
" O ! say not thou'rt for ever flown !
" Leave me one pledge, one token bright,
" Thou yet may'st bless thy lover's sight" !
She shook her beauteous head, till all
The silken tresses round her fall :
But whilst her gesture " No" ! implies
A sweet, sweet " Yes :" is in her eyes.
And, ere her form, in ether grey,
Had melted from my sight away,
There fell, in pity of my woes,
A petal of the red, red rose,
Fluttering, wheeling, whirling round
Until my very lips it found.
—Men say, the vagrant breezes strow
Such petals, wheresoe'er they blow.
But earthly rose was ne'er so blest
In fragrance of my Fairy's breast.

And when,—Ah ! when will she return ?
When shall my spirit cease to mourn ?
When shall I see my Star shoot down
From her bright sphere to rule mine own ;
And that sweet rose I long to sip ;—
Say, will it ever shun my lip ?—

O ! Bulbul, thou who knowest well
Th' impassion'd mysteries, Love may tell,
Go, quaff yon golden Planet's fire,
Until thy breast but flames respire !
Then to my Fairy's presence soar,
And, fluttering near, the torrent pour
Of glowing love, till Music's art
Melt, ravish, win that stony heart.
Bird of deep song, my Champion be.
—I'll win the coyest rose for thee.

THE END.

NOTES

TO

THE LOTUS-WALKER,

Page 1 Line 1

(1) The river Sardub is the right arm of the Gagra, and emerging from the Nepaul mountains, opposite the district of Pilibheet, takes a course South by East, gradually diverging from the line of the mountains until it unites with the river Gagra in the territories of Lucknow. It, for some distance, forms the nominal boundary between the British and Oude possessions, but as its channel shifts from side to side of the wide valley it has formed, it is a most treacherous landmark. It is wider, deeper, and stronger than the Ganges of the same latitude. Its water is in general so pure as to bear the test of a crystal goblet, and in Shahjehanpoor is even in the hot weather so cold, that it is used for cooling wine, in preference to saltpetre. It is in every respect, save length of course, a nobler river than the Ganges, and is said by the Hindoos to have monopolized the divine honors at

present paid the Ganges, previous to the last avatar. Its forest-tangled banks are highly romantic, and afford probably the finest cover in the world to wild animals, among which may be mentioned, the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, urna or wild buffaloe, stag, spotted deer, hog deer, and bear. The abundance of tigers may be conjectured, when it is asserted, that in the seasons 1837-8, upwards of fifty of these beasts were slain each year by the collectors Messrs. Okeden and Buller, and yet one half, at least, of the cover of the small tract on which they sported is inaccessible, owing to quicksand and tangled wood. I myself have been encamped within musket shot of five lairs, in each of which a tiger held his court. The forests are Sawl and Seeso. The covers chiefly Thathur and Nurkul, with very little flag. The ferry boats of the river are mere canoes of hollowed trunks. They are lashed together, when cattle cannot be made swim across. In the latter process, care must be taken, that the horse or other quadruped be not higher up the current than the boat, otherwise he is swept under it, and probably drowned; he swims with little danger on the lower side.

Page 1. Line 9.

(2) Beneath the drooping Jamun' shade,
Or Burgut's sunlit colonnade.

There are few trees which afford better and safer shelter than the Jamun. The leaf is polished, and

always green. The boughs, which droop gracefully, are of so elastic a texture as to threaten no peril, during a tempest, to the person beneath : a point of vital consequence to the forester, during one month of the year. The Peepul and Goollur are particularly unsafe, as are Mangoe trees that have been little agitated by the wind. The wild work sometimes made by a tempest in an old Mangoe 'grove, affords a sublime, and even fearful spectacle. The trees are uprooted, cast about, and snapped across, as if they were dry reeds ; and as it is impossible to face the wind, it is not easy to avoid them. Natives generally take the first tree that offers, and sit on the lee side of it. If it stand, they are saved ; if it fall, they are crushed ; but they are saved the trouble of thinking, which they abhor.

The Burgut is the Banian ; why called by the latter name, which is unknown in India, I cannot say. The Jamun produces a fruit resembling in appearance the damson, but having no acidity, a stone like that of the date, and a strongly aromatic and astringent flavor.

Page 1. Line 16.

(3) The honied dews of Trebizond ;

The reader will not have forgotten the honey from which Xenophon's army suffered ; nor Moore's allusion to it in *Lalla Rookh*. There is a species of honey in the Nepaul hills, of perfectly white hue, supposed to be culled from the blossom of *Rhododendron*. It does not

“drive men mad,” like that of Trebizond, but acts upon the human constitution in a painful manner.

Page 5. Line 15.

(4) Bears down the frantic Elephant.

Wild Elephant shooting is either the tamest, or most perilous of sport, even as that animal, naturally the most timorous of living creatures, is at times the most furious. Indian sportsmen have not forgotten the desperate feat, which has adorned the Horse Artillery Mess House at Meerut with so magnificent a trophy. I wish I were sufficiently exact in my remembrance of the particulars, to venture their detail.

Page 5. Line 15.

(5) How thirty balls the Urna bore,
O'er Sarduh's flood, from shore to shore.

The slaughter of this noble animal is an inglorious and disgusting feat, which no sportsman will very readily perform a second time. It is scarcely ever that he will charge an Elephant, although he would be a fearful assailant to that animal, and in general, probably, the victor. I have seen one of these fine animals, its brain perforated in five places, and its body covered with

wounds, still standing at bay, and shaking his head as if about to charge. It was not until the brain was severed (by a ball) from the spinal chord, that he fell to the earth. The head is with Mr. Buller, at Shahjehanpoor. It well deserves place in a Museum, on account of the fact above stated. I was previously most incredulous about the possibility of sensation after the perforation of the brain.

The horns measure from point to point, on the outer circumference, $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, as nearly as I can recollect. We found a ball smashed upon one of the horns, which it had not penetrated, although it adhered so firmly as to resist our efforts to remove it. Another had been deflected from the horns, and passed close over the head of one of the sportsmen. This is a hint on such occasions not to fire from opposite sides.

Page 6. Line 11.

(6) Eraun's fall'n Lion.

Eraun is the true name of Persia, and it is difficult to account for the persistence of the Greeks in calling that empire by a name applicable only to a single province, Fars, and never applied to the kingdom itself by Persians of former or latter days. This is what Mr. Moore calls "Iran," with a grave accent on the first instead of second syllable. He was evidently thinking of Erin.

Page 6. Line 17.

- (7) Swear, that once more Istukhr's skies,
 Shall see Jumsheed's proud columns rise;
 Bulkh's mouldering dust disclose the Throne.
 The sceptre yield, wreck'd Babylon.

The first of these couplets had been written—

Swear that anew, but prouder far,
 Shall rise the Tower of Istakár.

and Byron's authority might bear it out—

For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.

But it is time that these errors should cease their multiplication. The greater part of the Western world know of Eastern names only from works of fiction. They are perplexed when they meet with the name spelt according to its pronunciation, and frequently, in consequence, read in the dark. Great licence has been taken by late poets with Eastern names. Moore is pardonable for calling a river by the name of the dam which binds it, because travellers have misled him; the Bund Ummeer, or Nobleman's Dam, becomes quite classical as the calm Benderneer. And Kermaun, is very easily disposed of in the line,

" Kerman's hardy mountaineers.

Eerāk, too, unless I mistake, he calls Irak. Even Byron's Islambòle sounds incorrect to my ear, and should I imagine, be Islaumbul, the first and last syllables short. Why he has written Gool, Gul, it is difficult to say; he cannot back the liberty by a single example in the English language. But Moore, with the same liberality towards the vowels, calls Roostum, Rustam. As for Isfahaun, it is commonly pulled into Rhyme with can, pan, tan, etc. And we have known some of the higher pretenders to grammatical purity, not content with making the plural masculine of Moosulmaun, Mussulmen, insist upon the feminine plural being Musselwomen, and the daughters of the last, Musselgirls. These are the people who multiply Mongoose into Mungeese, and Mungoslings. In spite of these objections to the distortion of foreign names, the reader will observe an instance in the following line—

The soul of Abbas shall awake.

{

It had been more correct to say

Ublass ! thy mighty soul shall wake.

But the name Abbas has become as familiar to the readers of history and poetry, as our corrupt pronunciation of the French capital Paris; and under such circumstances it is generally advisable to consider the word in question a legitimate adoption of our tongue.

Bulkh is the most ancient capital of Eraun, or Persia. Istakhr or Persepolis, was the capital in the days of Jumsheed, one of the earliest Persian monarchs. Isfahan was the capital of Abbas or Ubhass, who although not himself a native Persian, raised that kingdom to a very high pitch of glory and prosperity. Segistaun, or more properly Seestaun, was the birth-place and patrimony of Zāl and Roostum.

Page 7. Line 29.

(8) The young Kokleete,
In accent, faltering with delight.

This bird although a species of Magpie, has the most musical and delicate voice of any of the winged tribes. It repeats its own name in the early morning, and it is impossible to imagine a more gentle and soothing reveillée. When alarmed however, or irritated, it can utter a sufficiently harsh and unmusical scream.

Page 14. Line 12.

(9) For he,
Of dread Tapāsa's rite was free.

This singular and terrible rite, (for terrible are frequently its effects upon the mind of him who practises it) is supposed, amongst other gifts, to confer upon the performer a power over the spirit world. It is not pe-

culiar to Hindoostan, although it originated with the Brahmuns. The Soofies, whose tenets in many respects resemble the original religion of the Hindoos, seem to have been its introducers into Persia. But the Affghauns also practise it, and Mahmood, the first Affghaun king of Persia, died raving mad from its effects.

Page 18. Line 1.

(10) Through the cane palm, green and high.

It is very abundant on the banks of the Sarduh. The cane is contained in several successive sheaths of thick, grassy fibre. The outermost sheath is armed, as are the branches and leaves, with extremely sharp, long thorns, of the firmest substance ; and we know of no jungle so formidable, when it grows luxuriantly. It is the favourite haunt of the spotted Deer, or Axis,

Page 18. Line 3.

(11) O'er the dwarf-date's coral plant.

This date plant is about a foot and half high. It is covered with its red fruit in May, on which, as well as on the leaf, the Elephant loves to browse.

Page 18. Line 6.

(12) Rise perfumes from the mangled grass.

The spike, so plentiful in Malwa, is not found on the banks of the Sarduh : but a short brown, scrubby grass abounds, which gives forth a very fragrant odor.

Page 19. Line 13.

(13) But now the bustard's booming cry.

We have so termed this bird, because it is known in India only by that name. It is however essentially different in habits and appearance from any known species of Bustard. Its head and throat are snowy white, as are the breast, and (I think) the back. The wings of grey, spread perhaps ten or eleven feet. It has not at all the air of a game bird. Its gait is precisely similar to that of the plover ; and the horizontal posture of the body, and straightness of legs and throat, in moving, singularly remind one of that bird. Like the plover, and unlike the Bustard, it never runs far, and cannot run swiftly : but being extremely shy, rises upon the wing beyond reach of ball from a smooth barrel. It haunts the plains adjoining the forest, sometimes in pairs, at others in flocks of eight or ten, one of which acts sentinel. Its cry is compared by natives to the distant growl of the tiger. We should resemble it to the groans of a man in torture. It is heard to a considerable distance. Although a reward of

seven rupees was offered for a single specimen, we could not obtain a near view of the bird.

Page 19. Line 18.

(14) While the silver bells are ringing.

The silver bells which swing from either side of the elephant's trappings.

Page 20. Line 18.

(15) That the young phoenix, old in gloom.

The Hooma is both the Phoenix and the bird of paradise. He builds his funeral pile, (when he feels the approach of death) of sweet spices and scented herbs, and fans the flame with music. From his ashes, his successor springs.

Page 26 Line 26.

(16) Depriv'd me, like Qurafa bride.
Of the wing, that idle grown,
Was render'd useless by thine own.

The Qurāfā is a fictitious bird, the male of which has but a single wing on his right side corresponding with the single wing on the left side of his mate. It is only therefore in union, that they fly. This is but one of many beautiful symbols, with which the literature of the Hindoo abounds.

Page 26. Line 9.

- (17) The cunning Kānjur maid shall show,
Where reed covers fairest grow.

The Kanjurs are a race of outcasts, (according to the Hindoo creed,) whose origin is lost in obscurity. They monopolize the manufacture of sieves, hand punkahs, chicks, or bamboo curtains, mats, rope, and string. They live a wandering life, under huts formed of reed screens, which they remove from village to village. They are also occasionally tumblers and wrestlers. Probably our word "conjurer" is derived from Kanjur: as the East Indies have always supplied the most skilful of these artists. The Surput reed grows to the height of twelve feet. The upper portion is a single fine joint, from two to five feet in length. This joint is called Serkee, and of it a variety of ornamental and useful articles are made. The finest fans; the sieves in which wheat and other grain are cleaned; the thatches of carts; the lining of the better order of thatch, etc.

Page 26. Line 16.

- (18) And make such loves of sieves and bellows.

We were strongly moved to translate this word "fan, vane, or even punkah," opining that the word "bellows" did savour too essentially of Hudibrastic levity: but the opinion of our esteemed friend, that learned orientalist, Moolla Humsir Ool Hum'd, supported as it

was by the following quotation from a rare Sanscrit pastoral poem, decided us otherwise. Srri Krishn, speaking of his own sighs, thus addresses the beautiful Radha—

Buffaloes, those sturdy fellows,
Fan the flame of love with bellows.

For our own part, we confess we are far from considering this quotation decisive; and we trust therefore to receive full credit for our surrender to the authority of so great a name, for, as it would appear from the context, that Srri Krishn is defending his own profound sighs, by the example of an animal, whose heroic qualities are unquestionable; we conceive the bellows here intended, not to be those bags or sacks of atmospheric gas, terminating in conduits or snouts, most generally of iron, nor even the more primitive punkah-vane, or fan;—but rather the spontaneous eructations of tender sentiment; in other words, the *suspiratio bovis bubuli*. We should feel much gratified by the opinion of the learned Secretary of the Asiatic Society, whose judgment we should consider without appeal.

Page 27. Line 16.

(19) The iron pile,

Of Maandoo Gurh.

A mountain fortress, for some time the Muhummeden capital of Malwa. The king having been presented

with the philosopher's stone, was recommended by the donor to build the bulwarks of the citadel of gold; but reflecting, that the temptation would lead a thousand enemies to invade him, he wisely contented himself with iron ramparts; which (we regret to say) do not continue to this day.

Page 29. Line 27.

(20) Bhoop Sadh, who dwells below Seesgurh.

Seesgurh, the purgunah town of Sersawah, is said to have been founded by Raja Bhayne. Sahd is a title assumed by holy fuqueers.

Page 30. Line 5.

(21) "I'm sure there's not a Bhoote or fairy,
 " Soor or USSoor grim existing—
 " Bhowanie's self would ne'er resist him."

The Bhoote, Soor, and Assoor, are spirits or genii. The Bhoote is a familiar demon; the Soort, an angel; the USSoort, a devil.

In the forests of the Sarduh, the Bhoote only is spoken of. Previously we had known this name applied only to idols. The fairy of the Hindoo is termed Yukshni and Yôgnie. Bhowanie, we need not say, is goddess of disease, death, slaughter: and it is to her shrine that processions of women march, chaunting the praises of

this fiend, and imploring her mercy in seasons of sickness and calamity.

Page 30. Line 14.

(22) And, with their tails his foot-stool sweep.

This is not added for the sake of rhyme; it is the common belief in Hindostan that such menial offices are performed by wild beasts for their devotees, whether Hindoo or Moosulmaun. The tomb of Syud Ahmed Ali at Siklegully on the Ganges, is said to be swept out every night by a tiger. The wail of the wolf is the most melancholy we are acquainted with.

Page 30. Line 16.

(23) Salted or buried to the chin.

The bodies of Gosynes are buried in a sitting posture: not consumed by fire, like those of other Hindoos. They are also generally surrounded with a layer of salt to prevent corruption. The more holy anticipate the approach of death, and are buried alive. But some astonish the multitude by repeating this operation as far as the chin, several times, and acquire considerable *odor*, thereby.

Page 31. Line 21.

(24) The young Brimcharie Priest for me, etc.

Such is a true description of this singular sect. They will not accept alms, but live by the labor of their hands. In intervals of cessation from work, they study their sacred books. They neither cut nor shave the hair or beard. The former is plaited, and formed into a turban. Their lands are generally rent free, like those of other fuqueers. We could not elicit from those whom we met, the nature of their religious code. It is probably well known to authors learned in these matters. The name would imply, worshippers of Bruhmm, 'The divine Essence.

Page 33. Line 21.

(25) I'd not weave lovebine in your hair.

We have translated literally "Ishk paynch," called by Hindoo gardeners for the sake of euphony, "Aychick, paychick." We felt that there was something very appropriate in the incident, when we found this flower the sole lingerer amongst the ruined tombs of the kings of Malwa, and the haunts of the all beautiful Roope Muttie.

Page 31. Line 6.

(26) Do send love, for the sweet, grim friar.

The arguments of our learned friend Humsir ool Humm'd, have induced us to excerpt the following lines.

Pure days ! when Royalty, saints bless her !
 Could shrive, without a spruce confessor :
 E're vestal souls sought leading strings
 In orthodox, young chitterlings ;
 Or Irving, for his pulpit drums,
 Coin'd a new choir of cherry— —bims,

The learned Moolla's objection is to the want of concord in ums and ims. But in rhyme the vowels i and u are extremely mutable. The Moolla suggested that we should substitute the following—

Or Irving for his pulpit trim
 Coin'd a new choir of Cherrybim.

But our judgment is of too severe a character, to sacrifice sense to sound. We preferred sacrificing the passage altogether, which we add here, only in proof of our extreme modesty and humility. Upon ums and ims and their varieties, we could write a whole chapter of dissertations ; but we defer it for our meditated folio upon Tombstone sculpture, where the ims are frequently the very facsimiles of ums.

Page 41. Line 1.

(27) The young Popëia's note.

In India, singing Birds are frequently named from the supposed resemblance of their note to some word, or number of syllables. The Popeia is of the cuckoo species, and not unlike that bird in general figure, though less elegant. The colour is brown; the tail long. Its note, which commonly is a repetition of the word Po-pee-ya,

in succes-
ing at the
ing in the



five or six times
sion, commenc-
lowest, and end-
highest key, is

heard from the month of March to that of September in the district of Rohilcund. It has however another note, or rather it runs over the entire scale, commencing at the lowest, and ending in a falsetto. After which it resumes its cry of "Popecia, Popecia." The effect is singularly wild and mournful. The natives observing that it is seldom seen with its mate, suppose it to be calling upon him to return. The words breathed by it, say they, are, "Where is my love?"

The Mangoe Bird, or Koel, is another species of cuckoo. The male is black; the female, which is seldom seen, is of a beautiful brown, covered with darker spots. The eyes of both are a deep red. The male appears to be ever in pursuit of its mate, yet they are very rarely seen together. His note is generally a melancholy plaint; but occasionally it breaks into the wildest laughter. The female deposits her eggs in the

nest of the crow, who rears the young brood with great care, but is evidently much perplexed by their strange habits and stranger notes. The young, when just fledged, have precisely the cry of young pups. I imagine that the Koel ejects the crow's eggs previous to depositing her own; for I have never seen young crows with the brood of Koels, although I have frequently seen the old crow watching over them. As the Koel remains but four or five months in the plains of India, it scarcely has leisure for building a nest, and rearing its brood.

Page 41. Line 12.

(28) The voice of spring.

The cuckoo is very common in Rohilcund, but is not there the shy bird of England. It will sit upon a branch immediately above the spectator's head, uttering its long lov'd and (to an exile) sacred note. Every grove in Rohilcund has one or two of these birds.

Page 41. Line 13.

(29) " 'Tis morn," the Buhr and Shāma sing, etc.

The Shāma answers to the Redbreast of England, though different in plumage.

The Goorgul is a spotted variety of the dove. The Dhayul, a bird with black and white plumage, and extremely beautiful note, heard generally in the early morning.

Page 41. Line 16.

(30) The lark has ta'en the parrot's wings.

This idea is from the poem of an old Bhaht, at Powyne in Shahjehanpoor, he says: "And the parrot hath taken the lark with him to heaven."

Page 42. Line 24.

(31) So panic struck o'er Lunka's plain.

The golden city of Lunka was in Ceylon. Here was decided the fate of the beautiful Seeta, wife of Raam. She had been carried into captivity by the giant Ravan, and was here redeemed by the conquering blade of Raam, assisted by an army of bears and lungoors (large monkeys), under Hunoomaun, the monkey god.

Page 46. Line 6.

(32) Aye! search Jumnootre's cloud-roll'd throne.

The goats which feed near the source of the Jumna return home sometimes with golden teeth. Hence sages have supposed the Parus Puttre, or philosopher's stone, to be a native of those hills.

Page 46. Line 11.

(33) Upon the antique Soormah cruet.

Soormah, or antimony, is an essential in a native toilet. The poorest as well as richest use it, and it is applied to the eyes of children, to preserve them from the excessive glare of the atmosphere : an effect which it undoubtedly produces, by absorbing the rays of light. The cruet in which this mineral is deposited for use is of various shapes, but always fantastic, and formed of brass. It is sometimes of great size. Were this pigment delicately applied, it would add greatly to the effect of a fine eye ; but it is generally smeared over the eyelids with little nicety, and gives them a filthy appearance. Those who are disposed to use it, have a good plea in its undoubted effect of relieving the nerves of vision.

Page 55. Line 15.

(34) Only three bulbuls died heart-broken.

i

Our good friend the Moolla inveighs upon the fickleness of the bulbul of Hindoostaun. In Persia he assures me every rose has its peculiar bulbul, who ushers her into being, and dies upon her dying breast. Now, says the Moolla, if we suppose this young queen to be no more than fifteen lbs. weight, the least we can allow even to a fairy, and that each rose weighs one-fourth of an ounce, we shall be both surprised and distressed to find that the death of 960 roses of Hindoostaun occasioned

but two genuine broken hearts. Hence, argues the worthy Moolla, we should not be too severe upon the young buds that purchase on tick : for it appears to be the only effectual method of breaking those stubborn commodities, the hearts of bulbuls.

Page 63. Line 9.

(35) Swore by the sacred Ganges water.

'This is the most sacred oath of the Hindoo.

Page 64. Line 6.

(37) They man to man agreed in pugrie,
Chupkun, and dhotie.

Pugrie, the turban ; chupkun, a gown or surtout ;
dhotie, the cloth which is locum tenens of Ineffables.

Page 64. Line 4.

(36) For Pros and Priz, each dress'd in line,
A Jemadar and forty-nine.

A Jemadar answers in rank to a Lieutenant.

" Well Sir who are you ?" said my friend T——, Magistrate of Pilibheet, to a venerable old man, with a long

bushy beard of the most scrupulous snow, and an air of infantine simplicity. “Well Sir, and who are you?”

“I Sir?” replied the holy man, stroking his beard with both hands, but telling his beads all the time, “Allah! be praised; I’m a Jemadar of witnesses!”

Page 66. Line 13.

(38) A life-certificate’s effective

For its own month, not retrospective.

This ancient ordinance has been revived by the British Government in India. A military officer absent from his corps is required to furnish a life certificate for each several month, ere he can draw the pay of that month. Nor though he should have a life certificate for November, could he upon the strength of it draw September’s pay. It is very true, replies the Auditor General, that you were alive in November, and not improbable that you were so in September. Still the evidence is not circumstantial, it amounts to no more than a strong probability.

Page 66. Line 24.

(39) “Leave such raw fancies to the Târoo.”

The Taroos are a race of outcasts from Hindoo orthodoxy, who inhabit the forests bordering the river Sarduh. From their physiognomy, I should judge them

to have a mixture of Tartar or Goorkha blood; and the tract they inhabit once belonged to the hill chieftains. The greater part of these men live almost in a state of nature, upon the spoils of the chase. Game abounds in those vast seas of grass cover, to such an extent, that subsistence upon it can be matter of no great difficulty. They take it either in the chase by means of their dogs, or by driving it into strong nets, or by shooting it with their arrows, or by means of a simple, but most powerful, and effectual springe, with which they can break the leg of even the wild buffaloe. Their commonest prey is the hog deer, which is found in numbers, that if stated, would pass all credit; but the stag, the spotted deer, the antelope, the hog, the partridge, chuccore, and quail, are all occasionally snared by them and eaten.

The consequence of such superior diet is, that they are both taller and better limbed than the Hindoos dwelling around them, by whom they are regarded with a detestation enhanced by excessive dread. For these men are reputed wizards, and witchcraft is the grand bugbear of a Hindoo. Many causes tend to fix this stigma upon them. Forests have time out of mind been the select haunts of fairies and hobgoblins. A native assured me that were I to go at noon-day into the forest, lie upon my back, and gaze for about ten minutes upward, I should see that every leaf of every tree in the forest had its own especial Bhoote, or demon.

Nor is this all, for tigers are inextricably involved with evil spirits and enchantments. The wolf is, under the title of Doorgah's dog, held so sacred or terrible, that

no Hindoo would think of slaying him, could he in no other way rescue his only child from his clutches ; and where the blood of a wolf has fallen, no Hindoo will willingly remain. Towns are sometimes forsaken in consequence. The bear is esteemed a sage magician, and every variety of owl is regarded with extreme horror.

It follows, as a natural consequence, that men living in the very midst of such abominations, must have, in self-defence, some command over the invisible world, and nothing is too enormous for belief, which relates to one whose religion differs from our own.

Page 67 Line 19.

(40) Should lift Kanouj up like a brick.

Kanouj, supposed to be the ancient Palibothra, is long since extinct. The most incredible legends of its former grandeur have survived it, or rather have been since invented. There is perhaps no city in India that has been so enormously exaggerated. It may be considered the Ninevah of Hindoostan.

Page 70. Line 6

(41) Say did not he of tongue so oily.

We fear that the point of much of this poem, which was intended for a Calcutta Journal, will be unintelligible to an English reader. The gentleman in question was the Deviser of a Regulation greatly extending, and to an injurious and impolitic degree, the powers of native magistrates in India.

Page 73. Line 11.

(12) For that his face is Mātā pitted ;

i. e., pock-marked. Mata signifies literally, “ Mother,” and is thus the name of Doorgah, goddess of destruction, to whom is attributed all disease and death. I was struck at finding in the Bareilly district a new altar of earth, erected in a village, which had suffered much from cholera, to Doorgah Hyzur, i. e. “ Doorgah, the vomit,” the common name of cholera. This disease first appeared as an epidemic about twenty-five years ago, so that this instance marks the licence of the Hindoo in multiplying the names of his gods.

Page 75. Line 4.

(43) The young Pudmahnîe of my heart.

Of the Pudmahnîe the following elegant fable prevails, and is religiously believed by the Hindoo. In the island of Singuldeep there is always one, and only one, perfectly lovely woman, the phoenix of her kind. The earth contains nothing comparable to her perfections. She is followed by that dark purple bee, emblem of Krishna, who gathers the most exquisite honey from the perfume which her presence has breathed upon the air.

The derivation is from Puddum, a Lotus ; and Manîe the feminine of Manoos, a human being. Pudmahnîe is, therefore, the Lotus Nymph.

The fable of the Pudmahnîe has a beautiful appropriation. For every lover, the world has one, and *but* one

Pudmahnie, a creature so exquisite, that nature renders her involuntary homage, and the print of her foot, the gale she has breathed, are hallowed by their commerce with her. This is probably the original moral, for every Hindoo fable has a moral ; and in general it is of a high order. But the remains of this people's literature sufficiently attest their fall from a far higher order of intellectual and moral cultivation ; and love, which is the soul and essence of some of their finest poems, is a thing utterly extinct from amongst them.

Page 77. Line 15.

(44) Beset by many a Soul-Attorney,
And excommunication doctor.

We trust the reader will have sufficient calmness to distinguish between this and indiscriminate censure : between Soul-Attorney, and Shepherd of Souls. Between those whose delight it is to draw up deeds of damnation upon the heterodox, and those who, by charity, endeavour to win to the law of charity and peace. It is not by cloaking the enormities daily and hourly committed by professors of this pure and holy law, that we shall add to the reverence of the multitude for it. Men judge by the testimony of their senses, and when they here a Clergyman or a Layman as virulent as the Father of Evil himself, against all but those of his own clique, they charge his crime, without further enquiry, upon the law, by which he professes to regulate his life and actions.

When I consider the present diffusion of knowledge, and its rapid and incessant advance, there seems to me little assumption of prophecy in foretelling, that unless some concessions are made to Reason, and some, not a few, corruptions and excesses lopped off by the pruning knife in the hand of a friend; the Olive beneath which we and our fathers have sheltered, will speedily be assailed by the enemy, with axes and fire-brands.

There be many general truths, in which so long as we leave them without comment or construction, all mankind will be agreed; but which distorted by the oblique optics of a sect, become either absolute falsehood, or at best incentives to controversy, rancour, and every evil passion. Many legislators perceiving the power of Sectarianism over the human heart, have distinguished the followers of their doctrines by some badge of distinction, the want of which was to argue inferiority in the scale of Human Nature. The Hindoo and Moosulmaun religions are remarkable instances. The cross of the crusader; the immortal vest and unshorn hair of the Seik, were alike symbols of war, hatred and intolerance; and if the Quaker alone of the present day has courage in highly civilized lands to wear his pledge of discord in his robe; yet there be thousands on all hands, in both politics and religion, who retain a distinctive shibboleth, by which they distinguish friends of their own clique, from those whom they pity or despise.

Page 88. Line 2

(15) 'To be mista'en for his Alembic.

The Alembic of the Hindoo philosopher is a simple series of three earthen Kedgerree pots or pipkins, the one placed above the other. With this are performed his most abstruse labours for the discovery of the philosopher's stone. Indeed the Kedgerree pot is the only vessel (that of brass excepted) known in India. Earthenware and porcelain being still quite unknown, and glass manufactured only for the use of perfumers.

Page 88 Line 3

(16) No Uch chisho now by Hercules.

We must not be surprised to find so classic an oath upon the lips of a Kedgerree—since the common origin of Hercules and Kedgeres is beyond a reasonable doubt. I lean on 'Tod. "Hercules," saith 'Tod; "i-e Heri-cûl-es, chief of the race of Heri or Hurrie, the Indian Apollo." So Ked-ger-es chief of the root of Ked, or Cad, or Cadmus, the father of letters. Now the letters invented by Cadmus were doubtless mere pot hooks, and therefore Cadmus is just as much father of Pothooks as of letters. Now, pray who is the father of pots? Behold him, the Kedgerree.—O! but it is delightful to trace the power of innate ideas, to see the descendant of the father of Indian pots, inventing the Pothook in Greece, at the distance, perhaps, of centuries.

Page 90. Line 17

- (17) Ne'er did Oonkar, the mighty, throw
Such ~~summerset~~, from Jauna Pow,
Down to Mandatta and the blue
Narbudda's waves.

On the high table land of Malwa is a hill about 800 feet above the plateau, called Jauna Pao, or the foot of Jauna or Goomesh, from the belief that his foot-print remains upon the rock of the summit. A temple is built to enclose the sacred vestige, and a yearly pilgrimage is made to the shrine. This deep indenture in the solid rock was made as Oonkar sprang from thence, describing a summerset of about 40 miles, and alighting at Oonkar Mandatta on the Narbudda, which is 2,300 feet lower than the top of the mountain. Here he took up his abode, and the island of Mandatta has since borne his name, and become the most favorite shrine in that part of India. Not far from Mandatta is a cliff to which a singular tradition is attached. It is believed that any one who shall survive the leap from that cliff to the solid rock below will become Raja or King of Malwa. Until lately there were yearly sacrifices at this shrine of superstition; for it may be well believed that no king arose from a fall of 200 feet upon the solid rock, although life was in some cases not immediately extinct. But the British Government has very properly interdicted such acts of infatuation. An instance of late occurrence was remarkable, from the circumstance that the Fuqeer^h who took the leap, had vowed in early

childhood to take it, on such a day, of such a year. About twenty years elapsed, during which he wandered over many districts, and several times revisited the fatal spot. When the day of his engagement arrived much interest and entreaty were made by some European Officers present ; but they were utterly unavailing. He approached the brink of the cliff without apparent emotion, and launched himself at a bound into eternity.

Page 91 Line 20.

- (18) His head, unscath'd in many a fight
With the unsavory Muscovite.

Our friend the Moolla Humsir ool Humm'd insists upon my writing muscovite with a capital M. I confess I think the word should be translated Musk Rat : but the old Moolla is outrageous at the idea, having all his life been haunted by the terrors of a Russian invasion of India. " Ah," he exclaims, " I smell him, the unsavory rascal, always at his intrigues and devices—always poking his nose into his neighbour's pocket. Even in the days of the Raja Bhayne, two thousand years ago, attacking and shamefully defeated by the Kedj—eer—es. I say shamefully defeated, for the following excerpted fragment will prove the fact. It is the last summary made by the Kedgerec of his own claims upon national gratitude and posthumous fame, and in their last moments mortals are especially sincere.

————— Did he not dog
 The footsteps of the great bull frog ?
 Raam mènduk to an assignation,
 With Toad of doubtful reputation,
 And springing fierce as wint'ry flood
 Bury them deep beneath the mud ?—
 Did he not singly put to flight
 An army of the Muscovite ?
 And rallying thrice in deadly breach
 Carry the stronghold of the leech ?—

Thus we see that the chief of the root of Ked, or Cad.
 or Cadmus exhibited a prowess unequalled by the chief
 of the tribe of Heri; who, indeed, slew a lion; but
 never changed heads with him: and cleaned out a very
 offensive stable; but never, single-handed, defeated a
 whole army of the unsavory.

Page 92 Line 22.

But Nature

(49) Just then in nightmare strong, was snoring
 On Wordsworth's couch, and did not hear him.

There are two parties who on reading this will ex-
 claim, "impossible." The one from thinking it im-
 possible she ever should have been found there, the
 other from belief that she never would sleep there. It
 is to the first alone that I have at present any thing
 to say; the other party must wait until I have leisure
 for a critique upon the works of a writer, less under-

stood than any of the present day—more unjustly praised and condemned than any other. The following fragment of an old tale, in which the language spoken by men has been carefully separated from that spoken by poets and swans, will explain a fact, that may at first sight seem incredible.

Nature, return'd from weeping all night
O'er Burns' sad grave, found Wordsworth's invite
To meet her friends, the Palm Isle gemman
Rienzi, Contarini Fleming,
And the young Bard whose deathless lays
Have stood a cockney Poet's praise—

Nature, who knows and values high
The Poet's lyric minstrelsy,
Found herself musingly recounting
'The exquisite numbers of his "Fountain;"
So, ordering her attendant Grace
To book for her an outside place
In the mail-coach Zephyr, straight
Was set down at the Poet's gate,
And ent'ring unperceiv'd soon found
A realm she loves, the Nursery bound,
Dandled one infant in her lap
And watch'd the youngest slobbering pap.
Out ran the Bard like swain polite,
'To help his Fair One to alight:
And finding Peter Bell, the Porter,
An "Inside," thought he'd surely got her;

So kept the hand with all his might,
 Until bluff Peter swore outright,
 In a most natural way—The Poet
 Would not, for all his oaths, let go it ;
 Until the Porter, waxing furious, sent
 Four new, red stars to grace his firmanent.

'The poet, rising from the ground,
 Search'd for dame Nature, round and round.
 But all in vain—'Till Father Pan,
 The Zephyr's Mail-coach Bugle man,
 Who loves a good joke more than mass,
 Pointed him out the Porter's ass.
 And William as he fancied viewing
 Nature herself, on all fours to him,
 Fell on Jack's neck in ecstasy
 Of rapture and humility :
 And (kneeling side by side) Pan swore he'd sell
 The pair to Momus, for his curricule.

Jack, scenting William's sprig of Bay,
 Set up a drawling* "see-saw bray :
 William in ecstasy
 Took down a version ;
 'Tis the wit and philosophy
 Of "The Excursion."

'Tis hard to say, when they had parted,
 The Poet is so tender-hearted ;

* The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray,"—Peter Bell.

But when, he'd oft and o'er admir'd
The ears, and half of joy expir'd
To find his own out-chalk them, he,
Progressing slow, from nose to knee,
'The tail attain'd—With one hand lifted ;
And wond'ring whether he was gifted
With a like magnum-bonum, hunted
A long time, for the thing he wanted ;
And finding there not e'en a stump,
Dropp'd tail, like handle of a pump,
And heav'd a piteous sigh—old Jack
Feeling it rippling up his back,
And much inclining him to laugh,
'Thought it must be an epitaph ;
And hating epitaphs which mend
The World upon your latter end,
As pens are nibb'd on Scribbler's thumb,
A spondee* from behind him flung ;
Proving to all, who did not know it,
Your capsiz'd Proser is your Poet.
É'en as all prose is Poetry
If you turn the head where the tail should be.

We find here a description of the whole process of Nature's trance, how on hearing read the "White Roe" she very naturally mistook the rubbish and mortar of the Poem for the rubbish and lime of a staring "row of white."

* A measure of two equal feet.

Just built by Bricklayer vile to fright
Herself from haunts, where she had spent
Young happy hours at Lee, in Kent.

But we think the reader as well as ourselves may be tired of the subject.

Page 94. Line 9.

(50) Her smile could Cheshire's mightiest move.

"The men of Cheshire," saith our learned friend Humsir ool Humm'd, descanting upon this passage, "The men of Cheshire (or Chhah Shirh, The city of the Well) were of a stern, haughty, reserved, dignified, unyielding temper, little affected by the smiles of beauty, or the blandishments of love."

"The cheeses of Cheshire," saith our good friend Snellius, taking up the subject, "are the mitiest in the world." The author has expressed with infinite delicacy of tact, that the smile on the cheek of virtue could entice to walk of its own accord, a mighty, yea the mitiest of the offspring, i. e. cheeses of Cheshire.

We will no farther meddle with this controversy than to remark, that whilst the Moolla's observation upon the men of Cheshire is the more learned, we conceive our friend Snellius' to be the more elegant and ingenious.¹

Page 94. Line 29.

- (51) Nay Scandal says she bade her Porter
Chuck a large stone to make 'em shorter.

So highly has humanity been cultivated in the present day, that we are credibly informed, that our cats and spiders have entered into a joint stock association, Antihumane Society, for the killing of their own muttons. We ourselves remember to have dined, in our youth, in company with a young lady, who was in rather a bad way as respects matrimony. After having helped her to rabbit, mutton, and pigeon pie, whilst busy with the heart of a hapless little dove, she suddenly lifted up her eyes and beheld the cat similarly engaged, but with a live mouse, whose existence it was so reluctant to cut short, that it let the little thing run every now and then, as far as prudence would warrant, and indulged it with a fine game of romps ere it gave the final cranch. The spinster lay down her fork, with the dove's heart upon its left prong. She clapped her fair hands and wrung her brows together, and suddenly rising from the table, seized the cat by the nape of the neck, took from her the mouse, and fairly screwed the head of the unlucky little prisoner off its shoulders—making all the while the most piteous grimaces, and exclaiming, “Poor little thing ! Poor little thing !”

We ourselves had been considering whether, upon the score of humanity, we should not shorten the tortures of this fair damsel by presenting her with the gift of a live husband. But this little event decided

the question. "If," thought we, "her pity leads to such results, what will not her love come to."

What if she should catch her best beloved in the clutches of the colic or tic douloureux? No! No. We'll keep our head in our own lap. For a whole week after I could not sleep in peace. The fair executioner haunted me in my dreams, screwing my head with both her hands until the bones of the neck screamed audibly, like the nibs of a pen upon freshly alumed paper—and exclaiming the while, "Poor little thing! Poor little thing! How horrid! How dreadful!"

Page 96. Line 9.

(52) He lov'd them with a bashful love
As fingers love the fee.

We had written several different professions, successively, as lovers of fees: but we confess we knew not to which to assign this love, *par excellence*; so that we were driven to consider, whether it might not be an instinctive virtue or virtuous instinct, peculiar to the finger itself. And we believe, that a liberal view of the subject will lead most philosophers to a similar conclusion.

Page 96. Line 11.

(53) As women love large bonnets.

We have only to refer to the fashion ten and twenty years ago for proof of the innate propensity alluded to,

which our friend the great phrenologist, Mr. Von Debil, has attributed to a lately discovered bump lying between wonder and that empty cell, denominated the "frontal sinus": and which he has named Big-bonnetiveness, when this organ is diseased.

Women often mistake their heads for balloons, and rig them out accordingly at the expence of whole bales of silk and acres of catgut. I remember more than one instance of ladies whose bonnets would not permit them to enter their carriages in the ordinary manner, being obliged to have the roof removed and afterwards drawn over them. Another instance was related me of a lady who in a high gale of wind, lost bonnet, head, and all, and advertised rewards for the *bonnet*. But this I did not see. Neither were we present, when a troop of Flemish Dragoons bivouacked beneath the bonnet of the dowager Duchess of Aldenburgh, swearing lustily at the Quarter-Master, for huddling together in one tent eighty he fellows so unconscionably broad in the beam.

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Page 96. Line 18.

- (54) Aye, when the Lion's head was lost
Who fill'd the gap but he—
He roar'd above the high gate post.

Extract from the Journal of an Ensign. It so happened that by the sudden demise of our Colonel, we fell into the clutches of a fierce Major, who paraded us morning and evening, for hours after the dismissal of other corps. Scarcely was he established in his command,

when the gate posts of his house began to show symptoms of big-bonnetiveness, and as my bungalow was opposite, at some distance, it was my amusement to watch the new process through a telescope, and calculate its probable result. Sundry mysterious projections were soon visible, and some of us betted they would end in quiet decorous cauliflowers. Others, who knew something of the Major's history, declared that he was about to mount a couple of Cheshire cheeses as guardians of the fortunes of the house they had built. But those who understood the stern, aristocratic genius of the man, offered ten to one that nothing less than a pair of rampant lions would suit him. Day after day was the fierce Major seen climbing the ladder with portentous skill, and instructing the stupid workmen in the construction of the new phenomena, and after about three weeks of this assiduous toil, our telescopes, sure enough, gave us to view two rampant, four-legged creatures, who were as like lions as any other living things: but although fiercely maned and tailed, had not yet thrown out a head. It was the season of the full moon. I could not sleep for the heat. I rose, and to my astonishment heard the ticking of trowels and the ringing of bricks in the direction of those dreadful gate posts. I confess to a little superstitious fear.—I fancied the lion might be impatient for his head, and have taken the law into his own hands. When morning dawped my suspicion seemed verified. One of the lions was most ferociously headed, with jaws and whiskers complete. The head had grown in a single night—and the dawn

of another morning showed the second lion similarly accoutred. Thus they continued, for more than a year, the admiration and dread of all beholders. The fierce Major grew doubly fierce from always contemplating his savage vassals, until it became a joke to send new comers to ask him to exhibit them the great Bengal tiger, which they were assured he kept in his bungalow, a trick that by no means tended to abate his ferocity. But the monsoon of the succeeding year set in with unusual violence. It is not my intention to quote all the recorded instances of its fury. Not that I mean in the least to assert that two Bhiesties and a twenty-four pounder were *not* carried up in a whirlwind, and lodged with a kettle of other small fish upon the only flat roof in the cantonments: but simply because I've a trick of recording only what I have actually seen; and I did not actually see this windfall.

I rode next day as usual to wait upon the Bengal Tiger. As we approached the gate posts, a low growling sound was heard, which increased into a roar. My horse cocked his ears, and slouched his tail. It is astonishing the instinct of this animal. I spurred and flogged him, but to no purpose. He set forward his fore feet, drew up his head, and snorted as if he had seen the ghost of that relentless rider Johnnie Gilpin. I observed that his glance was elevated toward the lions—and thither I directed my own—I heartily forgave my frightened steed. The monsoon of the past night had blown full in the teeth of the lions—bearing with it torrents of rain and hail. The noses were battered down

the throats. The eyes and eye-brows had melted away. The fine ensanguin'd hue of the mouth had vanished—the teeth were no more. All the frizzle of the forehead was demolished; but the mane, though much battered, continued to flow in majestic waves, and beneath it, open mouthed with pouting lips and inflated cheeks, looking his fiercest, appeared that mightiest of aquatic monsters the Kedgerree.

Page 97. Line 18.

(55) And he was weary to the death
Of buttoning and unbuttoning.

Such were the last words of a very fine young officer, and the only reason he assigned for anticipating the stroke of death. They have been echoed and re-echoed by hundreds, before and since, in a climate, where even this sole business and recreation, is a toil grudgingly encountered. For ourselves, were we inclined to speculate upon the employment of spirits in the warmer regions of purgatory,—we would assign each of them a Dutchman's allowance (i. e., a round dozen) of woollen lower garments, with sharp iron buttons; and give the wearer a good watch and thermometer, and nothing else in life to do, than button and unbutton.

TRADITION OF RAJA BHAYNE.

Raja Bhayne was King of all Hindoostan, from the Indian Caucasus to the Island of Ceylon. His capital was Soorut (which Europeans call Surât.) He came to the Forest of the Sarduh to perform the rite of Tapāsā, those forests being the most formidable in the world. Having through this rite attained to supernatural wisdom, he some time dwelt at Shahgurh, at present so called, where he built a castle and a palace, meditating deeply upon that delusion, which men term life, and the universe, but which is really but a transient impression upon the senses.

Raja Bhayne saw the rich man decked with useless jewels, and the poor man ill supplied with rags, and barely existing upon the coarsest and most scanty diet. He marvelled at this delusion, and determined to remedy it. Casting off his own costly robes and inestimable jewels, he apparalled himself in the coarse garb of a peasant, and refused all diet but that which he could share in common with the husbandman. His young bride Soondrie fired with his example, made the same change in her clothes and diet—and retrenching every superfluous luxury in the shape of attendance, entered the court the next morning for the purpose of drawing

water. She looked long in vain for a vessel, at length she spied an unbaked Kedgere Pot, (the common water vessel of India) and in the simplicity of her heart she tied around its neck a thread of untwisted cotton, unconscious that the clay must dissolve the instant it should touch the water, the thread snap with the weight of even the empty vessel. At least human foresight would thus have calculated.

In the innocence of her heart she approached the deep pool of ice-cold water. The Lotus flowers had just risen to hail the sun. In the same innocence of spirit she stepped upon the first flower, and scarcely marvelled that it bore her weight. She thus proceeded from flower to flower until she reached the deeper water. There plunging in the unbaked vessel she drew it up by the untwisted thread, and setting it upon her head returned happy to the palace.

Thus she continued for some months, happy in her harmless duties, happy in her husband's love. He continued meanwhile to weave mats and baskets, and earn by their sale the necessaries of life. The Court, ever sedulous to adopt the opinion of the reigning monarch, became plain in attire, and much addicted to basket making. But at length her new position grew irksome to Soondrie. She thought it hard that there should be no distinction between a common peasant and the daughter and wife of a king. She fretted until king Bhayne discovered her chagrin, and gave her full liberty to indulge her taste. Accordingly next morning she approached the Lotus fountain covered with jewels, longing

to see her reflection thus appavelled in the still deep waters of the pool. She placed the vase upon her head and proceeded. The Lotus flowers bore her, but it seemed unwillingly. She reached the mid pool however and plunged in the vase. But it melted in contact with the water, and when she would have drawn it out, the untwisted cotton thread snapped. She had no time to marvel, for the next instant her footing gave way, and she was plunged into the freezing waters.

Soondrie's life was saved—and this severe lesson cured her of her vanity. She continued afterwards simple in her habits, and useful in her generation. And in the reign of the good Raja Bhayne, gold and silver were plenteous as we now see pebbles on the road.

Such is the simple tradition, as I received it from many lips. The Fort of Shahgurb is in ruins : indeed the name has evidently been changed since the days of Raja Bhayne, who is supposed to have flourished about 2000 years ago. The Fort therefore has probably been rebuilt more than once. The Lotus fountain still exists, but the forest has encroached close upon the precincts of royalty, and wild beasts haunt the court where Soondrie trod. Of the adventures of Raja Bhayne and his family there are other and singular traditions, but they are not so generally known as that I have recorded.

This little fable is quite complete in itself, according to the wisdom of olden days. But we have entered upon the new era, now :—and should I conclude by leaving king Bhaync at his mats and queen Soondrie

amongst the Kedgerees, I should endanger the most prominent organ of my visage to the tweake of every urchin who can exhaust an egg by atmospheric pressure.

As to the experiment of giving personality to a Water Vase,—I have much to say in defence.

It was the age of enchantment. According to the Hindoo every living thing has its dream, every leaf of that formidable forest its sprite. Bhayne by Tāpāsā had acquired the power of conversing with the unseen world. The tale admitted of but few persons, and one of the most prominent of these was the Kedgerree. When it became necessary to introduce him, I was at a loss for that selected language of our new Poets—by which dunghills and jackasses acquire the ascendancy over roses and nightingales. I remembered indeed, a fine painting I had seen exhibited of a female Coolie (Porteress) with a Kedgerree Pot on head, and beneath her written, “Hindoo Maiden and Vase,” but I was little inclined to ascend the stilts vacated for me by this grandiloquent painter. I thought I might obviate all these objections by giving the Kedgerree a character and a voice. If these be allowable, I can easily prove that the character is in keeping—every one knows how thirsty is this species: and no one can for an instant have studied his physiognomy without esteeming him one of those who brag of evil for which they have not the capacity. Elegant language from a potter’s vessel had been out of place. But whether it had not been better to keep Mr. Kedgerree more in the background, is

TRADITION OF RAJA BHAYNE.

a point I will not contest. The work was written on the March of the Army of the Indus from Feerozepoor to Shiharpoor, and was intended as contribution to a pamphlet which the author and some of his friends were thinking of getting up. The fourth canto was lost in Afghanistaun—and I have been obliged to write it anew. The state of excitement of an Officer marching on that campaign to an unknown country, so famous in history and in song, could not be concealed—and I fear the patchwork will be too obvious.

TALES OF THE FOREST.

THE DOOM OF THE SPOILER.

THE DOOM OF THE SPOILER.

INTRODUCTION.

Mark how fair, in green-wood Bower,
Love asserts his sovereign power.
Wooing in stilly tone, but deep,
Young Nature from her trance-like sleep.
Till, ere her beauteous lids unclose,
Blooms on her cheek the Damask rose :
Nor will allow the lily rest
Unrivall'd, on her budding breast.

'Tis her soft and balmy sigh
Whisp'ring secrets to the sky.
On its waft, with incense, flow
Music's fitful notes and low ;
Trembling, dying as they rise,
Coy as light of maiden's eyes.
Here a tone,—a cadence there,
Random scatter'd on the air.
Wrecks of barks the⁽¹⁾ Rahgs* had mann'd,
Fancy's waif from fairy land.

* The Nymphs who preside over music.

Murmur'd by the struggling lip,
Each bright planet longs to sip ;
Lip, whose bloom shall none remove
But the coral lip of love.
For o'er her, fondly hanging now,
He whispers many a specious vow ,
And waking up, with blushful start,
She feels, 'tis Springtide in her heart.

Full, upon the giddy soul
Swells that strain, without controul
Drunk with melody we feel
Sense and breath and spirit reel :
Till from Earth we shake us free,
To mingle with the melody.

O ! the greenwood, free and wild !
Wild and free the greenwood's child !
Mossy bank and dewy lawn,
Breeze that lulls the slumbering fawn
Nodding woods *but* broken through
By the Heav'n's intenser blue ,
Peopled dense of elf and fay,
Sacred made by Minstrel' lay.
Where the Forest giant stalks,
Where the lordly tiger walks,
Where unseen, but direr far,
Sweeps the^(*) scythe-arm'd Tyrant's car.
All of fearful, all of fair,
Nature's ¹ grace and might are there.

Let me wander, free and wild,
Let me be the greenwood' child.
Courtly pomp to others be,
Nature's boundless bliss for me.

THE DOOM OF THE SPOILER.

CANTO FIRST.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO FIRST.

'Tis eve—Above the forest dark,
Wide waving, dense, and far,
Floats in the Pearl Queen's fairy Bark,
Her love, the Vesper star.
And deep'ning in the gloom of Night,
The forest shadows grow ;
And hoarser murmuring in their might,
Dread Sarduh's torrents flow.
The singing bird to bower is flown :
The Fawn 'mid flowers hath couch'd him down :
The Bee hath sought her nectar'd hold,
Where fretted roofs weep fairy gold :
The Butterfly his hallow'd Bower,
The Virgin cell of Lily flower.
All gentle Things have fled the Night :
—But Zayndie, in the dawning light
Of her young Beauty lingers on—
—So wild the spot ! The hour so lone.
—'Mid sights of dread, and sounds of fear
What holds the beauteous maiden here ?

CANTO I.

' I mark the 'Tiger' stealthy stride !
 I see the Leopard's spotted hide ;
 As from his lofty greenwood throne
 He bounds, in treacherous beauty, down.
 His surly vespers growls the Bear :
 The Jackall yells his murderous prayer :
 The grim Hyæna, sceptic sworn,
 —Laughs, snarling, praise and prayer to scorn :
 Yet panic struck, hath tribute paid
 To fear, as shadowing half the glade
 With his colossal form and gaunt,
 Slow stalks the mighty Elephant.
 'The⁽³⁾ Night Owl sounds his clarion deep
 To all the legion'd fiends, that keep
 Their revelry, in forest drear,
 Countless as summer foliage here.
 Mid all the spells of blighting power,
 That haunt the spot, that curse the hour,
 Young Zayndie lingers.—In the might,
 She lingers, of her Beauty's light.
 — — Mid sounds of dread, and sights of fear,
 What holds the Queen of Beauty, here ?

The feast of lamps, by firefly made,
 With glory decks the forest glade.
 The Jamun* droops no wreath, but brings
 To shame the jewell'd pomp of kings.

* A forest tree.

The ⁽⁴⁾ breeze, as by the flames opprest
Of passion, vents his glowing breast
In sighs, that thro' the gloom respire
Rich, sparkling streams of living fire.

Oh ! Zayndie, ling'rest thou to spy
The glories bright of earth and sky ?
Can splendors of an hour illume
A ray, to lure thee to the tomb ?

From hour to hour she lingers on :
But doth she linger, all alone ?
She views each soul-appalling sight :
She hears each fearful sound of night :
Hears, sees, but nought her spirit moves,
For round her is the arm she loves ;
And on *his* cheek her cheek reposes
Its drooping weight of damask roses.

Apart from man's caprice and power,
Her sire had shrin'd his budding flower
In garden palace, girdled round
With lofty wall and moat profound :
Far isolate from man's abode
By wildering forest, rarely trod,
Save of the woodland monster bold,
And genii dire of waste and wold ;
For, in her Natal house there stood
The star malign of wroth and blood,

And love's pure planet steep'd his dart,
 In poison of the Scorpion's heart.
 The walls were high, the moat was deep,
 High tower'd the palace' battled keep.
 Grim Khorussaunee lions 'guard
 The portal strong with sleepless ward,
 And round and round the bulwarks spring
 Swift eagle hosts on lightning wing,
 Countless as summer bees, assailing
 The wretch, that fearful rampart scaling .
 And swarm the moat from Sarduh' flood,
 The fellest of her ⁽⁵⁾ dragon brood

But vain the fosse, the ramp, the tower,
 The dragons' wroth, the lions' power :
 The eagles' thund'rous pinions prove,
 When Valor bears the torch of love :
 O'er the deep moat those towers yet frown,
 But she, their pearl, is lost—and won.

" Young jewel of my bosom, why
 " Art thou still madly lingering nigh ?
 " Night has a thousand shades of woe
 " Around thee spread, thou must not go :
 { " I'll watch with thee, the live-long night,
 { " As, one by one, yon orbs of light
 { " Scale the Cerulean mountain' height,
 " Then head-long hurry down the steep,
 " To quench their torches in the Deep.

“ — Oh ! musing thus, in moment sad,
“ I’ve ask’d, how dar’d the heart be glad ?
“ When still Love’s planet, heav’n’s best light,
“ Speeds foremost to the void of night.
“ But then, there rose another day,
“ Another planet shed its ray ;
“ I gaze’d, and knew in thy sweet eyes,
“ The stars, whose spirit light ne’er dies.”

“ Love girds me with resistless might,
“ Sweet Vision of my lonely night !
“ No monsters thro’ the forest rove,
“ But crouch beneath the glance of love.” —

“ They will not spare thee, thee who art
“ The sole, lone treasure of my heart !
“ They’ll envy me my soul’s delight,
“ Those monsters of the hideous night.”

“ Nay, still thy fear, sweet silly child !
“ Each woodland savage eye hath smil’d
“ Upon our loves—The tiger’s mood
“ Is satiate with his victim’s blood ;
“ ’Tis ruth my Zayndie, when we scan
“ Th’ undying, quenchless hate of man—
“ What monster of the wild would dare
“ Ruffle one lock of thy soft hair ?
“ Oft have they seen and own’d the might,
“ Al-conquering, of thy Beauty’s light :
“ But what the Moslem’s heart should move,
“ To spare the daughter of his love—

" Should she her pure, sweet love confess,
 " For one of that devoted Race,⁽⁶⁾
 " Whose Sires her Sires have wrong'd?—O ! come,
 " My Zayndie to a fairer home !—
 " Where thy least will shall ever be
 " The law supreme to mine and me—
 " Where peril yet our souls shall prove,
 " To lose existence-self in love—
 " There shalt thou view Love's planet climb,
 " With golden foot, the vault sublime ;
 " But never, lonely watch, to say,
 " 'Alas ! he treads the downward way.' "—

" Alas ! How *can* I flee—Around,
 " My soul the tendrils strong are bound
 " Of a lov'd parent's heart. These first,
 " And holiest bonds I may not burst,
 " Not e'en for thee Belov'd."—

" Yet,
 Did'st thou those sacred bonds forget,
 When, on an alien smiling, thou
 Exchang'd with him love's glowing vow—
 " That vow, like gulf of fire, must sever
 " Thy heart from kindred claims, for ever !—
 " —Who will the Moslem maiden own,
 " By eye of T'hakoor* gaz'd upon ?⁽⁷⁾
 " Thy Sire will spurn thee—She, whose breast
 " Did pillow fond thine infant rest,

* A Rajpoot—the Tribe consecrate to offices of empire and arms

“ Bar fast the gate, hath been, should be
“ A home, to shield and cherish thee.”—

“ Oh ! I will prostrate fall before them :
“ By every sacred spell implore them :
“ Their parents’ love, the bliss they knew,
“ When fresh their hearts, their sorrows few—
“ Will her, who bare me, charge with all
“ Her pangs for me endur’d : will call
“ To mind each fond maternal care,
“ Each anxious hope, each murmur’d prayer ;
“ And ask her, what avails each woe,
“ Prayer, sorrow, hope, pain’s searching throe,
“ If, e’er youth’s flowery paths be tried,
“ Her hand my thread of life divide.
“ —And, for my Sire ;—Indeed, Love, thou,
“ Dost not his generous nature know :
“ To others stern at times may be
“ His mood, but ever fond to me.
“ Can he my suit deny, when start
“ The tear-drops of his daughter’s heart, ?
“ When I the pure delight display,
“ My dream by night, my trance by day,
“ Inspir’d of thee ?—Oh ! no ! on strong
“ Wing’d words I’ll hurry him along,
“ With me, to our Elysian rest,
“ The heart of thee adorn’d and bless’d—
“ Then, when he sees how bright, how high
“ Is the belov’d one’s destiny.

“ His hand believe me ; Love, can never
“ Blot with my tears the page, for ever.”—

She ceas'd, and sought her lover's eye
For comfort ; but a stern reply
Appall'd her soul.—The heavy brow,
Gloom'd as a storm-cloud, dark and low ;
And from beneath, in fitful start
Leap'd the fork'd firebolt of the heart.
And that young lip, which could express
So well, love's melting tenderness,
Quiver'd, convuls'd, in passion's pain,
Then fix'd and harden'd in disdain :
In him, that haughty T'hakoor, how
Could she the gentle lover know
Of her young dream :—The gloom of night
Blacken'd on her distorted sight ;
Those sounds, unheeded of her ear,
Grew sudden, wilder, and more near.
They fill'd her soul with horror.—She
Trembled and quail'd, exceedingly.
His accent cold and haughty, tried
Her heart's last nerve, as he replied,
“ Discreet thy choice, and wise.—Farewell !”

Then turned to quit her. But she fell
Pale, on his breast, and fondly wound,
With clasp that *would* not be unbound,
O'er his lov'd neck, her fairy arms ;
And chain'd him in thrice temper'd charms.

" O ! Never thus !—Death *may*—but pride
 " Nor anger *shall* our hearts divide :
 " Young lion of my glory—sole
 " Untarnish'd treasure of my soul."

" The heart divided is no prize,
 " No boon desir'd in T'hakoor' eyes :
 " The Thakoor's bride, nor friend must know,
 " Nor kindred in his honor's foe !——
 " — Wise is thy choice !—and thus—we part."

She clung the closer to his heart :
 " Do with me as thou wilt.—Thy will
 " Shall be *my* law, my pleasure, still !
 " —— I am all thine—away ! away !
 " Hence bear me, Love ?—Too long we stay :
 " I could not live, forsa'en to be,
 " I cannot think—and follow thee !"

Once more, her lover's arm hath press'd
 Her yielding beauties to his breast :
 Once more, her soul she deep imbues
 In the rich, the splendid hues :
 Lent of love to lover's eyes ;
 Stol'n of love from paradise.
 Is it for such vain gauds, poor maid,
 Thou hast the heart's best treasure paid ?
 The wealth, that squander'd, once—no more
 Can resupply, e'en heav'n's large store ?

Dim wane earth's lights—The planets prove
Dull sparks, beside a parent's love !

The T'hakoor spoke—" Since, more than home
" And kin, thou lov'st me, Zayndie, come !
" Come to the heart, that all did prize,
" Yet all for thee did (s) sacrifice—
" My beauteous bride—al-worthy thou
" A soldier's heart—a soldier's vow—
" — I'll bear thee hence !—less sweet—less fair
" The burthen of the summer Air,
" Snatching from Rose's bosom young,
" The love-notes of her bulbul' song,
" Than my fleet Arab's freight shall be,
" When, joyous bounding under thee—
" I'll bear thee hence"—

" Now ! Now !" she said,
" Spare me the conflict long and dread—
" Whose end decreed—Young spoiler, now
" This instant take me,—'ere my brow
" Be scath'd with horror :—'ere my brain
" Shrivell'd,—my heart dismay'd in vain."

" But the dire yells—the gloom profound
" Of night :—the monsters, prowling round !
" — No ; Zayndie, No ! in sunny hour
" I'll bear away my forest flower ;
" When, fearless, o'er the dewy lawn
" Skips with her dam, the spotted fawn :

“ When, where the sunbeams brightest play,
“ Flits summer bird from spray to spray.”

“ Now ! Now ! my soul's belov'd :—Night,
“ With all its horrors, suits the rite,
“ That desecrates, with impious art,
“ The holiest temple of the heart.
“ The fiends who roam the forest glade,
“ Shall from her presence shrink dismay'd,
“ Whom deeper crime hath arm'd with might,
“ O'er e'en the outcasts of the night !
“ Now ! Now ! or else farewell, for aye !
“ No bride at morrow greets thine eye :
“ Leave her till morn—and passion's strife
“ Will have divorc'd, or mind—or life.”

He caught her in his arms—wild neigh'd
His dark steed, as he flung the maid
To saddle selle. High paw'd—till freed
From curb severe, the gallant steed:
Then, like a meteor of the night,
Through the dense forest urg'd his flight—
—Dire sights—and many a fearful sound,
Seen, heard from that dread forest bound,
On Border cheeks pale terror chase ;
When, with the foeman of her Race,
Her faith, her Home forgotten, fled
Zayndie, the young Rohilla maid.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

— — — — —

CANTO SECOND.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO SECOND.

Three moons have wan'd, and winter's blast
Hath o'er the dark Sawl ⁽⁹⁾ forest past,
And with an iron hand hath strown,
Through brake and glade, the foliage brown.
And naked stands the giant wood,
And blacker rolls dread Sarduh' flood,
Ic'd by the snowy hoards, that sleep
Undying o'er Himàla' steep.
The tufted grass and shrubs are sere,
Which pastur'd stag and spotted deer ;
The hail that fell, of massive size,
At ⁽¹⁰⁾ yesternoon, unfaded lies :
The tiger sees it gleaming white,
And, cautious, shuns th' unwonted sight :
Eyes of blood, distrustful see,
And hate the hue of purity.

"Tis winter—and the midnight hour :
And Zayndie sleeps in queenly bower.

Sleeps; but not as once her eyes
 Clos'd on earth's realities,
 When a father's blessing bless'd
 His child: a mother's lips caress'd.
 Yet, unchang'd the scene before her;
 The old, ancestral roof hangs o'er her;
 Round her rise the walls, that heard
 Her infant laugh, her prattled word:
 Thrill'd, as thrill'd her heart, when smil'd
 Her father o'er his loving child,
 As, back return'd from war or chace,
 He saw her bound to his embrace.

'Tis the same old battled Keep,
 O'er the village beetling steep:
 'Tis the same dense mangoe grove,
 Which the lark and koel* love.—
 There, his clustering column'd piles,
 His vaulted roofs, and twilight aisles,
 Mass by mass the bamboo rears,
 Arch festoon'd, and tapering spears.
 Oft' had her foot those alleys trod,
 When winds tempestuous howl'd abroad,
 Yet, within the solemn grove,
 Sported free the speckled dove;
 And all was silence, calm, save when
 Snakelike ⁽¹¹⁾ writh'd some giant stem,
 From its station in the sky,
 To let the fierce tornado by.

* A black bird.

Here, in dreams, the lost one wanders,
 Where her own fair rill meanders;
 All her heart on fire to see,
 Once again, her⁽¹²⁾ Saymul* tree.
 That plant her sire had set, the morn
 Which saw to him a daughter, born ;
 And the fair stem had been to her
 Existence' faithful calendar ;
 Where boughs concentric, tier on tier,
 Denoted each successive year :
 Each with its joys, and hopes, and strife,
 The foliage of her innocent life.

Through the wood she seem'd to rove ;
 Silent sate the brooding dove :
 Silence chain'd the gliding rill ;
 The feathery branches all are still :
 E'en the Koel, Laughter's mate,
 With drooping wing despondent sate.
 Naught of motion there was seen,
 Save a chackall, gaunt and lean :
 Spoil'd of half his furry hair,
 He was lamely digging there—
 In the hope e're eve to dine,
 On the corse of old⁽¹³⁾ Gosyne.†

Long her search, and vainer still,
 Thro' the aisles, along the rill ;

* Cotton tree.

† A Hindoo hermit. See note.

Each well known stem, she there can see,
But not her own fair Saymul tree.
Yet, the very spot is here,
By the brooklet's margin clear,
Where the azure sky looks through,
There, her graceful Saymul grew.
Alone, mid thousand stems had stood
And over-aw'd the giant wood.

She turn'd to ask the dove, that sate
Silent, beside her joyless mate.
The dove replied, in whisper'd tone,
“ Speak low ! Our hope is gone—is gone ! ”
The drooping koel next she tried :
The koel deeper droop'd—and sigh'd ;
An instant op'd the ruby eye,
And glanc'd, despairing to the sky,
Where tower'd the graceful stem, of yore :—
Then laps'd to silence, as before.

Then, she ask'd the solemn grove,
Whither fled its pride, its love ?
Naught the solemn grove replied :
But thro' its aisles the cold wind sigh'd,
Sigh'd thro' the foliage sere and brown,
And shook a thousand tear-drops down—
—Whither, whither must she turn ?
Her flying feet the pathway spurn ;
Her voice the slumbering Echo calls :—
—Deeper silence round her falls :

Even Echo has forgot
The once well lov'd, familiar note.—

Hark a distant, rustling sound,
From the foliage-scatter'd ground.
On she presses :—'tis again
The lonely chackall, gaunt and lean :
But, his task complete : his paw
Is resting on the old man's jaw,
And his fangs entangled, tear
The beard of matted, snowy hair.
She would flee the hideous sight,
But a spell has fetter'd flight,
And she sees, with starting eyes,
The old Gosyne before her rise ;
Whilst the chackall, scar'd away
Sits barking at the untasted prey.

Sat the shrivell'd corse upright :
—'Twas a dire, a monstrous sight :
Stark he sat : his locks of grey,
Daggled with the salt and clay,
His bier from many an ancient day.—
Bolt upright he sat.—Anon,
Open'd wide the eyes of stone :
Slow unclos'd the creaking jaw :
And the shuddering maiden saw,
Not the corse of old Gosyne,
But features, graven, line by line,
On the spirit's inmost shrine,—

Jarr'd the dire sepulchral tone :
 " Hast thou slain ?—and art thou come,
 " With the carnage-fiend unblest,
 " To violate my final rest ?"

Ceas'd the voice, but upright sate,
 The rigid corse in ghastly state ;
 And her glance enchanted tries
 In vain, to flee those stony eyes.
 Till at length the vision chang'd,
 And straight, the castle court she rang'd :
 Enter'd the Zenana's* bound,
 And her own bower deserted found ;
 And strange she deem'd it, thus to see
 The haunt rever'd of infancy.—
 And much she marvell'd, whither flown
 Bird, who call'd that bower her own.

O'er the costly carpet strown
 Lay her own fair virgin throne,
 Where on silken woof recline
 Rich tints from⁽¹⁴⁾ Imaum Rezza's shrine ;
 And the cushion, soft as lie
 Fleece-clouds in a summer sky,
 Glancing gave, thro' gauzy fold,
 Benares richest web of gold.
 Careless, o'er the pillow lay
 The robe she wore in other day ;

And the tiny slipper shone
Stiff with pearls and ruby stone :
Seem'd it, as the owner fair
Had left but now her beauteous lair,
Where remains the impress warm
Of her young and budding form.

Who that owner ?—She hath come,
Like ghost, to scene of joys bygone :
Like some truant, shivering fawn,
Return'd to seek her greenwood lawn :
Where flowers of spring did blush and blow,
And now *but* gleams a waste of snow.
—Like that shivering ghost she moves,
Noiseless, thro' the home she loves :
Like a snow-encumber'd flower,
Stands chill'd, within her mother's bower.

In the window's deep recess,
Sat the forms, who once might bless :
Once, upon a child might smile,
Full of love and free from guile.
But, they ne'er shall smile again.
Deeply grav'd the lines of pain,
O'er the cheek, the sacred brow :
Fix'd their gaze and full of woe,
Seem'd to her, they had remain'd,
In that hopeless torpor chain'd,
Many years and long : had grown
Slow transform'd to marble stone,

By gazing each in other's eye,
And reading still th' unchang'd reply.

Then, she thought she ask'd them, why
They sat thus long and silently.
And they slowly turn'd on her,
Eyes, that glaz'd her soul with fear,
And one to other said—"Alas !
"The night !—Will midnight *never* pass ?"
Not in words his mate replied,
But droop'd her eyes, and deeply sigh'd ;
And each, to silence lapsing, sate,
In icy torpor, desolate.
Seem'd to Zayndie years ensued,
Whilst rooted to the spot she stood,
Ere those frozen hearts might buy,
Again, the luxury of a sigh.
Then, that voice the silence broke :
Her spirit curdled, as it spoke :
"The night !—the night !—Hast reckon'd well
"The years, since midnight blackness fell ?"
"Threescore and ten," his mate replied,
"Have pass'd—since peace and honour died.
"Thrice three centuries cost it fame,
"To build the honour of our name,
"And in one hour, an Infant's hand,
"Hath strown the fabric in the sand."

"Threescore years and ten, ye say,
"The sun o'er earth has shower'd the day :

“ Ah ! ye have miscall'd them years :
“ Periods, bless'd with hopes and fears,
“ Our's in changeless gloom agree
“ With cycles of eternity.”

Ceas'd the voice ; but from each brow
Despair still call'd and answer'd, “ Woe.”
While years toil'd past their gloomy flight,
With not one ray to streak the night.
At length a chill faint perfume stole
O'er that gloom and ic'd her soul ;
Such chill such perfume faint is hid
In Misr's* mountain pyramid,
Where from their toils the Mighty cease,
And monarchs know the balm of peace.
—Stole that chill o'er each dread brow,
Whiter blanch'd the hoarded snow,
Glaz'd the scarcely gasping breath ;
Whisper'd, each, the name of “ Death ?”
And at that name of dread, a streak
Of light gleam'd ghastly o'er each cheek.
Who shall tell *that* darkness might,
On which Death's shadow scatters light ?

Zayndie woke, appall'd, oppress'd ;
A mountain' burthen crush'd her breast.
Distinct remains the vision'd scene ;
—Alas ! 'tis more than fancy's dream.

* Egypt.

She rose, she sought the terrace high,
 O'er-arch'd with Heaven's blue canopy :
 Many stars were looking down,
 —There a glancing meteor shone,
 Cast by angel hand, to fright
 Some demon from the gates of Light ;
 Silence reign'd, above, below ;
 Save when a ripple check'd the flow
 Of ⁽¹⁵⁾ Chowka,* gliding deep, between
 His woody banks, and sedges green ;
 Save when th' inconstant gale of Night,
 Scarce fluttering, reach'd the terrac'd height,
 And from the black Sawl forest bore,
 On its dank wing, the tiger's roar :
 Dropp'd the dire burthen in dismay,
 And moaning fled, away, away.

Not for thee, sad Heart, were made,
 The starry Heavens, the midnight shade !
 Night and all her solemn throng
 To th' untarnish'd soul belong ;
 For the stars be lamps, that cast
 Too bright a radiance o'er the Past ;
 And light, how oft' unwelcome, dart
 Thro' lock'd-up chambers of the heart.

So Zayndie felt ; yet left she not
 The silent, star-illumin'd spot,
 The torturous scourge of thought to flee ;
 But linger'd in her misery ;

With hands upon her bosom clasp'd,
And eyes to Heav'n upturn'd ; where fast
Declin'd her star :—Its better light
Alas ! long since extinct in night.

Voices broke the hush profound :
Jarr'd her ear, the unwonted sound,
From the palace, where resort
The nobles, to the midnight court.
—Hark again, a note more high,
Sound of mirth and revelry
To other hearts : but, to her own
More mournful than the funeral moan :
Ceas'd awhile the sounds t' affray
The small bird, slumbering on the spray ;
And then, a voice unmatch'd in tone
And grace, usurp'd Night's realm, alone.
Dost thou Zayndie blush and start,
With hand press'd o'er thy struggling heart,
As to bind the pulse, would drown
That well known music, in its own ?

Hark ! again it rises clear,
Answer'd by *her* starting tear—
Yet, the note from distance sent,
Is burthen'd but with merriment.
Whence should mirth and music know
To loose the fountain springs of woe ?
Her sinking spirit to oppress
With sense of utter loneliness.

—She struggled with the mood—“ Ah why
 “ Should that young spirit learn to sigh ?
 “ Should aught but joyous fancies dart,
 “ Like summer songsters, o'er his heart ?
 “ Enough of woe, gay heart, is thine,
 “ To wed with one, so wreck'd as mine !
 “ Thy love to share, thy peace to see,
 “ All, all, earth, heav'n retains for me !

Chiller grew the hush of Night,
 Seem'd the stars to⁽¹⁶⁾ drink their light,
 And genial fire, from Nature's urn,
 And, thankless, render no return.
 But to her, whose spirit, woe
 Hath blighted with untimely snow ;
 Causing its young, sweet fires to dart
 Back, in fork'd lightning, on the heart—
 For her, no outward chill was there,
 No rivalry in her despair.

Meanwhile, within his regal hall,
 The monarch held high festival,⁽¹⁷⁾
 For gay of heart, of spirit tried,
 He lov'd to lay his pomp aside,
 And with the bold, the young, the free,
 Relax the heart in revelry.
 And now a youthful T'hakoor band,
 From many a near and distant land—

Choice spirits all, are group'd around ;
And Bhahts* with flowery chaplets⁽¹⁸⁾ crown'd,
With tales of wonder and of fear,
Beguile the Raja's sated ear.
Of Bhootet† and Fay the acts recite,
And waste, in mirth and song, the night.

At the first pause upspake the king,—
“ This valor's an inconstant thing !
“ Full many a thrice-approved knight,
“ Whose arm hath swept the ranks of fight,
“ Hath, 'mid the forest' haunted ground,
“ Turn'd pale, and trembled at a sound :
“ Gregarious oft' the thing will prove,
“ —Or born of shame—inspir'd of love.
“ The steed, that, girt by thousands, bears
“ His lord on ranks of serried spears,
“ Snorts, when alone, and starts aside,
“ If thwart his path a squirrel glide :
“ And, for her brood, the dove will fight
“ The falcon fierce, or bird of night.
“ But give me one, whose wit is clear,
“ Whose spirit calm, 'mid every fear.
“ Who needs no eye to light his path,
“ No host, t' impel his sluggish wroth,
“ No wrong, to stir his slumbering fire,
“ No praise, to pitch his courage higher !
“ But for his own heart's thrilling meed,
“ Achieves each high, heroic deed :

* A Bard.

† Demon.

“ Nor knows on earth a boon, so fair,
“ As th’ award which greets him there.”

The Raja ceas’d; applause not loud
But flattering, mov’d the courtier crowd.
One ancient T’hakoor chief, alone,
Disdain’d to swell the servile tone.
But gaz’d the brilliant circle round,
Exclaiming “ Where shall such be found ?
“ The time hath been, when T’hakoor blood
“ Was separate from the vulgar flood ;
“ When, as the ’pard, or tiger, rude,
“ (His arm and father’s spear subdued)
“ He was like them untam’d, and free
“ From taint of foreign luxury ;
“ Then, worthy of his lineage high,
“ The T’hakoor knew to live, to die.
“ And now, life’s burthen cumbrous grown,
“ He courage wants to lay it down.
“ Now vilest tribes, unknown to fame,
“ Usurp his once illustrious name.
“ Ahir and Jaut⁽¹⁹⁾ pretensions bring
“ To share the titles of the Singh.”

So spake the Chieftain—murmurs rude
And scornful, on his words intrude ;
Blent with the unction, courtiers bring,
T’anoint the self-love of a King,

The Raja still'd that wordy war,
And answered, " Objects, view'd from far,⁽²⁰⁾
" Thro' early haze, oft' cheat the eye,
" With rich and gorgeous imagery ;
" There, castles, tower, and mountains frown,
" And columns from the clouds look down,
" O'er crystal lake—and groves are there,
" To shield the head from mid-day glare.
" The trav'ler passes on, and tells
" Of monarch, that in pomp excels
" All earthly Kings !—till thousands come
" To search the wild, for tower and dome ;
" A few dwarf shrubs, they barely spy,
" Nor hear a sound save bustard's cry.
" And thus, whiles yet the world is new,
" All men be giants in our view,
" All acts be marvels, through the clear
" Mirâge of youth, all prospects bear ;
" And on the plastic mind impress
" A stamp of might and vastness,
" Which Earth, in after hour denies
" To minds matur'd and practis'd eyes.
" And yet the world unchang'd remains.
" Our children see, on desert plains
" The towers and domes, as fair as when
" They mock'd our own, and Fathers' ken.
" Trust me, old Teeko Singh, we bear
" An arm can wield our Fathers' spear :
" A heart, firm temper'd, as thine own,
" A thirst as feverish of renown."

“ Alas !” the ancient chief replied,
“ Is this the freeborn T’hakoor’s pride ?
“ That o’er his altar’s dust is set
“ The crescent, dome, and minaret ?
“ ‘That each thrice hallow’d emblem, rent
“ Forth from its time-spar’d monument,
“ By Moslem hand,⁽²¹⁾ now paves the road
“ Of each foul Tyrant’s footstep trod,
“ When, at his blood-polluted shrine,
“ He names his robber lust, divine ;
“ —Is this our pride, that we are driven
“ Forth, from the lands assign’d of heaven,
“ To dwell with wolves in forest wild,
“ And own as Peer, the greenwood’s child ?
“ *Such* pride the falling star might own,
“ When, hurl’d from his primeval throne,
“ He hides, beneath the skirt of night,
“ His useless and dishonour’d light.”

Displeasure bent the Raja’s brow :—
“ Old chief,” he said, “ thy words allow,
“ That not on ours, but Fathers’ name,
“ The blot, that mars the T’hakoor’s fame.
“ From them to us the gift came down,
“ A foreign yoke, a wreck’d renown :
“ Unstable projects, counsels rent,
“ A country’s name — and banishment.
“ Too faithful to our heirship, we
“ Want fame and lands and liberty !

“ They kept not their paternal dower ;
“ We hold, against the’ whelming Power
“ Which swept them from their ancient Throne,
“ The woods and wilds : their dwindled boon.
“ I’st naught, with forces sapp’d so low,
“ To hold at bay their conquering foe ?
“ Is’t naught, upon a tarnish’d name
“ To build the warrior’s deathless fame ?
“ And rend, from e’en our tyrant’s lays,
“ The tribute of reluctant praise ?”

Replied the ancient chief, “ Not so,
“ My Prince : should’st thou insult the woe,
“ Endur’d by those, who fought and fell
“ To guard the land they lov’d so well ?
“ O ! had their counsels kept accord
“ With their firm heart and trenchant sword,
“ Ne’er had the Toork* his triumph won
“ O’er our lost realm and dimm’d renown.
“ And is it for their sons, to seek
“ Applause from those, whose war-blades reek
“ With T’hakoor blood ?—at those red hands
“ T’ accept aught else than right demands,
“ Their heart’s envenom’d tide, that flows
“ Polluted with our Fathers’ woes ?”

He ceas’d. His words had thrill’d a chord,
Deep felt of him, the Maachil Lord.†

* A general name for Muhammedans amongst the T’hakoors.

† A Rajpootre tribe.

Silent he sate with downcast eye,
While clamorous voices yield reply,
And many a boastful tongue records
His own brave deeds in braver words,
And to the king alone would yield
The honors of the battle-field.
And words of fierce defiance pass'd,
And many an angry glance was cast ;
And hands, too skill'd in kindred war,
Grasp'd hilt of glaive and keen kuttarre.

The old man shook his head, and sigh'd :
Were these his country's might and pride ?
The boastful, brawling tongue, the knife
Still brandish'd in intestine strife ?
The Raja's thoughts were wandering far ;
But rous'd by that inglorious war
He still'd the tumult. " Chiefs," he cried,
" Leave discord to the battle tide !
" But, if by daring not ye'd claim
" The record of a dauntless name,
" Attend ! Hard by our palace gate,
" The Vassal of a mightier state,
" Lurking, presumes our wroth to brave,
" On purpose secret as the grave.
" Alone he lurks ; his better hand
" Grasps nor the spear, nor battle brand,
" Nor on his brow the casque of steel
" Nor, on his breast the shirt of mail,

“ Nor battle-axe nor deathful bow
“ Are his : yet should I choose my foe,
“ I'd rather, in his greenwood haunt
“ Provoke the frantic elephant,
“ Than one, who, all unarm'd, can dart
“ Such chill of terror to the heart.”

He ceas'd : and to their feet upsprung
His audience, gallant, gay, and young,
Asserting each, his right to crown
With this new field his past renown,
And craving of the king to know
The lurking place that screens his foe.

“ Resume your seats, my gallant lords,
“ Nor grasp so fierce, your battle swords
“ 'Th' emprise is for a single arm,
“ The fitting blade, a spirit calm.
“ Returning from the chase, I rode,
“ This 'eve, on brink of Chowka's flood,
“ And gazing careless in the tide,
“ Methought a moving form I spied,
“ Where o'er the sullen wave outspread
“ The Paqur weaves its verdant shade.
“ I nearer drew : and first, methought
“ Some water-fiend our realm had sought,
“ On fell intent.—Where Chowka's wave
“ Against the huge tree's root doth rave,
“ Some living form was stay'd,* that plied
“ Two arms wild waving with the tide.

* Written from personal observation.

" 'The hands seem'd human : but no more
 " 'The form of earthly semblance bore :
 " 'Death had each mortal trait o'erthrown,
 " 'To win and make the prize his own.
 " 'Now gallant chiefs—whoe'er would claim
 " 'Mid daring hearts the proudest name,
 " 'Be his to swim the tide, and bring
 " 'Death's champion bound before your King.'

He paus'd. No vaunting answer came :
 —But silence, shuddering dread, and shame :
 And eyes earth-bent, as round the ring
 Shot the stern glance of Chehbee Sing.
 Old Teekoo Singh beheld and sigh'd.
 " 'Forgive an old man's zeal,' he cried :
 " 'Better my Prince, Death's solemn state
 " 'Were sacred and inviolate !
 " 'The hardihood such deeds make known,
 " 'At best, is but a false renown.
 " 'Courage is virtue, in the cause
 " 'Of Virtue, and of Heaven's high laws.
 " 'Else 'tis a Bravo ; or must claim
 " 'For highest meed, the maniac's fame !
 " 'Yet, lest ungenerous tongues deride
 " 'The T'hakoor, as in vain defied,
 " 'Be mine th' emprise !"

He said, and strode
 Calm thro' that hall, where trembling stood

His peers abash'd ; the forest thrid,
And gaining soon, the bank where glid
'Twixt him and that old, gnarled tree,
Chowkur's dark profundity,
Paus'd not, but fearless plung'd, and wide,
With lusty arms, beat back the tide.
The flashing waves the contest fly,
They fast succeed, they glisten nigh,
They ripple o'er the pale corse there,
They wilder wave his streaming hair ;
They heave against the hither bank,
And down the sedges serricd rank ;
They shake the bulrush' silvery beard,
And now the swimmer's breath is heard :
And swirling now, with lusty stroke,
The wave to foamy wreathes is broke ;
And in the huge roots 'tortuous band
Is moor'd the swimmer's better hand.

Dark' was the night, the hour was lone :
The night wind howl'd its dismal moan,
As from the Forest' haunted bound
It bore full many a hellish sound ;
Shook from the reed a shivering tone,
And woke the ancient Paqur's moan.
Whilst, aye the corse with measur'd stroke
The gliding wave to ripples broke,
Flinging its languid arms in time
And cadence to the fiendish chime.

Dark lower'd the Heavens, black roll'd the tide,
 But where the corse his lean arms plied
 Phosphoric jets of pale green light
 Directed well the swimmer's sight.
 He seized the restless, clammy hand
 To tow the corse to farther strand.
 A voice from those sad waters broke,
 The tide roll'd gloomier, as it spoke :—
 “ In Heaven's dread name, that hand forbear :
 “ A Father's blood, burns, withers there !”

{ The startled swimmer cast away
 { Th' accursed hand in brief dismay,
 { But, instant, made the left his prey.
 He seiz'd it ; but that voice again
 Rose gurgling :—“ Mark'st thou yon dull stain !
 “ O ! thou canst see, canst feel ;—the Blind
 “ Would shriek that damning blot to find !
 “ There rusts the blood from that dread knife,
 “ Which robb'd life's giver of *her* life !”

Stout was the swimmer's heart, but now
 Frore horror wrung his aged brow :
 He dropp'd the hand,—'twas not to part
 With the stern purpose of his heart ;
 For in the long, wild-streaming hair,
 Firm as the grapple of despair,
 Is twin'd his grasp :—“ O ! T'hakoor,” sigh'd
 Those hellish tones, “ subdue thy pride !

“ 'Twas but an Infant's life was ta'en
“ By those long locks. I rent no vein.
“ She was our first-born Babe, you know,
“ I dar'd not view the red tide flow ;
“ The harsh, rough rope could ne'er be bound
“ That soft and delicate throat around :
“ But, with a snaky lock, I stay'd
“ The smile on her sweet lips, that play'd,
“ And quench'd her eyes young fire and pride.”

“ Peace, Fiend,” in thund'rous voice replied
“ Th' indignant chief, “ thou liest ; none e'er
“ Did of himself such deeds declare.”

He near'd, he reach'd the farther shore ;
Rais'd in his arms the corse, and bore
Up to the Regal Hall his freight.
There, cast it at the palace gate,
Then enter'd. “ Sire, thy will is done !
Death's champion seeks the Maachil Throne.”

The monarch forward stepp'd, and press'd
The gallant T'hakoor to his breast.
“ Welcome,” he said, “ old chief ! I see
“ The Phoenix of mankind in thee.
“ The firmest heart to mortal giv'n,
“ The purest spirit sun'd by Heav'n !
“ Bring forth the steed of highest price,
“ Housings rich of rare device ;
“ The casque and shield, the battle brand
“ May suit the need of hero's band.”

So spake the king, then gave recite
Th' events of that surpassing night.
How, thro' a postern gliding, he
The stream swam o'er, the Paqur tree
First gain'd, and plunging in the wave
Shar'd with the corse his watery grave ;
Thence uttering sounds, that seem'd to float
Gurgling from his dead comrade's throat.
All marvell'd. But above the praise
Old Teekoo won of minstrel lays,
Base flattery, Vermin of a Throne,
Presum'd t' exalt the king's renown.

END OF CANTO II.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO THIRD.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO THIRD.

'Tis Springtide, and the sinking sun
Hangs yet above the forest zone,
A last and lingering kiss to press
On bosom he hath lov'd to bless :
Then leave her, languid with delight,
To dream of him the livelong night ;
Or, as some dew-gem shakes repose,
Bless him from whom the treasure flows,
Who, absent, from each twinkling sphere
Sends tokens of his love to her.

There stands at Kanp's high palace gate
A harness'd battle steed :
Who's he would thrid, at hour so late,
The haunted forest glade ?
'That Forest, whose grim, echoing aisles
Spread gloom o'er thrice a thousand miles.
There's not a leaf, of all the host
But doth its separate⁽²⁸⁾ Demon boast,
Foe to mankind ; and tigers there
Couch countless ! each in hidden lair ;

CANTO III.

And for his foot, a deadly toil,
 Hath set the serpent, coil on coil.
 And, where the branches arch the way
 Spring ⁽²⁴⁾ bear and leopard on their prey.
 Who would explore the forest glade,
 When night hath spread her haunted shade?
 With gallant train it hoves him go
 With trumpet clang, and bright flambeaux,
 To scare at least each mortal foe.
 But demons of the murky night,
 —What pomp shall put their hosts to flight?
 —Not courage : tho' doth much import
 The firmness of unshaken heart ;
 And Love, 'tis said, when pure his flame,
 May put th' ignoble Hosts to shame.
 The heart alone,* whose mirror bright,
 Reflects of Heaven th' untarnish'd light,
 Where, not one mist of earth may fall
 —This—this may triumph over all.

Stately from the portal strode
 The Rājā ; one caress bestowed
 On his proud steed—then mounted gay
 And unattended sped away.
 'Tis not thus a king should ride,
 At noon of day or eventide,
 Since upon the sov'reign's fate
 Hangs the welfare of the State,

* This is Hindoo doctrine.

And selfish views have no appeal
In justice, 'gainst the general weal.
—Thy father, Chehbee Khaun, ne'er strode
His steed, but in his suite there rode,
E'en when remote were war's alarms,
Five hundred chosen men-at-arms.
Ah! how unlike thy sire art thou!
No Moslem praise profan'd *his* brow;
'The Maachil blood, that pure had run,
In its long course from sire to son,
Untainted, he bequeath'd.—And *thou!*
—What shame shall stain the innocent brow
Of thy young son, in camp, or hall,
When slights from fellow Rajas fall!
And taunting voices bid proclaim
His mother's lineage—and pale shame
Chokes utterance with a Moslem name.

'Tracking Chowka's reedy course
The Rājā spurr'd his noble horse;
By the perfume, scatter'd back,
Might you well that courser track:
For, in his food were mingled, aye,
The dates of palmy Araby,
And spices sweet from Indian isles,
'Those dimples 'mid the Ocean's smiles.
—Many the forms, young gallant gay,
In which death dogs thine onward way!
Yet tho' in battle thy keen blade
Hath many a vengeful mourner made;

Though the rich housings of thy steed
 Might ransom pryncedoms, at their need;
 Yea, tho' thy costly arms were prize, ⁽²⁵⁾
 To dye, blood-red, a monarch's eyes,
 Revenge and avarice, counted well
 The staunchest of the fiends of hell,
 E'en in their fiercest mood would flee
 The perils, that are sport to thee.

Night opens round him, as he flies
 The gloom of her terrific eyes;
 Forth they troop, in dire array,
 Her brood, who hate the light of day;
 Forms monstrous, voices that appal
 The sickening heart; they loudly call,
 'Neath the forest, rayless wood,
 Their fellows to the feast of blood.
 Answers many a shrieking ghost;
 Answering yells the demon host:
 Loudest peals th' hyæna's laugh,
 "Blood, rich purple blood we'll quaff.
 "Warm, warm: the violet nare we sip
 "Shall change to ruby, on our lip:
 "While, giddy with delight are press'd
 "Those lips upon the panting breast:
 "By turns we feast, by turns we laugh;
 "Blood, ripe human blood, we quaff!"

Small heed vouchsaf'd that spirit high
 To all the fiendish rivalry—

'There's not one monster of the wood,
That hath not been, in turn, subdued
By his strong arm in sylvan fight !
And, for the voices of the Night,
What recks the heart that hath defied
Man's tongue, of any fiend's beside.

Emerging from the denser shade,
He travers'd now an open glade;
Where the receding woods have given,
Place to the twinkling hosts of heaven ;
For here, th' embankment steep, of yore
To Sarduh's Ocean-flood the shore,
Westward in many a curve doth wheel,
And forms the shelter'd, deep koondeel ;
And the Sawl forest scorns to shoot
In baser soil its lordly root.
—Here, in mid space, a bow-shot wide
Of Chowka's smoothly treacherous tide,
There stood, there stands wide waving, free,
Its knótted arms, a paqur tree.*
As some stern champion scorns to share
With meaner brows the brunt of war,
But foremost fills the desperate post,
And singly battles with a host—
So, scorning forest-shelter, stands
This giant with a hundred hands,
And meets, alone, the tempest, swing,
The thund'rous bolt, th' uprooting wing

* A tree resembling the Banian or Burgut.

Of wild tornado, as its pride
 Destroys all earthly things beside.
 Around the giant trunk is seen
 A level grass plot soft and green,
 With here, erect, a date tree young,
 And there a stem that ⁽²⁶⁾ creeps along,
 Enamour'd of the turf, to strow
 Its tresses where the wild flowers blow.

The stranger might such spot suppose
 Fitted to rest and soft repose.
 But none who knew its history, here
 Would pitch the tent or plant the spear ;
 For, in the Chowka's flags, hard by,
 A monstrous tiger long did lie,
 And 'neath yon stately paqur tree,
 Had forty victims slain and three.
 There's not a wild flower 'neath the foot,
 But human blood has fed its root :
 There's not a greener blade, but owes
 Its verdure to some victim's woes.
 Return'd from Delhi's regal court
 Young Chehbee Singh the venture sought ;
 Decoy'd the monster from his lair,
 And single-handed slew him there.
 Yet, by some fatal oversight,
 Neglected that most needful rite,*
 By every forest Victor made
 T' appease the tiger's dreadful shade.⁽²⁷⁾

* To burn the whiskers and part of the hair of the tail. See note.

Hence, Bards had warn'd him much, beware
The neighbourhood of the monster's lair ;
For 't was no common demon, fled
With the life's blood his spear had shed.
And hence it is, that scorning fear,
He draws the rein, and loiters here :
Where ghastly, in the stars' pale beam,
The bones of his dread victim gleam.
Lives the brief, glorious combat o'er ;
In fancy hears the monster roar ;
In fancy marks the deadly bound,
In fancy wheels his charger round,
And deals again the fatal wound.
'Then stands to mark the fearful strife
Of rage, with waning fires of life :
And trace again th' emotions course
Of triumph, tinctur'd with remorse.

Again he slacks the bridle rein
And lightly bounds along the plain.
Nor pauses, till the twinkling light
Of a lone cottage meets his sight.
What brings the king, at such dead hour,
To the poor herdsman's lowly bower ?
As up the bank the courser hied
The cottage screen was cast aside,
And glancing forth, a form all light
And beauty, bless'd the monarch's sight.
Scarce woman yet ; with all the wild
And tameless spirits of a child,

And bounding step, not yet repress'd
By deeper passions of the breast,
And form still budding, to unfold
Its wealth, to beauty's perfect mould,
Impearl'd in that soft, witching ray,
The dewy planets lend, e're day
Scare them, with all their songs, away.
What hand from this young, artless flower,
Could shake life's purest, holiest shower,
And blight the beauteous promise roll'd
Of heav'n in each soft petal's fold ?
Thine th' accurs'd, the dastard crime,
Degenerate Son of heroes, thine !
Thine, whose base perfidy is mourn'd,
By eyes, for which thou erst had'st scorn'd
Golconda's wealth : by lips as pure
As the twin rubies melting here ;
By heart, the truest, fondest giv'n
To man, in antepast of heaven.

With scream half-joyous, mirthful half,
Contending with the heart's gay laugh,
The Sylphid at his bridle stands,
And gleeful claps her fairy hands ;
Or 'ere her lover's foot may press
The sward, bestows one fond caress
On his proud steed ; then, all her charms
Flings blushful to her lover's arms.

To other lips than ours belong
The numbers of degenerate song,

Would paint the raptures brief, they prove,
The votaries of unhallow'd love.
These chords which oft have thrill'd to lays,
In virtue's, honor's, beauty's praise,
Can but the deep ton'd dirge recall,
When virtue, honor, beauty fall :
The heart, that wildly throbs and high,
O'er deeds, that brighten glory's eye,
Sickens with execration's throes,
To see the might, which Heaven bestows
On man, as guardian of his race,
Employ'd to wreck each touching grace,
That claims man's generous, fostering art,
In paradise of woman's heart.

'Twas midnight, when the monarch left
The home of peace and honour reft,
The young, confiding heart, that saw,
In his dear will, fair Virtue's law ;
Nor deem'd that one so great could err ;
So good, could harbour wrong for her.
He left her, many a fond caress
Bestow'd on lips, that cling, that bless ;
Breath'd many a vow, as vain as fair,
His bride to regal bower to bear ;
Then lightly to the saddle selle
He sprang, and wav'd his last farewell ;
And soon decay'd on her fond ear
The hoof notes she no more shall hear.

Thro' the pitchy gloom of night
 Nobly wings that steed his flight,
 Where the Thantha* cane waves high,
 Where the quaking marshes lie,
 Where the frequent rift and mound,
 Baffle oft his desperate bound ;
 From that bound, they frantic fly,
 The children of the soft, dark eye :
 From his covert in the moor,
 Startled whirrs the swift Chuccore:†
 From the sedgy river springs
 The wild duck, on his rattling wings.
 Hark that crash, as tho' its wrath
 The deadly matchlock volley'd forth ;
 As before ‡Raam's ⁽²⁸⁾ battle steed
 Snaps the Nurkul's§ sounding reed.
 He who slew the forest king
 Flees thy presence, Chehbee Singh.
 Well thy charger bears thee on ;
 Now the wide koondeel is won,
 And, breaking heaven's clear concave, see
 Gloomling dark, the Paqur tree.

Starts the monarch from his trance ;
 Stays the steed his fiery prance.
 Where the wild spreads dark and drear,
 Not a ray the eye to cheer,

* The solid reed.

† The redlegged partridge.

‡ The Rhinoceros.

§ The largest of the hollow reeds.

Not a sound the breeze to swell,
Save some Night fiends' distant yell ;
Now a thousand torches play
On tents with cusps of silver gay,
And brighter kindle, as they glance
From buckler's boss and blade of lance.
Here group'd recline the warrior host ;
There the lone sentry fills his post :
There at his picket on the mead,
Impatient frets the battle steed,
Caparison'd for service, here,
Where stands erect the taper spear,
O'er his master's turban'd brow
Wide his mane's dark volumes flow.
Thousand fires are flashing fast,
Flit gigantic shadows past ;
Yonder form that doth entomb
Half the busy camp in gloom,
With it's shadow huge and gaunt,
'Tis the lordly elephant,

Whilst amaz'd the monarch view'd
This freshly peopled solitude,
Crowded to his bridle rein,
Groom and squire, a glittering train,
And many a page, with torch in hand,
And grey* chobedar with silver wand,
These, to the tent that highest shows,
Its moonlit pyramid of snows,

* Chobedars, ushers ; literally wand-bearers.

Marshal his steps. Of silken woof,
The walls sublime, the expansive roof.
But lin'd within, roof, walls appear
With shawl, the costliest, of Cashmere,
Tassel'd with gems, that blaze and burn,
As each had been some wond'rous urn
Of liquid fire. The diamond here
Darts, keen, his iridescent spear :
The ruby there, love's beacon light,
Intenser pours its soul-fraught might ;
And emerald mild, and sapphires ray
With gentler beams those fires allay.
But earthly flame was none ; and Night
Day's lamp had seem'd in that keen light.

The walls, through many an archway high,
Gave freedom to the dazzled eye,
That wander'd, wilder'd, maz'd, amid
Vistas in twilight mystery hid ;
Where flitting to and fro, are seen
Nymphs that may challenge Beauty's Queen,
And infants wing'd, who mirthful throw
Shafts, rose-tipp'd, from the ⁽²⁹⁾ nectarous bow ;
Now on the gushing fountain mount,
Now shoot as shower-drops of the fount
Down to its deep abyss—and lost
'Mid bubbling waves at random toss'd.

No carpet might the floor profane :
'Twas crystal clear, where many a vein

Of arborescent gold was seen,
With moss of emerald blent between,
At plumbless depth below. The eye
Lov'd to explore each mystery
Soft shrouded there. Around it sate,
In silent majesty of state,
Forms that in stature, mien, and grace
Excell'd the chief of human race ;
Whose garb, for loom of earth too bright,
Was woven of the inspissate light,
When, from some dewy flower-mead thrown,
Each ray hath sunbow of its own ;
And scarce might eye of mortal brook
Upon that dazzling web to look,
Which from each pore shot many a spire,
And tongue of iridescent fire.

All rose.—Their monarch forward came
And greeted Chehbee Khaun by name :
Then led him by the hand, to throne
Pil'd near, but higher than his own.

All silent sate. The board was spread :
Trays, vases of bright gold, inlaid
With gems of price, to grace the feast
Were set before each noble guest.
At nod of him, the banquet's lord,
'The menials rais'd with one accord
'The covers from that sumptuous board :
And to the Raja's gaze display'd
'Neath each a ghastly human head,

Fresh sever'd ; still the starting eye
Rolls in convulsive agony,
Still swell the veins ; the muscles yet
With torture swollen, the teeth firm set,
As when the griding blade found path :
The lip, still quivering as in wrath ;
The nostril wide distent, as 't were
To gasp more free the vital air ;
And on the brow, the death-dew frore,
Pain-wrung from many a bleeding pore.

With one accord the feasters turn
On Chehbee Singh, their glance of scorn --
"How like ye these our dainties, Khaun ?"

An instant's horror had possess'd
And fetter-bound the Raja's breast :
But now, stern indignation wakes,
As fire its flaxen fetter breaks.
He drew his sword. He hand to hand,
Assail'd that more than mortal band.
Flash following flash, he shower'd his blows ;
They yell'd, they fled, his demon foes.
Vanish'd with them, in viewless air,
The tents, the court, the pageant fair.
Alone, upon a desert plain,
He waves his fiery blade in vain.
Alone, beneath the Paqur tree
That nods its boughs in mockery.

He sought his steed. The sudden neigh
Of hundreds guide him on his way.
Each voice his very steed's in tone,
Each steed the image of his own.
Sable as night, but on its brow
One small thin star of glistening snow.
The same, the housings rich and rare,
The reins with jewels studded fair,
That, as from steed to steed he pass'd.
Full fifty times his hand was cast
'Mid the dark mane,—withdrawn lest he
Be fiend-borne to eternity.

Chanc'd at that hour his Zayndie woke
From troubled dreams, her rest that broke ;
Breath'd in fond prayer her hero's name,
Then slept to dream of him again.
Not vain such prayer ; the answer came
O'er Chchbee's soul, like beacon flame,
When dark the rocks, the breakers high.
His steed, on dates of Araby
And Indian spices fed, were known
'Mid thousands by his breath alone.
Once more, in earnest search he pass'd
From steed to steed, and found at last,
O ! triumph, one, whose spicy breath
Was gage against the threaten'd death.

He vaulted lightly from the plain,
He shook on high the jewell'd rein.

Rear'd the proud steed, then bound by bound,
Spurn'd with fleet hoof th' enchanted ground :
Vanish'd the demon host in air,
With yell of fury and despair.
He shook his hand, he laugh'd in scorn,
Triumphant shouted to be borne
Once more by his wild steed along.
—He gain'd the Palace portal,—sprung
To earth, and entering pac'd the hall
With hurried step, whose every fall
Pierc'd her sad heart, his better star,
Ris'n at the first hoof-sound from far.
Awhile he pac'd the circuit wide
With brow o'ercast, and frantic stride.
The fearful menials gazing stood,
Then shrank t' escape their Sov'reign's mood.
Awhile he strode, in silence dead,
The hall ; then o'er his restless bed
Cast wide his limbs. No word he spoke,
But flashes from his eye-balls broke
Of fire unhallow'd.

Zayndie came,
Hung tearful o'er him, breath'd his name
In fond, impassion'd, frantic tone :
—But, sign or answer, there was none.

She caught from sleep his slumbering child :
Oft' on his babe, her Lord had smil'd,

E'en, in his sternest hour ; and now
 Rosy with sleep, upon his brow
 That little check is press'd—and he
 Feels the small hand caressingly
 Pass'd o'er his face.—He feels, but not
 As once, when that soft hand could blot
 The wrinkle from his brow, and lay
 Care's lines.—He waves the babe away.

But rent the spell. No more his eye
 Unconscious of each object nigh;
 But shuddering, 'neath his robes, would shun
 His Zayndie's glance, his spirit' sun.
 But once he spoke ; and then the sound
 Of his dread accents reign'd around
 Supreme, as Fiend in city lone,
 Whose hosts are harden'd into stone.
 “ Thee Zayndie, have I wrong'd : but thou
 “ Art well aveng'd :—had *but* the blow
 “ Fall'n timely, guilt to contravene,
 “—Welcome, thrice welcome had it been.”

“ *Thou* wrong me, Thou ! half frantic cried
 “ Mid her wild tears his beauteous bride.
 “ I can be wrong'd, but when I see
 “ Evil or wrong, my Love, to thee.
 “ Heav'n hath empanoplied my heart
 “ 'Gainst wrong in all but that weak part.
 “ Look up ; look up, my Love. Your high
 “ Firm soul resume :—this lethargy.

“ Unworthy of thy master will,
“ Shake off, and be th’ unconquer’d still :
“ Tell me the foe, the cause :—this hand
“ —Thou count’st it weak and vain !— ’Tis mann’d
“ With more than mortal nerve, to be
“ ’Thy slave, t’ avenge, to succor thee.”

He heard her not. Or, if he heard,
Replied not, or by sign, or word.
The Brahmuns brought their healing lore,
Their arts, their charms, their countless store,
Herb, root, and gem.⁽³⁰⁾ The stars, on high,
Gave answer, from the cold, blue sky.
Doorga, dread Queen of Death, in vain
They sought t’ appease with victims slain,
And long processions to her shrine,
Of matrons, hymning songs divine ;
Vain was their art, her mightier love
Th’ inexorable Queen to move.
He lifted not the heavy eye,

He answer’d, nor by voice, nor sign :
A spasm stirr’d, convulsively

His frame, then ceasing left that shrine
Spoil’d of the flame, that fir’d Kanp’s king,
The young, lov’d, matchless. Chelbee Singh.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

CANTO FOURTH.

Scarce had life's faintest, fluttering ray
Yielded to death his destin'd prey,
When to the gate, at headlong speed,
A 'Thakoor spurr'd his reeling steed.
All travel-soil'd his gay attire :
In toil subdued his eye's keen fire.
Dappled with foam, the steed he rode,
And plash'd its flanks with mire and blood.
The reeling pace, the starting vein,
The nostril wide, and clotted mane,
Repeat the tale of flight and fear
That on his rider's brow appear.

He threw him from his reeling horse,
And held thro' struggling guards his course
E'en to the state apartment, where
The Queen still hung in her despair,
O'er the sad relics of her Lord.
“ Arm, arm,” he cried, “ brace on the sword

“ My noble liege, the foe is nigh ;
“ E'en at your gate is heard the cry
“ 'Twice twenty thousand voices raise,
“ In Ullah's and the Prophet's praise.”

The weeping slaves his speech repress,—
“ Dost thou not mark our Queen's distress ?
“ Thou call'st on one, shall never more
“ Brace on the sword, control the war :
“ The thunder o'er the mountain's crest
“ Hath sunk his dreadful voice in rest.
“ Lord of the sky, the falcon's king,
“ Our eagle lies with folden wing ;
“ And every meaner bird of Night
“ May show his plumes in open light.
“ The name of Chehbee Singh may now
“ Be fearless mouth'd by every foe
“ It once had scatter'd in dismay.
“ Our might is wreck'd—our glory past away.

The Queen arose, with streaming eyes,
And bosom heav'd with bursting sighs ;
From stupor of her soul's despair
She rose, and cast her raven hair
Back from her brow, where streaming low
E'en to her feet, the tresses flow :
Her better hand was firmly press'd
To curb the throbbing of her breast :
Awhile she panted, as for life,
Then, firmness master'd in the strife

“ What tongue presumes such treason frame
“ Against my lord and master's name ?
“ Who dares assert that name is past,
“ From its high sphere, that spirit cast,
“ No more to rule, with caseful might
“ The multitudinous hosts of fight ?
“ — Ho ! there our guards !—the portals bar !
“ Sound the loud conch, in terms of war :
“ Gather our warrior host around !
“ — His spirit mingles with the sound.
“ The clash of steel was his delight :
“ His spirit shall go forth to fight !
“ — Sound, sound the ⁽³¹⁾ conch ! the portals bar !
“ Light up the beacon fires afar.
“ He slumb'reth, but as warriors lie,
“ With hand on sword, and half-clos'd eye.
“ With the first sound, my hero breaks
“ The chain of sloth ; he wakes, he wakes,
“ To scatter, as the leaves are toss'd,
“ By autumn gale, the Moslem host.
“ Welcome our faithful Herald, thou
“ Do'st good and joyful tidings show :
“ My hero's spirit loathes the night,
“ 'Tis restless, fever'd for the fight.
“ His sword is starting from its sheath,
“ Impatient for the feast of death.
“ He shall be well appeas'd ; the rock
“ Of earth, beneath the impetuous shock
“ Of meeting steeds, of shouting foes,
“ Shall hymn his requiem of repose !

" Greater in his dread ashes, he
 " More mighty in his rest shall be,
 " Than when his brow the helm did band,
 " And the lance quiver'd in his hand !—
 " Now to thy tale, speed, herald, show
 " The motive, numbers of the foe !"

" Great Queen, at Delhi's Court I stood
 " To answer for a Mogul's blood,
 " Shed righteously, in equal fight,
 " For breach of hospitable rite.
 " A Nuttnie* ⁽³²⁾ to the Presence came :—
 " Never, since Rādha† lit the flame
 " Of passion, in the Day-god's breast,
 " Was maid, in such attractions drest.
 " She danc'd.—'The spirit of a fawn
 " Seem'd bounding o'er the dewy lawn :
 " 'The heart danc'd with her, to the gay
 " Sweet music of a younger day.
 " She sung.—And every Rahg‡ bestow'd
 " On the rich measure, as it flow'd,
 " Her own peculiar grace and art.—
 " 'The monarch gaz'd, and to his heart
 " Soft passion crept :—that rapturous flood
 " Of song, heard—yielded—was subdued.

* Hindoo dancing girl.

† The beloved of the Indian Apollo, Krishna.

‡ Nymph of melody.

“ But love that mocks the tyrant’s eyes
“ Is vanity in passion’s guise.
“ ‘Fairest of things,’ the monarch cried,
“ ‘Let now that thrilling voice be tried
“ In valor’s praise : whom-e’er thy song
“ Extols, the sons of war among,
“ By trumpet’s voice, in poet’s page
“ Shall live the hero of the age.’—
“ He spake, of venial praise secure !
“ But the bright maid despis’d the lure.—
“ Awhile she stood with uprais’d eye,
“ As tho’ expecting from the sky
“ Poetic fire ;—Then from her tongue
“ A torrent of rich music flung,
“ Whose deep strung chords and thrilling notes
“ The Hooma* with his hundred throats
“ Ne’er rivall’d.—But her theme of song
“ Was Chehbee Singh, the gay, the young,
“ In beauty peerless, as in might.
“ She brought a thousand deeds to light,
“ Not wrought before admiring eyes,
“ But from the spirit of emprise,
“ When few or none, were nigh, to tell
“ That hero-like he won or fell.—
“ She show’d, that whilst for Glory’s breath,
“ For lands, for gold, men fronted death,
“ Her Hero’s mind, of loftier tone,
“ Sought peril, for itself alone.—

* The Phoenix

“ She challeng’d Bards of Moslem strain
“ Such Moslem hero’s deeds to name.
“ By hope of favor urg’d, or shame,
“ Full many a Bard to contest came :
“ They fail’d, they shrank before the intense
“ Rich music of her eloquence.
“ All hung upon the words, with breath
“ Suppress’d, in silence hush’d as death :
“ The very Moslemim had giv’n
“ Their name, their faith, their hopes of heav’n,
“ For kindred with the chief, whose worth
“ Had call’d those glowing numbers forth,
“ All save the king ; in rage suppress’d
“ By shame, he sate with boiling breast,
“ Until one Bard, in vain essay
“ To emulate the Nuttnie’s lay,
“ And praise the risen Sun, brought shame
“ By contrast, on his Sovereign’s name.
“ Then, in his jealous fury blind,
“ The hapless minstrel’s death he sign’d ;
“ And her, whose lay his court had grac’d,
“ Dishonor’d, from his presence chas’d.
“ Two days the tyrant’s jealous mood
“ Did o’er th’ imagin’d insult brood.
“ The third, the dread furmaun went forth,
“ And the best horsemen of the North,
“ Ten thousand mail-clad warriors come :—
“ E’en now is heard the distant drum :
“ The morrow’s sun their ranks will see.”—

“ Welcome, thrice welcome shall they be !
“ ‘Tho’ past our mightiest from his sphere,
“ Some lesser lights are burning here.
“ Ourselves will make each coming guest
“ ‘Thrice welcome, to the funeral feast.”

Of spice and fragrant santal rais’d,
That night, the funeral altar blaz’d.
Her hero’s ashes, they entrust,
Care-sever’d from ignobler dust,
To urn of Virgin gold.—’Twas her’s
T’ embalm them in a thousand tears.—
“ ‘Tarry awhile, my Love,” she cried,
“ A little while—Nor think, thy Bride
“ Will long be banish’d from thy side ;
“ She *but* asserts her hero’s fame :
“ Her hero’s choice would vindicate !
“ Prepare for his unequall’d name
“ Such holocaust, as fits the great,
“ When resting from their toils they lie.—
“ ‘Tarry, my Love, thy Zayndie’s step is nigh.”

The morrow dawn’d, with sky serene,
Upon the Forest covert green :
On brake, and glade, and waving wood,
But not on sylvan solitude :
For ’tis not sheen of morning dew,
That breaks, in ceaseless flashes, through
The foliage dense.—’Tis not the deer,
That bounds in countless numbers here.

But lance and blade and casket bright
Gleam fitful in the broken light.
And mail-clad horsemen trample down
The flowers, by Nature's bounty sown ;
And hum of bird and bee is drown'd
In trump and nakur's* deadly sound.

In many a dense and lengthen'd mass,
The horsemen through the greenwood pass.
Compact their ranks, when open glade
Pierces the tangled forest shade :
But broken oft by thicket dense
Of briar and cane's impervious fence.
They march in gay, triumphant mood,
And mirth, strange—heard in that grim wood,
For scouts the hero's death have shown,
And seems the field already won ;
And each in fancy gluts his eyes
On the city-sacker's prize :
Laughs as the widow's plain he hears
Or marks the trembling maiden's tears.
And Roostum Khaun as careless leads
His squadron thro' the forest glades ;
Precaution scorning, 'gainst a host
Whose soul he deems, whose spirit lost.

But love, that mocks the warrior's might,
Array'd the Maachil ranks of fight ;

* The kettle drum, of which two or three are borne at the head of every troop of Indian Horse.

Zayndie, the beauteous, timorous, young,
Who trembled if the lark upsprung
From 'neath her feet, who shrank dismay'd
From distant gleam of battle blade ;
Her fears, her softness laid aside,
Controls the foaming charger's pride,
And shoots a glance of fire along
The serried ranks that round her throng.
Surmounts her brow the morion's crest,⁽³³⁾
Steel gleams upon her woman's breast :
No buckler on her arm she bears
To foil the brunt of hostile spears,
Nor levell'd at a foe, the frail
Bright lance, that quivers to the gale ;
But twice a thousand spears of might
Concentred in that glance of light ;
And her wrong'd country found its best
Last Ægis in her gentle breast.
Where'er she mov'd, the warrior's eye
Saw presage sure of victory ;
And trëmbler caught the hero's mood,
And thirsted for the feast of blood.

Emerging, now, from covert green
The vanward Moslem files were seen ;
A shout of triumph mingled came,
With Ullah's and the Prophet's name,
From the dense host, when first they scan'd
The prey, they fear'd might scape their hand.

The middle host took up the shout ;
The rearward files the note gave out ;
'Till scar'd each forest child that cry—
“ Ool illillah—and victory.”

A little cloud of dust is seen
To rise from yonder covert green :
As small a cloud, in summer sky,
Hath told the sweeping tempest nigh.
It grows, it hastes, it hurries on,
Keen lightnings rend its dusky womb ;
Dim thunders find a smother'd birth,
And answering thrills the stable earth.
It nears the Moslem cavalcade,
Still broken by the greenwood shade ;
Five hundred flaming swords break out ;
Five hundred tongues the war yell shout ;
Down sweep those blades in middle press ;—
Four hundred steeds run masterless :
No pause ;—that hostile Band wheels round,
Like falcon, o'er the corse-strown ground ;
Renews each slightly shaken rank,
And thunders on the Moslem flank :—
An angel, panoplied in light,
Marshals, directs the Maachil might :
Where'er his fatal lance doth sign,
Like reed rank strown the Moslem line ;
Reeds, when the flame's resistless brand
Is wielded, by the whirlwind's hand.

Then tumult rose ! Then peal'd on high
'The victor' shout, the vanquish'd cry ;
And backward on the main array
Spurs the vanguard in wild dismay ,
And steeds, whose riders never more
Shall train them to the work of war,
Wild neighing thro' the greenwood fly,
Confusion's hosts to multiply.

The main array, that wended slow
'Thro' copse and greenwood's tangled bough,
The foe unseen, his force divine
From panic of their broken line.
'They halt, they pause, they lend the ear,
(Organ unblest,⁽³¹⁾ of coward Fear),
They waver :—At that instant rise
The shouts renew'd, the frenzied cries.
The clang of many hoofs, the neigh
Of steeds escaping from the fray :
Then, one, case-harden'd in the might
Of terror¹, shows the road to flight,
Hero compar'd with those, who dare
Obey nor honor, nor despair ;
And all is lost ; a tangled mass
They headlong thro' the forest pass :
The rustling leaf, the bounding deer,
To frenzy fan their dastard fear.

Vainly their chieftain stirs his might
To check their foes, to curb *their* flight :

Vainly he meets in mid career
And smites the headmost with his spear ;
And bids his household shout the cry
That peal'd their sires to victory.
Those tones of triumph yield no more
Th' exulting cheer of days of yore ;
On cars diseas'd by dread, they smite
As watchwords to ignoble flight.

One band, alone, of all that fly
Gives audience to the chieftain's cry ;
Them had he rais'd, to war had led ;
With them, a youth, had fought and bled,
And shar'd the soldier's toil.—Around
They rally, at the well known sound :—
He cheers their hearts, their courage warms,
Their flight reproves, their mass reforms,
Recounts their triumphs, till they cry
“ Lead, lead to death or victory !”
Then clos'd in phalanx dark and deep,
To measur'd pace they onward sweep,
E'en as some billow of the ocean
Heaves with slow and solemn motion,
Collecting in one mighty heap
The myriad champions of the deep,
To hurl the mass with deaf'ning roar,
On dread Serendib's haunted shore.

Hot in pursuit the Thakoors go,
Meanwhile, upon their flying foe.

No pause their swords, no rest their arms !
Zayndie in more than woman's charms
Is there, t' inspire, to lead, to show
Their honor's path, the flying foe.
But who be these so dense array'd,
Hot spurring down the forest glade ?—
I know their carnage-breathing cry,
God's name, hell's deeds to sanctify !
I know the cumb'rous turban's fold,
'The tunic rich of green and gold ;
I know their leader's steed of might :
I know his giant mould and height ;
Which of thine iron sons, Afghaun,
May mate the Ghiljie, Roostum Khaun, ! (35)
“ Zayndie ! beware,”

She saw, she heard,
She turn'd her, at the warning word
Full on the coming foe. That cry
Key-note to all the misery
The T'hakoor from the Toork had borne—
To frenzy fires their hate, their scorn.
High wave their swords, keen edg'd and bright,
But dimm'd with gore, their purer light,
Not keener, ruddier than the glow
Blazing beneath each gloomy brow.
Their very steeds the mood partake,
'Their cloudy manes to Heaven they shake ;
Arch the proud ruffled crest, and far
Fling their shrill challenge to the war.

'Then, as some eagle phalanx flies
'T' assert the empire of the skies,
Against the winged Dragon brood,
They whirr, they stoop :—blood answers blood
The mighty pinions hurtling clash,
Fire marks the conflict, flash on flash ;
The thunders in their dark plumes roll'd
Rend, with a burst, each giant fold.

Recoiling from the shock severe
Mid clash of blade and brast of spear
The shout, the yell, the dying groan
Of warriors wreck'd, and steeds o'erthrown ;
E'en as two billows quit the rock
High curling to renew the shock—
'The 'I'hakoor and the Moslem band
Awhile, in vengeful silence stand ;
'Then sternly close. No more the shock
Of fiery fight ; the quake, the rock
Of the firm earth ; the ardor high
'That pleads for war's dread revelry :
But hate to frenzy fir'd, the mood
Of hell inspir'd, appeas'd by blood.
No shout, no cheer, no stirring note !
The conch, the tukbah, dumb, forgot !
The sounds which rise from that dire plain,
Are dying groans, or wrung by pain
Or baffled thirst for brother's blood ;
And from the struggling multitude
Goes up such sound, as from the pit,
Where writhing serpents interknit

'Their deadly coils, intent to dart
'Their venom, each to other's heart.

'Thrice cleft the Moslem chief his road
With carnage strown, suffus'd with blood,
Full on the beauteous form, but dread,
Whose presence such wild havoc spread.
And thrice the T'hakoor band, between
'Their Moslem foe and widow'd queen
'Their persons threw. And Teekoo Singh
Still heads that small, devoted ring ;
And, hand to hand, is urging now
'The combat with his giant foe.
'Then met the fam'd for deeds of arms ;
'Then shook the field to fresh alarms ;
As wheeling their strong steeds they bear
'To earth, each chance assailant there ;
And trample 'mid the ranks of life
Free lists, for their heroic strife.

As strive two spirits of the storm
In whirlwind wrapp'd each awful form,
'Their brows the starry host dethrone ;
'The forest lies behind them strown ;
'The trampled deep in spray updriven
'Threats deluge to th' inviolate Heaven.
So strive, mid men of smaller might
'Those equal rulers of the fight ;
Hate pauses, and the dying raise
'Their heads on that stern strife to gaze.

Shiver'd like glass each battle brand,
Each war-axe splinter'd to the hand,
With dagger-edge and keen kuttarre
They still maintain the desperate war ;
They grapple—Fall.—Which ? Who ? 'That cry
Of triumph ! See they reel, they fly !
Who ? Who ? The Moslem chivalry,
Like Autumn leaves before the blast,
—Then, hurry—tumult.—Sweeping past,
Pursuer and pursued are gone,
And on the field, so densely strown
With carnage, lingers, pale and lone,
A warrior on his Arab white.
—What holds thee, Zayndic, from the flight ?

She quits her steed, on that red plain,
Amid the wounded and the slain,
The Moslem leader seeks ; hath found,
Faint, pierc'd with many a mortal wound,
But living still. “ Brave chief,” she said,
“ Can aught avail thee mortal aid ?
“ Flect is my steed, my train not far ;
“ I'll tend thee with a brother's care !”

The dying warrior rais'd his head—
“ Art thou not he whose presence spread
“ Such havoc 'mid our host ?—Yet thou
“ Hast the soft voice, the delicate brow
“ Of woman. Leave me to repose,
“ Poor youth ! The true believer knows

“ No pillow like the riven breast
 “ Of Kawfur*, for his final rest !
 “ Who art thou ?”

“ I *have* been,—*am* not !

“ My name is earth's deforming blot.
 “ Hell knows the sound, which once was given
 “ In prayer of lips most pure, to Heaven.,
 “ Ask me no more ! But thou dost go
 “ To realms my soul must never know.
 “ There dwells my Sire !—Thou'lt know him well
 “ By streak of woe, not Heaven can quell ;
 “ I dare not breathe his name—O ! say,
 “ The child he mourns, but *once* did stray ;
 “ Madden'd by love, did *once* depart,
 “ Then bore her doom with dauntless heart ;
 “ Turn'd not to shun the deadly cup
 “ Her frenzy pledg'd, but quaff'd it up
 “ With all its dregs of horror. So,
 “ She revell'd in excess of woe ;
 “ Nor deem'd misplac'd one torturous throe.
 “ Say this, for me !”—

“ For thee !—*Thou* art
 “ That monster of the fiendlike heart !
 “ She, on whose head each Moslem lays
 “ The curse, what time to Heaven he prays ;
 “ Nor deems his daily tribute paid
 “ Till maledict the Renegade !”—

* Kawtur an Infidel, i. e., a Brother differing with us in opinion

“ O ! they *may* cease. For, well each word
“ Of their most dreadful prayer is heard ;
“ The fires of torture even now
“ Consume my heart, and sear my brow.
“ Yet I *have* known a respite brief
“ From torture ; heavenly, heart-relief—
“ A moment, when hope struggled through
“ The blood-red clouds that clog my view.
“ I sought the source. My soul replied,
“ Mercy hath one almighty tide.
“ And then I argued, truth could ne’er
“ Mock with a phantom my despair.
“ I would not thus the meanest thing
“ That roams its hour on fragile wing
“ Deceive—and shall man’s offspring dare
“ For mercy with the Just compare ;
“ And so, I deem’d there yet might be
“ After long woe,—hope, e’en for me.”

“ O ! Shame of an unsullied Race,
“ A long, high ancestry’s disgrace !
“ Thou dared’st hope, yet led’st the van
“ Of that accurs’d, blaspheming clan,
“ Against thy Faith, thy Race, thy Blood,
“ Trampling in dust the Host of God.”

“ Hah ! is it so ?—a tigress rude
“ Prov’d I, for my defenceless brood ?
“ O ! tell it to my Sire !—Declare
“ How *victrix* o’er her soul’s despair

" Her fears, her nature, his poor child
 " Upon the ranks of battle smil'd ;
 " Spar'd nor for pity, nor for blood,
 " But made life's ranks a solitude.
 " But dare not add, she face to face
 " Met her own people and her race,
 " Till of that host thou findest one,
 " So *vile*, the damning kin to own !
 " O ! tell him this, that he may see,
 " No idle freak or phantasy ;
 " No light or trifling love beguil'd,
 " From his fond arms his hapless child,
 " But love, to madness verge that press'd,
 " Disturb'd her brain, consum'd her breast.
 " O', tell him this ! 't will yet devise
 " A bliss the more, for Paradise."

" Avaunt most vile, unholy thing !
 " Would'st thou thy blighting memory fling
 " E'en mid the circle of the Blest,
 " 'T infect Believers' final rest ?
 " Knows't not, *that* rest, *that* bliss must be
 " Oblivion deep of thine, and thee ?
 " O ! for a moment's strength to dart
 " 'Th' avenging dagger to thy heart !"

He started from the fatal plain ;
 Distent with fire, each bloodless vein,
 As on one knee, one foot upstay'd
 He brandish'd high the battle blade ;

But sudden languor chill'd the fire
Of pride intense, and vengeful ire ;
The glaring eyeballs fix'd, the hand
Dropp'd from its grasp the deadly brand.
Death's all-dividing, fire-edg'd sword,
That moment touch'd Life's silver chord :
Heavy to Earth he falls : around,
Dull Echo mouths the clanging sound.

Zayndie beheld. " Not yet, not yet
" My torture clos'd, my task complete :
" A little space Life's lamp I crave
" To light me to the welcome grave !
" They curse me ! 'Tis no Nightmare, vain,
" No spectre of the frenzied brain !
" No voice Heav'n's gate assails with prayer,
" But the dire curse is mutter'd there :
" As if all blessedness must flow
" "To Earth, from one poor Wanderer's woe.
" And thou my Father ! Can it be
" That thou art blest, forgetting me !
" Me, who deriv'd whate'er I've known
" Of joy, from Heav'n and thee alone.
" Me, who was once ' thy little Queen,'
" Thy ' heart's Delight,' thy ' star serene' :
" Who rul'd thee with a Despot' will,
" And learn'd thy heart of hearts to fill :
" Whose sceptre, wer't the lily flower,
" Had o'er thee more than fairy power :

“ Bow’d thee thy ‘ little maid’ to bless,
 “ And tribute claim’d—the fond caress !
 “ —*I* might forget, in blighting thee :
 “ But when hast thou not blessed me !
 “ *Thy* memory, my consuming fire,
 “ With it must life’s faint flame expire,
 “ And could’st thou bless the brightest lot,
 “ And she, thy ‘ little maid’, forgot !”

’Tis eve ! The stricken foe is fled,
 And lonely left, the forest glade.
 Lonely ! Aye, the thousands strown
 In death, and that continuous moan
 { Of thousands weltering in their blood
 { To be the tiger’s living food,
 { Enhance the awful solitude.
 And who shall dare, of that dire night,
 Uplift the veil, that hides from sight
 The monsters to their feast repairing,
 Their victims piecemeal rending, tearing ;
 Turning from the Dead away
 To banquet on the living prey.
 When the foul vulture, gorg’d, hath sunk
 Upon his victim’s mangled trunk,
 And vainly strives with clammy wing
 From th’ hyænas wroth to spring ;
 When chackall, pard, and Faminc’s daughter,
 The gaunt she-wolf, those streams of slaughter
 Scenting from afar, repair
 With the lean dog to batten there,

Where the Serpent's deadly fold
Around his prostrate foe is roll'd,
And his fangs their venom dart
To the slowly ceasing heart ;
And dips his tongue in that red tide
Which trickles from his victim's side :
When from Hell the fiends repair
To revel in the mischief there ;
And yelling in wild chorus, own
The proudest of their feats outdone !

Such is the night of solemn rest
Create by man's perverted breast ;
Happy ! whom his red hand hath laid
In slumber 'neath that dreadful shade !
They scape each sound accurs'd, each sight,
Each memory of that hideous night,
Had added pangs to future woe
Or tainted future blessings' flow.

But 'tis not yet Night's reign : The sun
Hath scarce his daily circuit run,
Nor peeping shyly from the West,
Appears eve's brightest star and best.
'Tis that serene and solemn hour,
When meet Day's care and Night's calm power-
When birds are twittering on the spray
Assigning each his roundelay,
Wherewith to wake the slumbering day ;

When lovers seek the shady wood,
Or wander by the twilight flood,
To worship, each, his separate star :
When voices, wafted from afar,
Harsh notes of various passion, here
Fall, soften'd, on the thrilling ear,
And to the Heavens soft blended rise,
Like incense of a sacrifice.

But birds have fled th' unblest spot ;
And lovers have their vows forgot ;
And where the greensward plain is spread
'Twixt river bank and forest shade,
Torches innumerable shed their fires
Around five hundred funeral pyres :
— Five hundred—such the number slain
Of Maachils, on the battle plain :—
Five hundred ! such the number sworn
Of widows, to the funeral urn.

Kanp's brazen portals wide are thrown ;
They jar the ear with dismal tone,
As, forth, in long procession streaming,
'Mid th' uncertain twilight gleaming,
The Bands, devote to death, appear ;
Each walks beside her lover's bier.
How many a beauteous form is there,
How many a spirit passing fair,
That touch'd of Love's ethereal fire,
Now calmly seeks the torturous pyre :

Counting each pang, each torment light,
So, sunder'd hearts may reunite.
And must the soft cheek's delicate bloom
Feast the Tyrant of the Tomb ?
Must that rare, immortal wreath
Bind the gloomy brows of Death ?

Slow, with solemn pace they tread
'Tow'rd the Bridals of the Dead ;
Slow, in long procession glide,
Each, her bridegroom at her side.
Will he calm her maiden fears,
Kiss away her maiden tears,
Catch her to his heart, and swear
To cherish her soft beauties there ?
— Look upon those features, set !
Eyes, that their keen fires forget,
Riven breast and cloven brow,
Such the Bridegroom waits thee now !—

Who is she of bearing high,
Lofty step and flashing eye,
First in beauty, mien, and grace,
Foremost in the solemn race ?
She, from whose high matchless brow,
To earth the heavy tresses flow ?
'Tis Zayndie !—What doth Moslem here ?
What *did* she, at the brast of spear,
The shock, the flash of sabre keen,
And hoarse, fierce shouts of struggling men ?

Onward sweeps the matchless throng
Chaunting, each her funeral song—
All but Zayndic : she alone
Joins not in the choral tone.

Chant.

Where my Love, my Bride, art thou ?
Ev'ning shadows round me grow ?
Can I slumber ? can I rest,
Pillow'd, but on thy soft breast ?

See the stars are trooping forth,
Wheeling round the silent North !
All Heaven's glorious host I see,
All, my spirit Star, but Thee !

'Tis the solemn hour of rest !
Earthly cares have fled my breast :
But my lids will never close,
Till thou kiss me to repose !

‡

Chorus.

Stay my Lord, my hero stay !
Chide not, o'er the brief delay !
Lo ! I come, thy young Bride see
Faithful, love, to death and thee.

Turn thee from the stars on high !
Mine, each glance of that lov'd eye.

Which of all the Host above,
Loves thee with my perfect love ?

Will they bear the blaze of day ?
Pour thro' clouds the faithful ray ?
Will they thro' Death's cavern glow ?
Gild with love his shades of woe ?

Thou hast chosen solemn bed :
Round thee sleep the mighty Dead.
Spring shall bud, the Day-star rise :
—*What* unseal the hero's eyes ?

Tarry thou a little while !
Cheat me not of one dear smile !
Bridal robes of flame I don :
Lo ! I speed ! The goal is won !

Doorgah, solemn Queen of Slaughter
Mata Dèvie, take thy daughter !
Bless our spousals, bless our bed,
Mother of the tranquil Dead !

Swell'd the solemn peal afar,
Rose to greet each trembling star,
Hung awhile in their sweet ray,
Melting, lingering, died away.
For now each bride hath found the pyre,
Allotted ~~for~~ her altar's fire,

And gazes long, with throbbing breast,
 On the dread couch of her last rest.
 What deep emotions, interblent,
 To that long, final gaze were lent !
 Shrinking terror, pale dismay,
 Memories of a better day !
 Young regrets for hours unborn,
 Hope, that triumphs o'er the worm !
 Love, in whose intenser ray
 The torturous funeral flames decay !

Circling thrice the solemn pile,
 Zayndie march'd with thrilling smile,
 So the phoenix, wheeling, flies
 Around his pyre of sacrifice,
 'Ere he cast his worn-out clay,
 In youth renew'd to soar away.
 In her arm is borne, and press'd
 Fondly to her throbbing breast,
 Urn of gold, whose precious hoard
 The ashes of her hero Lord.
 Pausing now, she fronts the North,
 Whence the golden stars look forth,
 Heav'nward her right arm is toss'd,
 Attesting thus the Silent Host :—

“ O ! golden King of Heav'n ! O ! Queen
 “ Of twilight brow and port serene !
 “ O ! all ye infant suns that glow
 “ — Earth, who to their dread law dost bow !

“ Ye waters gushing free and fair !
“ Etherial vault—and grosser air !
“ Al-potent Night, soft twilight hour !
“ And thou dread Conscience, mightiest power,
“ Bear witness of the solemn trust
“ To fire, my own and hero's dust !”

The stern old T'hakoor chief stood near :
His eye betray'd th' unwonted tear :
At his breast, her infant child
Stretch'd to her his arms, and smil'd ;
Smil'd upon the jewels rare ;
Smil'd at her deshevell'd hair ;
Smil'd, as those dire flames arise,
Dazzling his delighted eyes ;
Smil'd as oft' from that lov'd brow,
He'd scatter'd every cloud of woe.
Zayndie, canst thou bear to part
With this lone treasure of thy heart ?
Bear, that arms, not thine, should press,
Lips, not thine, thy babe caress ?
Stranger hand his need supply,
Stranger hymn his lullaby ?
Any but thine own fond breast
Serve the pillow of his rest ?
Any, but a mother's praise
Train his steps in virtue's ways ?
Any, but a mother's voice
O'er each unfolding grace rejoice ?

Zayndie gaz'd : O ! who shall tell
 What fiery floods of torture fell
 Upon the soul, that glance laid bare
 To the worst malice of despair ?
 { As some eagle, in mid-flight
 Encountering Heaven's dread bolt of light,
 Familiar to his grasp of might,
 With folded wing and sightless eye
 Lapses from the starry sky :
 So the stern resolve that bore,
 'Thro' carnage fields her spirit' soar,
 Withering at an infant's might,
 Launch'd her to the shades of night ;
 Clos'd her eye, her queenly brow
 Earthward droop'd : the hectic glow
 That fir'd her cheek grew deadly pale ;
 Her trembling knees beneath her fail ;
 And scarce her hurrying maidens' arms
 Snatch from the dust her sinking charms.
 'T was but a moment's passion—Now
 One^cmore compos'd her mien, her brow.
 Calm rose her thrilling voice, and found
 Deep audience 'mid the hush profound :—

“ Old Chief, farewell—Life's sands are run ;
 “ My torturous, earthly course is done ;
 “ And they, my people, late, and kin,
 “ Will deem this act my crowning sin.
 “ For me it matters not : my name
 “ Long since consum'd in love's dread flame.

“ Yet, as his wife, a name I own,
“ A name, as Mother to his son.
“ None must those sacred names presume
“ Uncheck'd, unchalleng'd, to impugn.
“ Enough of shame, my Lord, was thine
“ For wedding in an alien line.
“ Enough reproach my son must know,
“ That in his veins my blood doth flow.
“ But none shall say the Moslem bride
“ Was else unfit to grace his side.
“ And none shall taunt my child with birth
“ From one, who, for the joys of earth,
“ Her soul, her body freely gave,
“ Yet broke her covenant with the grave.
“ Th' irrevocable step once ta'en,
“ Her Father's house defil'd with stain,
“ No after penitence had clear'd ;
“ For her one honest path appeared,
“ Faith to the pledge her madness gave !
“ Her warrior's sword, her hero's grave !
“ That path is her's. No faith have I
“ In this dread rite, his peace to buy ;
“ To win for him, for all I prize,
“ A never-fading paradise,
“ And share with him th' unsullied joy !
“ Such faith my Sisters, here, may buoy ;
“ But born in other tenets, I
“ And in my fathers' faith I die.
“ Save but th' exclusive claim, to bar
“ Heaven's portal 'gainst one wandering star.

“ It were enough of bliss for me,
“ If, in Heaven’s vast benignity,
“ My sins with sufferings weigh’d, I might
“ Now close mine eye in lasting night ;
“ Or, if peace bind not *his* lov’d brow,
“ Awake, to share his every woe.
“ Farewell ! old Chief ! My son ! My son !
“ Farewell, farewell ! My sands are run ;
“ I hear the flames upon me call.
“ Farewell Earth, Heaven,—my handmaids all—
“ I come ! I come !”

The crackling fires
Shot to the stars their quivering spires,
As with firm step she clomb the pile
And earthward shed her dying smile—
Then plung’d, engulph’d in that red tide
Zayndic, the young Rohilla Bride.

THE END.

NOTES
TO
THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

Page 3 Line 17 (Canto I)

- (1) Wrecks of barks the Rahgs had mann'd.

The Rahgs, nine in number, are Nymphs who, according to the Hindoos preside over the different modes of which music is susceptible ; each having her own separate province, over a separate passion of the heart. The names of these ladies I do not know.

Page 4. Line 26. (Canto I)

- (2) Where unseen, but direr far,
Sweeps the scythe-arm'd Tyrant's ear.

The forests bordering the Sarduh, though perfectly salubrious during the cold season, cannot be entered after the heavy fall of the rains without the most imminent danger. The rains soaking into a vast deposit of rotten vegetation, the accumulation of unknown centuries, is suc-

ceeded by a burning and intolerable sun, which evolves the deadly gases let loose by the action of the water. It has been said that the birds of the air flee, indeed that the very tiger himself flees from this pestilential atmosphere. But this is an exaggeration of poetry. What principle of difference exists between the constitution of brutes and men to enable the one to sustain with impunity the action of poison which is death to the other, a problem of extreme interest, to the solution of which we have not as yet an approximation. One thing however I have observed, that in climates affected slightly by those miasmata, which in their more virulent form are instantaneously fatal, a generous diet is the only preservative from indigestion, the first symptom of ague. 'Accordingly the Mahomedans suffer there less than Hindoos. The effect of this poison upon the system seems to be that of stagnation, lowering the pulse unnaturally, and thus disturbing digestion. I, who have all my life been a water drinker, was obliged at last to give in, when surveying one of these fever districts. The change was quite magical in its effects.

Page 10 Line 18 (Canto I)

(8) The Night Owl sounds his clarion deep
To all the legion'd fiends, that keep
Their revelry in forest drear,
Countless as summer foliage there.

The leaves of the forest are not more numerous than the spirits of mischief with which the Hindoo's imagina-

tion has peopled it. The restlessness of the leaves of the Peepul is always attributed to the action of spirits, of which each leaf has its own; and in the case of a forest, the superstition is applied to every tree. Indeed it is said that at noon-day they become visible to persons in particular attitudes.

To these demons it is the province of the owl to preach. He stirs them up to mischief at the dead hour of night, when their power is greatest. All kinds of owl are liable to this imputation; but, said my informant, that little wretch all head and no tail is fifty thousand times more mischievous than the larger. The hoot of the large owl is peculiarly fine. But the Sentries consider it so unlucky, that they always scare it from the neighbouring tree in which it may have alighted to preach its mischief. The voice of the smaller owl is a disagreeable chatter, quite unmusical enough to stir up men, let alone demons, to treason's stratagems and spoils.

Page 11. Line 1. (Canto I.)

(4) The breeze, as by the flames opprest
Of passion, vents his glowing breast

The effect produced at night by the fireflies that swarm upon the dense foliage of an Indian grove, cannot be conjectured by any who has never witnessed it. The breeze appears literally in flames. Every leaf has its own brilliant or emerald. The light of the fly is never or an instant at rest; as it breathes, it languishes or

bursts forth, alternately. The colour of the light is a pale green. The groves of bamboo afford the most glorious spectacle. Their aisles, arched over head by meeting stems to the utter exclusion of every star of the heavens, set off the light of the numberless flies hovering about or settling upon the foliage, appearing and vanishing in quick succession. The rainy season is that which exhibits the greatest number of fire-flies.

Page 12. Line 12. (Canto I.)

- (5) And swarm the meat from Sarduh' flood,
The fellest of her dragon brood.

The Sarduh, like other large Indian rivers, swarms with alligators. I have shot specimens measuring in length eighteen feet and in girth six feet. This, however, is the Ghurriaul, or long-nosed variety, which is supposed to be less dangerous than the Muggah, or snub-nosed alligator; a physiognomical difference which we leave to the consideration of the followers of Lavater. An elephant was entering the Sarduh to drink, at a spot afterwards pointed out to me. An alligator seized it by the foot. The elephant, roaring with pain, retreated up the bank, drawing out of the water the alligator, which would not immediately quit its hold. The favourite haunts of alligators are deep basins in the river, where the water having no direct course is almost at rest, and whither all eddy wafts all the carrion floating in the

stream. Here they may be seen basking, with the eye and the tip of the nose above water, the rest of the body completely immersed. The eye is situate at the extremity of a prominence of the head; and the nostrils in like manner are formed at the upper extremity of a prominent fungus. They can thus lie for hours motionless in a species of ambush as concerns all animals above the surface of the water. At times they come ashore to bask, and may then be killed without much difficulty by a ball through the shoulder or the arm, which prevents them from moving their unwieldy weight towards the water. No number of balls through the body or head can be depended upon for arresting their flight. The brain is not the seat of life in this animal. No one will be tempted to kill a second alligator without some strong reason: so great is their tenacity of life, an alligator whose brain had been repeatedly perforated with bullets from my gun, continued to snap at my people even after his throat was half severed, and until the spinal chord was broken.

When suddenly alarmed by the report of a gun, from his sleep ashore, the alligator rushes into the water with a roar and a splash that are very fine. We are reminded for an instant of the description of leviathan. In streams whose current is arrested, as for instance the Chumbul between Gwalior and Agra, the alligator becomes a serious nuisance, attacking every animal, from the horse to the dog, that attempts to swim the river. In the Ganges and Jumna the vast numbers of carcasses of Hindoos supply them with food, which makes them independent

of living creatures, and instances of attacks from them are rare.

Page 14. Line 2. (Canto 1.)

- (6) Should she her pure, sweet love confess,
For one of that devoted Race,
Whose Sires her Sires have wrong'd?

The enmity between Hindoo and Moosulmaun is irreconcilable from its very nature. The Moosulmaun is the invader and the spoiler. The Hindoo the victim. The Moosulmaun who worships the Deity as a Being without form or similitude, prides himself upon his hatred of the Idolater, and upon the havoc he makes amongst the objects most sacred to the Hindoo. If it be remembered that in Eastern lands it is deemed degrading to give a daughter in marriage to any but a family at least her equal in birth and pretensions, the horror of the Muhummedan may be imagined, whose daughter has allied herself with the despised Hindoo. The Hindoo who loses his caste, that is, his dignity here and hereafter, by alliance with foreign blood, equally dreads connection with Muhummedans, the more especially as the creed admits no convert. The higher Rajpootre families murder their daughters in infancy to prevent their dishonouring the house by remaining single, or marrying into a lower family. These scruples indeed have been overcome by the strong hand of power, and by the temptation held out by the Emperors of Delhi, but seldom under other cir-

cumstances, and the families that have yielded to fear or hope in such cases, are branded by their compeers with infamy.

Page 14. Line 13. (Canto I.)

(7) and (8) Who will the Moslem maiderr own,
By eye of T'hakoor gaz'd upon ?

Until the coming of the Muhummedans to India, the seclusion of women was probably quite unknown, as is the case to this day amongst the Mahrattas and others of the Hindoos, that have not much mingled with the foreign race. The Muhummedans, however, introduced a new order of things. Their women were closely immured, and veiled as closely when they ventured abroad. The Hindoo, in time, was ashamed to be less particular about his females than he saw the Muhummedan, whom he despised, especially as the latter derided as immodest every unmarried female whom he met abroad ; and such females were, in consequence, liable to the grossest insult. Veiling, amongst the Hindoo females thus became a necessary precaution, as well as a tribute to popular opinion. A Muhummedun woman of the present day had rather exhibit to a strange eye any part of her person, than her face ; and to unveil a woman is regarded as an insult expiable only by blood. A woman who has been gazed upon by a stranger of the other sex is considered degraded in the eyes of her own kindred and acquaintance.

CANTO II.

Page 3. Line 2. (Canto II.)

(9) Hath o'er the dark Sawl forest pass'd.

The Sawl————— is a tree bearing large ragged leaves, and timber of a buff colour, a horny, splintering texture, coarse grain, and considerable stability. It grows in extensive forests skirting the higher banks of the river Sarduh, and other streams at the foot of the Himalaya Range, but I have never found it in the low land of the river valley, which is generally wooded by the Seeso, a far more graceful and agreeable tree. The Sawl seldom attains any beauty of outline, but growing in the densest masses shoots up a straight stem little diversified by limbs, and terminates in a poor and ragged summit, yielding, of course, little shade. As a forest it presents a dead, dreary aspect; often destroying, by the strength of its growth every other tree that presumes to thrust itself in, and thus one may wander through a Sawl forest for ten or twelve miles without meeting with any other variety of tree. This however is not always the case. The Goollur, a noble forest tree, is found in many tracts, and the Jamun often fringes the noble streams of the Sarduh. There is also a tree, which I do not remember sufficiently to describe, which bears, in a fleshy fruit of some size, a most delicious almond. The spotted deer knows this tree well, and is often to be found beneath it devouring the almonds that have fallen. The ratan thicket forms the usual lair of

this animal, perhaps because it is utterly impenetrable to all animals but the snake, its palm-like leaves and branches bristling with the sharpest and strongest possible thorns. Sitting under the shade of this fence the Cheethul is secure on one side, and can give her undivided care to the rest.

Page 3. Line 12. (Canto II.)

(10) The hail that fell, of massive size,
At yesternoon, unfaded lies.

It is dangerous for a traveller from Eastern lands to relate even a tenth part of his experience ; but I believe I have a sufficient body of evidence, in the hundreds of my countrymen who have witnessed the hailstones of upper India, to bear me out in the following description. ⁶⁷About Christmas time, in the regions above Agra, hailstones are by no means uncommon. These sometimes differ little from those of Europe, but occasionally the weight of the hailstones varies from $\frac{1}{3}$ rd to $\frac{2}{3}$ ds of an ounce, and they fall with such violence as to destroy flocks of sheep and goats, and even human beings exposed to them. At Agra, in 1826-7, my Routie tent was beaten to the earth by such a hailstorm, accompanied by little wind. In 1835 I narrowly escaped another by riding ahead of my baggage. It overtook my servants at a village, where they were right glad to shelter, and fell in large masses of ice that beat the frail native thatches to pieces, destroyed all smaller animals exposed to it, and lay all the next day to the depth

of a foot. Its extent was very partial. In 1838, when joining the army of the Indus, our camp was surprised at midday by such a storm. Most of the tents were beaten flat to the earth, many torn to pieces. The horses of the cavalry and of individuals became frantic, tore up their pickets, and were scattered in an instant over the country. The terrible force of the hailstones however so alarmed them, that most stood shuddering, unable to flee. It was impossible to sally out after them until the storm had abated. The hailstones, about an inch in diameter, fell with stunning force, inflicting severe bruises even upon the body enveloped in cloth clothes. The instant however the violence of the shower abated, the sight was most picturesque, the whole camp being turned out, repitching tents, hunting horses, etc. The bullock alone, shut his eyes, closed his ears, and begged they would wake him when it was all over. When these storms happen late in the year, after the wheat has eared, their destruction of crops is fearful. In 1838 such a storm fell in the Shahjehanpore district of Rohilcund. The soft earth of the cultivated fields was literally ploughed by it. Most of the wheat crops were utterly destroyed, but a singular instance occurred of some fields of wheat, which instead of being battered and levelled with the earth, were literally mown as with a sickle. These, strange to say, shot out new germs and recovered, whilst the others were quite lost. Hence it would appear that in the mild climate of the East the fields laid by storms should not be too easily despaired of; but if they appear to be past recovery without aid, should

be mown to the earth, when if they be not too far advanced, and be plentifully supplied with water, they may yet yield a harvest. As I was surveying on the spot where this occurrence happened, I can attest the correctness of the statement.

The structure of some of these huge hailstones, is that of a conglomerated mass of smaller particles. Others present the appearance of single crystals radiating from a common centre. The latter are, I think, generally flat and circular. In size and figure they resemble the plated stopper of an ordinary inkstand. Such large hailstones seem to be confined to hot climates, probably to the zone comprised between the latitudes 25° and 35° . It is manifest that their formation must take place at a very great height above the earth ; probably the highest region to which clouds ever ascend. There the intense chill acting upon watery masses, suddenly condensed by electrical phenomena, and comparatively little affected by the earth's attraction, congeals them in masses, which the proximity of the earth would have inevitably divided ere they could be fixed. The conglomerate masses would appear to be formed by the meeting together of smaller frozen particles as they subsided through a stratum of condensing vapour.

Page 4. Line 26. (Canto II.)

(11) And all was silence, calm, save when
Snakelike, writh'd some giant stem.

The above is a faithful description of a grove of Bamboo, near which for upwards of a month, I pitched my tent,

in the district to which this poem relates. A space of about 300 by 100 yards had been planted with bamboos in regular ranks, which had grown to the height of about 80 feet, forming the most magnificent gothic temple imaginable, in a succession of aisles supported on either hand by clusters of slender columns, and roofed over head by the ruined arch formed by the intersecting stems. Indeed no one who has ever entered one of these groves, could for a moment doubt the origin of the gothic style of architecture, which is a faithful and spirited model of the natural temple in which he stands : the rich embellishments of which were no doubt intended to represent the foliage of the bamboo column and arch.

I was several times in the grove aforesaid during heavy gales. But within, there was scarcely a perceptible vibration of the air; and the sole sound was the war of the wind with the summits of the taller stems, which writhed like huge serpents, without any visible cause, whilst every other leaf was still; and emitted such a sound as could be imagined to proceed from the meeting clashing scales of a hydra.

Near one extremity of this grove, but completely walled in on all sides by the bamboo masses, was a small space occupied by the dwelling of some Gosynes, and by a cemetery exclusively sacred to the sepulture of this race, from time immemorial. For, contrary to the usage of other Hindoos, the corpse of the Gosyne is not burnt, nor even cast to the waters,—those great purifiers of unholiness: but is buried in a lair of salt and in

a sitting posture, as he was first found in his mother's womb. Upon these tombs were collected, daily, by the sound of the conch, some fifteen or sixteen chackalls, to receive a pension of food, being whatever remained over and above the necessities of the Gosynes, who are themselves pensioners of the public. Many of these chackalls had a very mangy appearance, which I was uncharitable enough to connect with the salted condition of their deceased benefactors. The chackall is esteemed by Gosynes to be one of Kali's (Doorgah's) dogs, and is never molested. The same superstition prevails in a much higher degree with respect to the wolf, which in that district it is deemed so unlucky to kill, that villages are sometimes forsaken by their inhabitants because the blood of a wolf has been shed within the site. A Hindoo will seldom or never venture to kill this animal even to save the life of his infant child, and the wolf, all over India, is an expert kidnapper.

Page 5. Line 4. (Canto II.)

‡

(12) All her heart on fire to see,
Once again her Saymul tree.

The Saymul, or Indian cotton tree, is one of the finest of the sons of the forest. When planted alone it becomes a large and wide spreading tree. But when planted in a grove, it shoots up by a natural instinct until it lifts its head above every other tree, whatever the height, neglecting almost to put out branches until its

summit has reached the region of light. Thus I have seen the slender stem of a young Saymul of seven or eight years attain a height of eighty feet. Its growth is singular in this state. Its branches are concentric and horizontal. But when it becomes a tree this regularity is lost. It acquires a knotted and sinuous stem of great size, droops its boughs into graceful masses, and puts forth a large and very beautiful scarlet flower. This in due time produces a pod of silky cotton, the filaments of which are straight, though of considerable length. It is not, I believe, employed by the Indians in manufactures, but is often preferred to cotton for the stuffing of mattresses, pillows, etc. The Saymul should always be planted under shade, but the ground should be cleared for it when its full height is attained. Its sensitive attraction to the light is very remarkable.

Page 5. Line 24. (Canto II.)

(13) On the corse of old Gosyne.

The literal meaning of this word is God, the deity, and it is applied through the great licence of Hindoo epithets to a race of man differing a good deal in their religious and civil observances. The most holy of these never marry, but live like monks in fraternities, or as hermits in complete solitude. There through the yearning of the human heart for companionship with the creation, they usually become surrounded by the wild animals of the forest, chackalls, peacocks, even alligators; and,

if we may believe Hindoo reports, by wolves and tigers, who perform for them the most menial offices.

The law of the Hindoo prescribes the purgation of his remains by fire and water. It is rarely that one of these elements is not entrusted with the office, excepting in the case of children, who are buried, as sinless. But the Gosyne, who thinks himself pure from earthy stain, is deposited after death in the bowels of the earth, in the posture he occupied in his mother's womb. A lair of salt is often added, to prevent the putrefaction of remains so holy. These gentry frequently anticipate death by being buried alive, sometimes only to the chin, at other times completely. Several have the credit of having been often thus buried, being too holy for the touch of death; and others are reputed to assert that they have lived on earth in their present bodies five or six hundred years.

The Gosyne seldom encumbers himself with a larger wardrobe than contented our first parents; but he disfigures his body, head, and unshorn hair with ashes, rendering himself a truly disgusting figure. His tomb is often adorned with the emblem of the God of Nature.

Page 8. Line 20. (Canto II.)

(14) Rich tints from Imaum Rezza's shrine.

The Imaum Rezza was buried at Meshed in Persia, which has become a place of pilgrimage in consequence. At Meshed is worked a species of coverlet which is used as the covering of thrones, and to carpet the immediate precincts of royalty. It is often extremely elegant;

being an open pattern resembling somewhat our paper hangings, worked in floss silk upon calico, or white silk.

The pillows used by nobles and kings to support the body as they sit upon the ground, are covered with the richest kincaubs from Benares, over which in general a case of white gauze is drawn. The kincaub is a tissue of gold silk, and silk, beautifully interwoven. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful. Its price is high. A single piece will cost from 10 to 25 guineas. The gentry make their tunics of it, the ladies employ it only in the nameless department; a pair of ladies' ineffables that will not stand upright, self-supported, is looked upon with great contempt. The surface of this kincaub resembles nothing so much as coarse sand-paper, and as nothing is worn beneath, it may be supposed that the wearer is not much addicted to the waltz or galopade.

Page 12. Line 9. (Canto II.)

(15) Of Chowka gliding deep, between.

This stream is tributary to the river Sarduh, and almost throughout its own course, occupies part of the bed of that river. It is full of quicksands, amongst which tigers find a cover quite inaccessible to their foes. I have made many vain attempts to dislodge them. The river Sarduh, which traverses from side to side of a bed some ten miles in breadth, at present flows under Kanp, but tradition says that in the days of Chehbee Singh it had given place to the Chowka.

Page 14. Line 10. (Canto II.)

- (16) Seem'd the stars to drink their light,
And genial fire, from Nature's urn,
And, thankless, render no return.

This might be deemed too philosophical for the age of the poem, when assuredly the radiancy of caloric was not dreamed of; were it not a remark which every one must at times have made. Philosophy has discovered the reason why the clearest nights are coldest; but observation had established the fact many thousand years previously.

Page 14. Line 20. (Canto II.)

- (17) The monarch held high festival.

In Eastern countries it is a common practice to hold court at midnight, when the violent heat of the day is passed, and the spirits and strength are more equal to the demands of business and pleasure. Even at Khiva, where the winter lasts as long as the summer, the king received me always at night: and that during the winter season.

Page 15. Line 2. (Canto II.)

- (18) And Bhahts with flowery chaplets crown'd.

The Bhahts are a tribe of Minstrels, of which each high Rajpootre family has its own. The office, which is hereditary, consists chiefly in the enumeration of the ancestors of the chieftain, and their several exploits. The similarity between the words Bhaht and Bard is

remarkable. I have found descendants of this race in many parts of India. They have generally become husbandmen; but retain, as generally, some of their long-winded genealogical chaunts. The most remarkable of them was Bhaht to the Rajahs of Powyne in Shahjehanpore. He still followed exclusively his original profession, and had, till a late period, received a considerable revenue from the Purgunnah.

He was always decked with garlands, and his high forehead was often beautifully enamelled with the petals of various coloured flowers, pasted in elegant patterns upon the skin. Nothing could give a better idea of an ancient Bhaht. He wrote two poems expressly for me. I was then surveying the forest. The one was an enumeration in verse of all the Forest birds and their habits. The other, a similar description of the trees, and their properties. He chaunted these poems in a sing song tone, which the senses could not resist. They were in a language resembling the Shanscrit, which it was necessary to translate for me into Hindustani. The thermometer stood at 120°, and I was so exhausted daily by my duties, that I could not preserve more than a portion of one of the Poems. He gave me some hints relative to the tradition before us.

Page 16. Line 21. (Canto II.)

(19) Ahir and Jaat pretensions bring,
To share the title of the Singh.

The title of Singh, or Lion, which forms the termination of every Rajpootre name, was originally sacred to

this class of Hindoos : but in the intermixture of races, occasioned by the wide revolutions that have swept over Hindustan, several other obscure families have assumed it, as the Jaats, the Ahirs, etc.. The author of the Seik religion called his followers Seiks, or disciples ; but when, owing to Muhummedan intolerance they had become a military band, their tenth king changed the epithet Seik for that of Singh or Lion, which all accordingly assume. Some of the old followers of the original teacher, Babu Nanuc, are still to be found scattered over India, and retaining the peaceful habits and name enjoined by him.

Page 16. Line 28. (Canto II.)

(20) Objects view'd from far,
Thro' early haze ' oft cheat the eye,'
With rich and gorgeous imagery.

The Mirage is common in all the sandy plains of India, and may be observed in various degrees in most districts of the Upper Provinces. The delusion is most complete; and only repeated experience will convince us that the objects viewed are otherwise than they appear. Of the many descriptions of this phenomenon, I am not sure that I have met with one that gives a distinct idea of its nature.

Mirage is the prolongation of objects and shadows by means of a vapor, more or less visible, intervening between the objects and the spectator's eye. It is precisely what we observe in clear lakes and pools. The shadow of every object is drawn down toward us, form-

ing an adjunct, often several times the length of the object itself. But whereas the substance of the water enables us in most cases to distinguish between the reality and the reflection, the vapor of the mirage is often imperceptible, and having an abrupt termination in the direction of the spectator, and melting into thin mist in its higher regions, it gives a divided and defined base to the image, whilst it confuses its features so much as to render them scarcely distinguishable from the reflection. It seems to me also, that objects thus reflected are not seen reverse, as must be the case if they were elevated altogether above the reflecting medium, but being seen through it, are prolonged in their natural position. Such certainly is sometimes the case, for in passing the desert near Dadur, I saw a camel magnified to a gigantic height, without confusion of figure.

At other times the vapor takes a visible form—that of the most transparent water. In passing a desert it is impossible to avoid some feeling of disappointment at this appearance, although prepared for it by experience.

Page 18. Line 5. (Canto II.)

(21) 'That each thrice-hallow'd emblem, rent
Forth from its time-spar'd monument,
By Moslem hand, now paves the road
Of each foul Tyrant's footstep trod.

This was a favourite practice of the Moslemni, who in their religious wars displayed a bitter spirit of intolerance, quite worthy of John Knox. Not content with

rending down objects the most sacred and revered in the eyes of the Hindoo, it was their delight to select the most esteemed of these images as a pavement to the approach of their mosques ; that every foot fall of a frail creature, entering the presence of the All-holy and All-merciful, might trample upon the most venerable of the feelings, and insult the most sacred prejudices of a brother worm.

This is the deadly spirit of Antichrist, the foe He came into the world to subdue ; the bitter poison as an antidote to which He promulgated His healing and blessed doctrines, and freely shed His life's blood. This, whether we find it in the breast of the Christian, the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, the Jew, or the Atheist ;—this setting up of self as an idol, selected and chosen by the great Spirit of the universe, to the exclusion of others from the rays of His love ;—this is the spirit of Cain, the first homicide. Alas ! what homicide is not a fratricide. This arrogant spirit of self-adulation which rather than suffer a brother to excel us in virtue would dye the right hand in that brother's blood ;—this was the fire which went forth under the Crescent devastating half the globe. This was the foul and loathsome plague-spot that rendered the Cross a curse in Palestine. This was the origin of the burnings and the tortures which consumed the bodies of reputed Martyrs ; and this is the scourge, the pollution, the blood-red spot of guiltiness, that restrained by law and public opinion, still deforms and desecrates, in how many instances, a temple built by, and for, the Spirit of Love and Peace.

Page 21. Line 27. (Canto II.)

(22) Some living thing was stay'd, that plied
Two arms wild waving with the tide.

(23) There's not a leaf, of all the host
But doth its separate Demon boast,

I have here described faithfully a sight I witnessed in one of the small streams of the Shahjehanpore district—a sight which at first greatly perplexed me, for the water had so softened all the sinews of the corpse, that the head was bent completely out of view, the skin had assumed the color of unbleached cloth, and the arms were in constant and violent motion like those of a swimmer. I reported the circumstance to the Magistrate; but owing to the custom of casting the dead bodies of Hindoos into running streams, little attention is paid to such disclosures. My people, in crossing the same river at a ford, trod on something which attracted their attention; stooping to ascertain what it might be, they drew out the headless trunks of a man and a woman. Such at least was their report. It did not reach me until about a fortnight afterwards, when search was of no avail. The district was a wild one, where murders constantly occur, but it were difficult to find any district so full of marvel, as a Hindoo's imagination. The murders committed in Hindoostan, exceed in number perhaps those of any portion of the world, of similar extent. The impunity attending them is attributable to a variety of causes, of which it may suffice to mention better want of public spirit; the universal sys-

tem of Bhaee bundee, or fraternity, which renders the Hindoo so slavishly subservient to the opinion of his own clique; the custom of undertaking journies of many hundred miles on foot; the want of inns; the inefficiency and indolence of the Police;—but above all, the ruinous intermixture of territories of independent States. We may add to these, the insecurity of the huts of the people, and their habit of sleeping in the open air.

CANTO III.

Page 4. Line 4. (Canto III.)

(21) And where the branches arch the way
Spring bear and leopard on their prey.

The leopard is undoubtedly addicted to this practice. The Indians believe that the bear chooses a spot where two trees almost meet over the path; that he stands upright, like a man, with a foot on each tree, and when the unwary passenger approaches, falls astraddle on his neck. There are many superstitions which concern the bear. A chief of the Jumsheedies told me that the bears of his country generally wore turbans. I supposed him to be joking, and laughed. He was very angry, and in a minute produced sundry witnesses to his veracity. In these forests he is respected for his necromancy. He does not eat flesh. His food in winter and spring is of various roots, and as much of the sugar cane as he can steal. When these fail him he eats black beetles, black ants, and the river crab. He is the black bear, spotted

with white upon the breast. It is said, but we will not vouch for it, that if you throw a glove in the path of a bear who is following you, he will quit the chase until he has turned every finger inside out. This is only the consequence perhaps of an itching palm, of which he stands much condemned by naturalists.

Page 6. Line 3. (Canto III.)

(25) Yea tho' thy costly arms were prize
To dye blood-red a monarch's eyes.

This is a common Eastern expression. "His eyes are red upon your gold," was one of the reports brought us daily whilst at Heraut—in reference to the Vuzeer and others.

Page 8. Line 6. (Canto III.)

(26) With here, erect, a date tree young
And there a stem that creeps along,
Enamour'd of the turf, to strow
Its tresses where the wild flowers blow.

The power of the electric current in determining the tendency of young trees toward the zenith, is sometimes overborne in moist spots by the attraction of the leaves and branches to the water. Thus palm trees sometimes forsake their vertical for a horizontal inclination, running parallel to the ground for several yards, ere they shoot upwards. I have heard it said, that in Behar the priests sometimes encourage this phenomenon in the palms which surround their temples, pretending that the trees

have prostrated themselves before their idol. The effect is singularly fantastic and picturesque; especially in the case of the date tree, which thus hangs its delicate and tresslike branches to the very earth.

Page 8. Line 28. (Canto III.)

(27) that most needful rite,
By every forest Victor made
T' appease the tiger's dreadful shade.

According to Hindoo belief everything animate and inanimate has its own peculiar guardian demon. The pool, the mountain, the tree, nay every leaf of every tree,—the beast, the fowl, the insect—each has its Bhoote or familiar, whose temper corresponds with the habits of his charge. The tiger's is of course the most dreadful of all. They hang the claws of this animal around their throats as a preservative against witchcraft, and his fat they purify and use as a specific for the cure of rheumatism. On one occasion when a female elephant fainted under me from fatigue, after a long day's sport, and appeared to be dying, the Mahout entreated me to make an offering to the guardian demon.

Page 12. Line 15. (Canto III.)

(28) As before Raam's battle steed.

Raam is the Theseus or Hercules of the Hindoo. His steed is the rhinoceros, which is in consequence so sacred that no Hindoo beyond the Ganges will presume

to mount its back. I say beyond the Ganges, because Hindoo customs differ very greatly in different districts, and it is only beyond the Ganges, that I have met with the rhinoceros. Large sums of money are given for the horn or rather tubercle of this animal, which is considered the most sacred of all vessels for the offerings made by Brahmuns. The rhinoceros is a timid animal. It haunts the thickest and highest covers of Nurkul, a gigantic and hollow reed growing at times to the thickness of a man's arm, and the height of twenty feet. The crash made by elephants in breaking through such cover resembles the file firing of an infantry brigade, and, when the rhinoceros himself dashes through it, the effect is very grand. Owing to the massive size of his bones the rhinoceros is not easily checked or brought down; but it is a mistake to suppose his skin bullet-proof. A ball in front, at the root of the horn, will sometimes drop him. He seldom charges. The elephant encumbered with a howdah has no chance with a rhinoceros; probably very little with a wild buffaloe.

Page 14. Line 22. (Canto III.)

(29) And infants wing'd, who mirthful throw,
Shafts rose-tipp'd from the nectarous bow.

Kaam Déo, the Cupid of the Hindoo mythology, is thus represented. His bow is the sugar cane, his string is formed of wild bees, and his arrow is tipped with the rose.

Page 20. Line 11. (Canto III.)

- (30) The Brahmuns brought their healing lore,
Their arts, their charms, their countless store,
Herb, root, and gem.

The Brahmuns, or priests, engross the whole science of the Hindoo : his law, his medicine, his divinity, his astrology, and astronomy. Their medicines are often of a questionable character, and rarely selected upon any sound principles of physic. Gems pounded and administered internally are resorted to in extreme cases. It may be supposed that the substitution of a little pounded glass, red or green or white, as may be, is no difficult matter, and if the gem benefit not the patient, it proves of service to the doctor. Their belief in astrology is implicit. Indeed the science, if such we may term it, can scarcely be studied without engendering superstition ; so many are the loop holes of escape from the home thrust of Truth, presented in the balance of the good and evil influences. In this respect it resembles phrenology.

CANTO IV.

Page 25 Line 13. (Canto IV.)

- (31) Sound, sound the Conch.

This is the warlike and the sacred trumpet of the Hindoo, the sound of which makes a faithful Moosulmaun frantic. It is the gigantic kowrie, and known

by the name Sunkh. The Ghubbrs, or Fire-worshippers, seem to have employed the same instrument in their sacred rites. Fatal quarrels sometimes originate in this primitive trumpet. A Hindoo sounds his conch near a Moosulmaun's quarters. The Moosulmaun instantly kills a cow at the Hindoo's door. And the Hindoos kill a pig in the Moosulmaun's Mosque—swords are drawn, and only the interference of armed force can quell the riot. A curious squabble was lately referred to me. A Hindoo and a Moosulmaun quarrelled. "Your oath is the oath of nine pigs," said the Hindoo; "You were fattened on beef!" retorted the Moosulmaun. "The curse of the cow light upon you," replied the Hindoo, endeavoring to bind the Moosulmaun's hands with the rope which was attached to his bullock's horns. "Don't bind me," said the Son of the Faithful, "if you want to bind some one, bind your wife's lover." "Who is my wife's lover?" enquired the Hindoo in a cold sweat, and with sundry shooting pains in the forehead. "If you don't know," said the Muhummedan, "you are the most ignorant man in the village, for the very children can instruct you." At that moment the cow grew restive, and set off at a gallop. The rope flew from the Hindoo's hands and got twisted round his throat, so that he was with difficulty saved from strangulation.

Page 26. Line 11. (Canto IV.)

(32) A Nuthnie to the Presence came.

Nuthnie is the feminine of Nutt. In calling the Nutts the Gipsies of India, little need be added to the descrip-

tion, for their habits are precisely similar. They have no lands, no houses, no settled occupation. Their wealth consists of a few screens of reed gathered in the jungle, and woven by their own hands ; a few pots and pans ; the clothes on their backs ; and the ponies, asses, or bullocks, that carry this furniture from village to village, and are then turned loose to graze in the Ryutt's standing corn. They eat what pleases them ; drink what pleases them ; take what pleases them ; do what pleases them ; go where it pleases them. No man thwarts them ; no man exacts upon them ; no man distrains them for rent or for debt. As they trade without capital, they cannot lose—and their condition shows that they are ever gainers. They have health, strength, food, raiment, liberty. No man who had the choice, would be any thing but a Nutt. Enjoying all the security and luxuries of civilized life, they have yet all the privileges of the most savage nations. In spite of their priggery and some blacker crimes, they are welcome wherever they come :—for their murders are confined to travellers, or persons beyond the circle of their Bhirt or District ; and no wedding nor other festival, whether civil or religious, can be conducted without them. The Ryutt hails them at harvest time ; for they will help him to get in his crops, for a moderate consideration. The children hail them, for their music and their nautches. The young women hail them, because they can read the lines of the hand, and prophecy them their future destiny ; and the young men like the look of the graceful lasses they bring in their train. They are the wrestlers, the dancers, the musicians, the tumblers, the

jugglers, the leaders about of bears and of asses for the whole country. They have no caste. Yet although the women wander about begging in the villages, apart from the other sex, they are not generally reputed unchaste, and the breach of this virtue is visited upon them by the mutilation of nose and ears. They have a language of their own, borrowed from the Hindee. Attempts are still made to find its parallel, in the language of the Gipsies of India; to which the Hindee seems certainly most nearly allied.

Page 31. Line 9. (Canto IV.)

(33) Surmounts her brow the morion crest,
Steel gleams upon her woman's breast.

The morion of Asia is either a close scull cap of iron, around which the turban is folded; or it is a hemispherical cap of fine steel inlaid with gold, terminating above in a spike, and hung at the borders with a cowl of chain armour, which depending on three sides protects the face and back of the throat. The latter kind are generally the work of Isfahaun, made of the finest damask steel, and wrought exquisitely in arabesques of gold. The most ordinary armour is a shirt of mail, worn over a vest of quilted cotton. The coarser kind is formed of iron wire, and would resist neither bullet, arrow, nor dagger. But the finer is a close mesh work of steel, often wrought into patterns by the admixture of silver or brass. The only plate armour I have seen in the East has consisted of a quilted tunic, with oblong plates of inlaid

damask steel, set at wide intervals over the more vital parts. It is obvious, that a spear or a bullet, glancing from one of these plates, would, in all probability, find entrance at one of the unguarded intervals ; and I should presume that this armour was worn over the shirt of mail. I have also seen complete armlets of steel, but never for more than the right arm. The shield is usually of buffalo or rhinoceros hide ; but occasionally of damask steel inlaid with arabesques of gold ; the work apparently of Isfahaun.

A singular breastplate is sometimes made of the scaly shell of the Manis, or ant-cater. It is perfectly sabre proof, but would scarcely resist a matchlock bullet. A shield is also said to be made of the blade-bone of an animal described as resembling the bison, and to have upon the shoulder a broad, and somewhat heart-shaped bone of considerable size. But I have never discovered either the animal, or the truth of this relation. In consequence of the once general practice of wearing chain armour, Persian daggers have ordinarily a fine bayonet point, calculated to wrench the meshes. These meshes would be of little use without the aid of the quilted tunic, with which they are almost impenetrable.

Page 33. Line 14. (Canto IV.)

(34) They lend the ear ;

Organ, unblest, of coward Fear.

To a soldier no phenomenon can be unimportant ; for the fate of battles hangs often upon circumstances,

the most trivial in themselves. And, if it be considered, that it is not the bodies, but the minds, of his foes that are to be overcome in order to a triumph ; every fact throwing light upon the structure of that wondrous organ, the mind—will seem to him of the deepest concernment.

Of the effect of sound upon the mind, all have a general notion. The ear is perhaps that organ of the body through which the soul is accessible to the intensest emotion, whether of pleasure, of pain, of confidence, or of fear. Those Officers of the Indian army who served in the Nepaul war, will remember, with what difficulty they breathed confidence into the hearts of their Sipahis, when the conch and the wild yells of the Goorkhas were multiplied by the echoes of the mountains, as they rushed down to the night attack. Nor do we want instances of the efficacy of a cheer at the moment of encounter in inspiring the cheerers with confidence, and the enemy with dread. The almost disuse of such resource in modern warfare is based upon the sound principle which enjoins silence as essential to order and discipline. Neither an Officer's voice nor the very bugle would be heard by a shouting squadron, and it is therefore only at the very moment of encounter that cheering is, or ought to be, allowed. Too much has been written, too many facts are in the possession of all men, illustrative of the power of sound over the framework of the soul, to render any fresh proofs requisite. But it may be interesting to afford a passing enquiry into the causes of this phenomenon.

Man in his natural condition is a slave alternately to every fresh passion. When I speak of his natural condition, I of course deny him that artificial control which the restraints of even the rudest society of savages affords. Fear assails him, he trembles and he flees; anger possesses him, and his violence is unbounded, but by ruin. Hope whispers, and he believes her wildest promise. Pity, and he is utterly unmanned. The regulation of these excesses constitutes virtue. The medium is reason, or the arranged treasury of experience. Religion is the motion.

Thus aided, he may be master of himself, to the extent of his limited knowledge; but the occurrence of any striking, new phenomenon threatens to overthrow the even temper of his mind. Such phenomena are of rare occurrence in nature. But he has a world besides, peopled with the exaggerated shadows of the material, and with the impersonated attributes of his moral world; and every thing that is unknown is referred to this region of mystery and of power. Objects that address themselves to the visual organs are generally to be apprehended by others of the senses, and thus attain a character of reality, which confines them to the world of matter. But sounds are of another class—we can neither touch, nor see, nor taste, nor smell them. They are not substances, but effects. And as every effect must have its cause, sounds that are not familiar to experience are at once referred by the mind to that world of mystery and power, of which we have above spoken. It is in presence only of the phantoms of this

shadowy region, that man's passions of hope and fear and delight have room to expatiate. The littleness of the world around him soon abates the intensity of all emotions originating or ending there. But he is still alive to the sweet breathing of music. He is still fired by the clarion of the trumpet. His heart still throbs quicker to any unwonted sound. We do not mean to say that a long process of reasoning precedes the effect of sound upon his soul. Man is a curious clock-work that once wound up and set, continues intuitively to produce results, that originated in reason and design ; even as his hand runs over the notes of the piano, without any effort of reason or of memory, that can make itself perceptible to the mind. The power then of sound over the framework of the soul seems to consist of its intimate association with the host of memories and fancies, those of the past and material ; these of the ideal world. The Bengal Sipahi when he first heard the midnight yells of the Goorkhas attributed them to the demons, with whom his fancy has peopled those mountains—and he trembled. Afterwards, he found the Goorkha a worse foe than the demon, and he trembled from another cause, or from the interblending of the two. Any wild and unaccustomed sound, heard at a moment when the heart is mustering up its utmost nerve, will disconcert, if not paralyse it, because it apprehends some undefined danger, with which it is impossible for it to measure its strength.

But with regard to the effect of a cheer, at the moment of conflict, other reasons are apparent. The

cheerer hears his own voice, which in itself is always some support. He hears also the voices of hundreds of his comrades. They remind him that he is not alone ; that numbers are striking with him in the same cause. The enemy hears these symptoms of unanimity with other feelings. He argues also, confidence from the boldness of the sound. The courage of the multitude is a treacherous confidence, that supplies itself from the apparent need of an antagonist. A symptom of fear in a foe, makes a hero of a gander. But confidence, which argues a sense of superior power and resources, has a precisely contrary effect.

After all it may be asked, what business have these observations in a note ? Notes, not forming any necessary portion of a Poem, may, I presume, contain every species of matter, which the reader will peruse or pass over, at his pleasure.

Page 35. Line 14. (Canto IV.)

(35) None of thine iron sons, Afghaun,
May mate the Ghiljie, Roostum Khaun.

The Ghiljies who dwell in the parts about Ghuznie, are generally recognized by the Afghauns as one of their own tribes : a fact, which I have often been tempted to doubt. The name is Toorkish, so was the first independent sovereign of Ghuznie, the founder of the Door-aunie empire, Subbuctageen, father of Mahmood. Now it is a singular fact, that the Ghiljies are almost always opposed to any form of government set up by other Afghauns, and that they exceed all other tribes in bravery

and independence. The question is, may they not be descendants of the Toorkish troops brought by Subbuctageen from Bokhara to Ghuznie. The extremely popular character of their first monarch would easily have reconciled the Afghauns to his immediate followers, who were of the same religion and habits as themselves: and inter-marriage with Afghauns would gradually have effaced the differences in physiognomy. I have never been in the Ghiljie country, and therefore know not whether they differ in the latter respect from other Afghauns. If we consider that the Pooshtoo has no written character, and that the historical records of the Afghauns commence with Subbuctageen, the want of record of such a fact as I am supposing, will not appear a formidable difficulty.

It has been my practice hitherto to devote the concluding Note of every tale founded upon tradition to a succinct recital of the tradition itself, and my reasons are I think valid. I feel especially tempted to the course in the present instance, because I have admitted, with perhaps little taste, parts of the tradition belonging to this tale, which more leisure might have led me to exclude.

Chehbee Singh, a Rajpootre, or T'hakoor Prince of Maachil family, was, about 150 years ago, Raja of a forest tract bordering the river Sarduh, and had for his capital the city of Kanp. He was of a proud and fearless spirit, delighting in every species of enterprise, and existing only in peril. Although the Muhummedans had wrested from the grasp of his fathers all their territorial possessions, excepting a single belt of

forest land, yet there were, for the gay and reckless spirit of Chehbee Singh, attractions in the magnificent Mogul Court of Delhi, which his virtue could not resist. The beauty of his person, the grace of his manner, his courage and address frequently displayed before the Emperor, so won his heart, that he bestowed upon him the epithet, "Bayta Chehbee Khaun"—literally, "the beautiful Lord my Son." This title, instead of being rejected with scorn, was borne ostentatiously by the Raja : who from mingling with Muhummedans soon lost the spirit of enmity that had hitherto preserved his race from annihilation.

With these new dispositions, he heard the fame of a young maiden, daughter of a Moosulmaun gentleman of Powync, a neighboring district. He heard also that she was most closely and vigilantly secluded. The difficulty was all he needed to stimulate him to the enterprize. He scaled the walls, saw the maiden, prevailed with her, and carried her by night on his steed, to his palace at Kanp.

The Raja, who now styled himself Chehbee Khaun, was fond of practising with ball from the roof of his palace. One evening a peacock settled upon a neighboring goollur tree. The Raja shot it, as he supposed, and sent a man to bring it him. The servant climbed the tree, but the instant his right hand touched the peacock it fell from his shoulder. He tried with the left hand, which shared a like fate. He would then have seized it with his teeth, but his head fell to the ground, and his lifeless carcass soon followed. A Bhoote (demon) had assumed the form of a peacock.

Chehbee Khaun greatly incensed, attacked the Demon sword in hand ; and these minor spirits being subject to him who fears them not—he brought the Demon to bay, and insisted upon reparation.

“ What reparation ? ”

“ You must restore the life you have taken.”

“ I can indeed destroy, but only one can create.”

“ Then you must supply to the deceased’s family the head they have lost.”

The Demon consented, upon condition that he should be released the instant his presence became known, at the same time promising not to reveal the mystery without urgent cause.

Accordingly the Demon assuming the form of the deceased, dwelt happily and productively with his widow several years. The widow, however, had a temper of her own, and being sole cook had a trick of winning her own way, by putting the commons under arrest, like a shc Oliver. Two days the poor Demon bore this with infinite patience. The third evening having returned home from the plough, weary and hungry, he found a scolding wife, but alas no smoking chimney. Instead of the latter, a most savory smell of dinner came in a cloud of vapour over the roof next door, curling about his nostrils in a truly tantalizing manner—for Luckie Mytie had just prepared a savory Karie, and was calling her gude man to eat his fill ere she and the brood should fall too.

But imagine the horror of Mytie, when there descended, it seemed from the skies, a long, lean, scraggy, ill

favoured hand, that had evidently been a boner all its life; and deliberately emptying the Karie upon the pile of flat bread beside her, as deliberately boned the entire mess. Anger and horror struggled awhile for mastery; but when she perceived that the elbow of this unconscionable hand rested upon her own roof,—the rest of the member being, for aught she knew, at Jericho,—her anger was swallowed up in fear.

From a circumstance so trifling the news was blazed from mouth to mouth, that Mytie's next door neighbour kept a tame bogle, skilful as any lawyer in conveyances. The Demon finding his presence was discovered, walked his chinks, and left his disconsolate widow to lament the loss of those convenient fingers.

Another night in winter, the Raja held durbar. Various instances of bravery were narrated, but the Raja objected to all. One had sprung from love; another from hatred; a third from thirst of fame; a fourth from blindness to danger. "If any of you here would display his valour, let him alone retire to that spot in the wild, where the Páгур tree stretches over the left bank of the river; let him plunge and swim the stream. Entangled in the roots he will find the lifeless body of a man: let him bring it hither to our presence."

A profound silence followed the Raja's challenge. All were overawed. At length one, who had spoken little that evening, came forward, and said, that he had waited for wiser and braver to speak: but finding all silent, was ready to undertake the emprise.

No sooner had he left the hall, than the Raja gaining

the river by a shorter route, proceeded swiftly to the appointed spot, and swimming the stream of the Chowka hid himself in the sedges close to the corse which was entangled in the roots of the tree. He had not waited long, when he perceived a dark form on the farther bank—soon after heard a plunge, and perceived the swimmer approaching. The swimmer paused, and whilst with one hand he made head against the current, with the other seized the right hand of the corse. At that instant a hoarse gurgling voice muttered, “Not that hand. I can’t spare that.”

“Well, then,” replied the swimmer, “give me the other.”

He accordingly dropped the right, and seized the left.

“If you value the peace of my soul,” said the same gurgling voice, “let go that hand.”

The T’hakoor dropped the left hand, and seizing the long hair of the corse, towed him by it to the farther shore. When he reached the palace with his terrible burthen, the Raja met him there and embraced him, relating to the astonished audience the whole incident, and proclaiming the swimmer the bravest man he had ever known.

Not long after this, the Raja of Manickpore caught some tame fish in the river Sarduh, which Chehbec Khaun used to feed in the Chowka. The Raja intending to eat them, was counselled by a Bhaht to forbear. He would not listen to advice. Chehbee Singh levied an army, and setting at their head the man whose courage he had approved, gained a complete victory over the presumptuous fish-eater.

We have seen that Chehbee Khaun selected his bride from a race to whom his fathers owed all their misfortunes: a race with whom it was pollution for a Rajpootre to intermix. Her beauty and grace could not long chain his restless spirit. He discovered amidst the recesses of the forest a young Gudnie, and the peril encountered in meeting her, at the expence of a midnight ride through that most deadly forest, kept alive the flame. The Gudnies are a race of foresters of Muhummadan persuasion—so that Chehbee Khaun was again transgressing the sacred institutes of his religion.

He had left his paramour, and was galloping back to Kánp, when on reaching a large Pàqur tree bordering the river, he saw to his astonishment a small but most brilliant camp, in a spot which a few hours previously was a portion of the wilderness. He pulled up in surprise. A groom ran to hold his horse. He dismounted, and was led by ushers to the principal pavilion where he found twelve noblemen seated in a circle. They were men of majestic presence, with long flowing beards, and robes the most costly. They welcomed him as Chehbee *Khaun*, and begged him to be seated. Instantly the cloth was spread, and covers were set before the guests. When the Raja's cover was removed, there appeared beneath it, in a napkin, a ghastly human head.

Chehbee Singh was astounded, but it was only for an instant. Rising and drawing his blade, he assailed his barbarous entertainers. They fled from his presence. The pomp, the display, vanished. He stood alone upon the wild. He looked around for his steed. A group of

horses exactly similar in appearance stood nigh. He examined them in turn. Each was the exact counter part of his own. He feared to mount a demon. A sudden thought struck him. His horse was fed upon sweet spices. He examined the breath of all, and by this means detected his own. He mounted, and galloped to Kanp, but his liver was cut, and he died that night, vomiting blood.

Meanwhile a Nuttnie (or wandering female minstrel) singing before the Emperor of Dehlee,—probably a successor of Chehbee Khaun's patron,—praised the young hero in such lavish terms, preferring him to all warriors past and present, that the Emperor was inflamed with jealousy, and sent an army against him. This army reached Kanp just as the Raja had expired, and of course it counted upon meeting no resistance. But the young widow, variously reported in the tradition as a Muhammadan or a Rajpootnie, rallying the Maachil troops, sallied forth upon the enemy and repulsed them with great loss. In this action 500 only sons of the Rajpootres say some, 700 say others, were left dead on the field. The Queen placing herself at the head of the widows of these proceeded to the field on which 500 funeral piles had been reared—and burned herself with the body of Chehbee Singh. It is generally believed that each pile was furnished with a mine of gunpowder. The tombs still remain upon the forest ground. But they are dwindled in number. They are the only evidence that a city once flourished in this wild.

I have, for obvious reasons, preferred following the tradition which makes the heroic widow and the Rohilla

bride the same person. Several names will be found very deficient in euphony. There is always some reason for preserving these. Chehbee Singh, miserably as it sounds in English ears, signifies the Beautiful Lion, and is so inseparable from the tradition, that it could not be sacrificed. Teekoo Singh (the Lion of Reliance) was the name of one of the handsomest old men I have seen in India, one of the ancient landholders of the district to which this tradition belongs. In like manner Bussunt Kalie, which occurs in the "Lotus Walker," is the name of a very beautiful and celebrated female elephant belonging to the Ranie of Powyne, also of that district.

Although the outward ceremonial of the Suttee, from frequent description, has become familiar to most persons, we think the following account of the words employed in, and of the hopes based, upon, the performance of this rite, may be acceptable to those who do not possess the Asiatic Journal, from the 4th vol. of which it is abstracted. The paper is by Henry Colebrooke, Esq. That, in inverted commas is translated from the sacred books of the Hindoo.

" Having first bathed, the widow, dressed in two clean
 " garments, and holding some cùsa grass, sips water from
 " the palm of her hand. Bearing cùsa and sesame on
 " her hand, she looks toward the East or North, while
 " the Brahmun utters the mystic word, Aom.* Bowing
 " to Narayana ' she next declares. On this month, I (nam-
 " ' ing herself and family) that I may meet Arundhati and

* Aom signifies the Hindoo Trinity—A, the Creator ; O, the Preserver, M, the Destroyer—Brahma, Vyshnoo, Sheeva.

“ ‘ reside in Swerga (paradise) ; that the years of my stay
 “ ‘ may be numerous as the hairs of the human body ;
 “ ‘ that I may enjoy with my husband the felicity of
 “ ‘ Heaven, and sanctify my paternal and maternal pro-
 “ ‘ genitors ; and the ancestry of my husband’s fa-
 “ ‘ ther : that lauded by the Apsarases (अप्सरसा) I may
 “ ‘ be happy with my Lord through the reigns of fourteen
 “ ‘ Indras ; that expiation be made for my husband’s
 “ ‘ offences, whether he has killed a Brahmun, bro-
 “ ‘ ken the ties of gratitude, or murdered his friend,—
 “ ‘ thus I ascend my husband’s burning pile. I call on
 “ ‘ you, ye guardians of the eight regions of the World,
 “ ‘ Sun and Moon ! Air, Fire, Æther, Earth and Water !
 “ ‘ My own Soul ! Yāmā ! Day, Night, Twilight ! And
 “ ‘ thou Conscience bear witness, I follow my husband’s
 “ ‘ corpse on the funeral pile !’

“ Having thus repeated the Sancalpa she walks thrice
 “ around the pile, and the Brahmun utters the following
 “ texts :—

“ Aom ! Let these women, not to be widowed, good
 “ wives, adorned with collyrium, holding unguents, con-
 “ sign themselves to the fire. Immortal, not childless,
 “ nor husbandless, excellent ; let them pass into fire,
 “ whose original element is water.

“ Aom ! Let these wives, pure, beautiful, commit
 “ themselves to the fire, with their husband’s corpse.

“ With this benediction, and uttering the mystic
 “ Namò Namah, she ascends the flaming pile.

“ During these ceremonies, the son, or nearest of kin,
 “ applies the first torch to the pyre.

“ The wife who commits herself to the flames with
“ her husband's corpse, shall equal Arundhati, and reside
“ in Swarga (paradise).”

“ Accompanying her husband she shall reside so long
“ in Swarga as are the thirty-five millions of hairs on
“ the human body.

“ As the Snake-catcher forcibly drags the Serpent
“ from his earth ; so, bearing her husband from Hell,
“ with him she shall enjoy heavenly bliss.

“ Dying with her husband, she sanctifies her maternal
“ and paternal ancestors, and the ancestry of him, to
“ whom she gave her virginity.

“ Such a wife, adoring her husband, in celestial feli-
“ city with him, greatest, most admired, with him shall
“ enjoy the delights of Heaven, while fourteen Indras
“ reign.

“ Though her husband had killed a Brahmun, broken
“ the ties of gratitude, or murdered his friend, she ex-
“ piates the crime.”

“ Whilst the pile is in preparation, tell the faithful
“ wife, of the greatest duty of a woman. *She* is loyal and
“ pure, who burns herself with her husband's corpse.
“ Hearing this, fortified in her resolution, and full of
“ affection, she completes the fiery sacrifice, and ascends
“ to Swarga.

She has the alternative “ on the death of her husband
“ to live as a Bruhmahchare, or commit herself to the
“ flames.”

In the former case—“ The widow shall never exceed
“ one meal a day, nor sleep on a bed ; otherwise

“ her husband falls from Swarga. She shall eat no
 “ other than simple food, and shall daily offer the tur-
 “ pana, of cùsa, sesame, and water. In certain months
 “ she shall exceed the usual duties of ablution, alms, and
 “ pilgrimage, and often use the name of God in prayer.

“ Though the husband died unhappy by the disobe-
 “ dience of his wife ; if from motives of love, disgust of
 “ the world, fear of living unprotected, or sorrow, she
 “ commit herself to the flames, she is entitled to vene-
 “ ration.

“ She who has an infant child, or is pregnant, or whose
 “ pregnancy is doubtful, or who is unclean, may not, O !
 “ Princess, ascend the funeral pile. So said Nàreda to
 “ the mother of Sagara.

“ The mother of an infant shall not relinquish the
 “ care of her child to ascend the pile, unless her child
 “ can be otherwise cared for.

“ When the husband dies in a distant land, the wife
 ascends the pile, bearing her husband's sandals, or any
 other article of his property.”

A widow desirous to perform Sutteç is required to
 give some token of her fortitude, and she cannot recede,
 after the commencement of the ceremony.

“ Adorned with all jewels, decked with minium and
 “ other customary ornaments, with the box of minium in
 “ her hand, having made adoration to the Dèvātās,
 “ thus reflecting *that life is nought ; my Lord and*
 “ *master to me was all* ; she walks round the burning
 “ pile. She bestows jewels on the Brahmuns, comforts
 “ her relations, and shows her friends the attentions of

“ civility ; while calling the sun and elements to witness,
“ she distributes minium at pleasure : and having re-
“ peated the Sancalpa (or invocation) proceeds into the
“ flames, there embracing the corpse, she abandons her-
“ self to the fire, calling ‘ Suttia, Suttia’.

“ ‘The by-standers throw on butter and wood. For
“ this they acquire merit exceeding ten million fold, the
“ merit of an Aswamedha, or other great sacrifice. Even
“ they who join the procession, are, for every step, re-
“ warded as for an Aswamedha.”

Here ends the extract. Certainly the rite has been cunningly recommended by every motive that can powerfully actuate the heart. Can we wonder at a mind, in the first hour of its bereavement, yielding to the most powerful of appeals to honor, conscience, parental, conjugal love ? Self-devotion, above all the feverish awe in which the Hindoo holds the opinion of neighbors and fellows. One of the strongest traits in the institution of this rite, is the utter selfishness of the originators. They were men, and it is very evident that woman had no voice in the matter. It secured from others a possession no longer of use to *themselves*. And it was a cheap method of purging out their own sins, and of purchasing at others’ cost their own salvation. We may also be struck by the solemnity of this rite, one of the most affecting in the world. Little mummary has been mixed up with it. The woman is adorned in her richest jewels ; she adores the self-existent Deity. She invokes the elemental powers. Heaven, Hell, her soul, her conscience—witness that

she prefers this fiery death, and reunion to her beloved, to all the world can offer without him. She thrice circles the pile with slow step and dishevelled hair ; the hand of her own son supplies the fire. She mounts the flaming altar, embraces the corse of her husband, and is consumed.

Page 48. Line 15. (Canto IV.)

Doorgah, dreadful Queen of Slaughter.

As this Deity has been frequently mentioned in the text, it may not be amiss to extract from the *Asiatic Journal*, the most fearful of her rites : a sacrifice to which perhaps no other written language than the Sanscrit contains the injunction. The paper is a translation by W. C. Blaquiere, Esq. of the Rudiradhyaya, or Sanguinary chapter of the Khlika Poorahn. The entire paper is full of interest, but we have leisure only for the following :—

Doorgah (difficult of access), called also Mītā (*the mother*). Dèvi (*the goddess*) Kalie, (Time) Bhawanie, Parvatie, (mountain born) is the wife of Sheevah, the destroyer ; is the goddess of death and disease, of procreation and of life, and one of the powers of her lord as god of nature. The paper we are about to quote, after detailing the rites of various sacrifices, as that of the horse, the lion, the buffalo, the antelope, proceeds.—

“ Now, attend to the particulars, relative to the offering of human blood.

“ Let a human victim be sacrificed at a place of holy worship—or at a cemetery, where dead bodies are

“ buried. Let the oblation be in that part of the cemetery,
“ called Heruka, or at a temple of Kāmā khyā, or on
“ a mountain. Now attend to the mode.

“ ‘The cemetery represents me (Sheev, the destroyer,)
“ and is called Bhairava. It has also a part, called
“ Tuntrangah. The cemetery must be separated into
“ these two divisions, also one called Heruka.

“ The human victim is to be immolated in the east
“ division, sacred to Bhairava: the head is to be present-
“ ed in the south division or place of skulls, sacred to
“ Bhairavi; and the blood is to be presented in the
“ west division, denominated Heruka.

“ Having immolated a human victim, with all requisite
“ ceremonies, at a cemetery or holy place, let the sacri-
“ ficer be cautious not to cast* eyes upon the victim.

“ On other occasions, also, let not the sacrificer cast
“ eyes upon the victim immolated, but present the head
“ with eyes averted.

“ The victim must be a person of good appearance;
“ and be prepared by ablution and requisite ceremonies,
“ such as eating consecrated food the day before, and by
“ abstinence from flesh, &c., and must be adorned with
“ chaplets of flowers, and be smeared with santal wood.

“ Then causing the victim to face the north, let the
“ sacrificer worship the several deities presiding over the
“ different parts of the victim’s body. Let the worship
“ be then paid to the victim himself by name.

* This, say the T’hugs, who are high priests of the goddess of Death, is ordained, lest they see Doorgah, who then comes, naked, to devour the victim, and never forgives him who has seen her in *deshabille*.

“ Let him worship Brahma, in the victim’s Brahma
 “ Rhandra (i. e. cavity in the scull, where the suture
 “ coronalis and sagittalis meet. It is done by casting
 “ a flower there, and saying, Salutation to Brahma.)
 “ Let him worship the earth in his nose, saying Me-
 “ dinyaih Namah ; Sarvata Muc’ha (regents of speech.)
 “ The different species of light in his eyes, and Vishnu
 “ in his mouth. Let him worship the moon on his fore-
 “ head ; Indra, on his right cheek ; Fire, on his left cheek ;
 “ Death, on his throat ; at the tips of his hair, the Re-
 “ gent of the S. West quarter ; Verma between his eye-
 “ brows ; on the bridge of the nose let him adore the
 “ wind ; on the shoulders, Dhunèswara (God of riches) ;
 “ then worshipping the Surpa Raja (King of Serpents)
 “ on the stomach of his victim, let him pronounce the
 “ following Muntra :—

“ O ! best of men ! O ! most auspicious ! O ! thou
 “ who art an assemblage of all the deities, and most ex-
 “ quisite ! bestow thy protection on me ; save me, thy
 “ devoted ! save my sons, my cattle, and kindred. Pre-
 “ serve the state ! the ministers belonging to it, and
 “ all friends ; and as death is unavoidable, part with life,
 “ doing an act of benevolence. Bestow on me, O ! most
 “ auspicious, the bliss, obtained by the most austere
 “ devotion ; by acts of charity, and performance of reli-
 “ gious ceremonies ; and at the same time, O ! most ex-
 “ cellent, attain supreme bliss thyself. May thy aus-
 “ pices, O ! most auspicious, secure me from Ràcshalas,
 “ Pisachos, terrors, serpents, bad princes, enemies, and
 “ other evils—and, death being inevitable, charm Bhà-

“ gavati in thy last moments, by copious streams of
 “ blood, spouting from the arteries of thy fleshy neck !

“ Thus let the sacrificer, worship the victim, adding
 “ whatever other texts are applicable to the occasion, and
 “ have been before mentioned. When this has been
 “ done, O ! my children,* the victim is even as myself,
 “ and the guardian deities of the ten quarters take place
 “ in him. Then Bráhma and all the other deities as-
 “ semble in the victim ; and be he ever so great a sinner,
 “ he becomes pure from sin ; and *when* pure, his blood
 “ changes to ambrosia, and he gains the love of Maha-
 “ Deve, the Goddess of the Yôg Niddrà (i. e. repose of
 “ mind from abstraction of ideas), who is the Goddess
 “ of the whole universe, the very universe itself. He
 “ does not return, for a considerable length of time, in
 “ the human form : but becomes a ruler of the Gunna
 “ Dèotaks, and is much respected by me myself, &c.

“ Now listen to the good and bad omens, to be drawn
 “ from the falling of the head, when severed from the
 “ body.

“ If it fall to the N. East or S. West, the prince of the
 “ country, and offerer of the sacrifice will both perish.

“ If the human head, when severed from the body, fall
 “ in the following quarters, the following omens are to
 “ be drawn.

“ If in the East, wealth ; if in the S. West, power ; if
 “ in the South, terror ; if in the West, profit ; if in the
 “ N. West, a son : if in the North, riches.

* Sheev is still addressing his son.

“ If a noise proceed from the chattering of the teeth
“ of the victim’s severed head, or snapping of the beak,
“ it indicates alarm. If tears proceed from the eyes of
“ the human victim’s severed head, it indicates destruc-
“ tion to the prince.

“ If the severed head of a human victim smile, it indi-
“ cates increase of prosperity, and long life to the sacri-
“ ficer, without doubt ; and if it speak, whatever it says,
“ will come to pass.

“ If the sound Hoonh proceed from the human victim’s
“ severed head, it indicates that the prince will die : if
“ phlegm, that the sacrificer will die. If the head utter
“ the name of a deity, it indicates wealth to the sacri-
“ ficer, within six months.

“ If the victim kick with his left leg, it indicates evil ;
“ but a motion of the legs in any other mode, indicates
“ prosperity.

“ The sacrificer must take some blood between his
“ thumb and third finger and discharge it toward the
“ South west, on the ground, as an offering to the
“ deities, accompanied by the Maha Kawsici Mun-
“ tra.

“ Let the victim offered to Dève, if a buffaloe, be five
“ years old ; and if human twenty-five.

“ Let the Kawsici Muntra, Hail Kawsici, three-eyed
“ goddess, of most terrifying aspect, around whose neck
“ a string of human skulls is pendant ; who art des-
“ troyer of evil spirits ; who art armed with an axe, the
“ foot of a bed and a spear, Rhing Kawsici ! Salutation
“ to thee,” with this blood ! Let this be uttered, and let

“ the sacrificer say “ Esha bulli Sevaha,” mysterious
“ praise to this victim.

“ A prince may sacrifice his enemy having first in-
“ voked the axe with holy texts, by substituting a
“ buffalo or goat, calling the victim by the name of the
“ enemy, during the ceremony.

“ Let him first say, O ! Goddess of horrid form, O !
“ Chàndica ! Eat, devour such an one; my enemy ! O !
“ Consort of fire, salutation to fire ! This is the enemy,
“ who has done me mischief, now personated by an
“ animal ; destroy him, O ! Mahamari ! Spheng ! spheng,
“ eat ! Devour ! Let him then place flowers upon the
“ victim's head ! The victim's blood must be presented
“ with a text or charm of two syllables.”

In the same manner images are treated as representa-
tives of an enemy devoted to destruction.—*See Vol. 5th*
Asiatic Researches.

Those who have ideas of the Hindoo, as the gentlest
of the human race, sparing every animate existence, may
be startled by this chapter of horrors. But the Hindoo
religion is less known, excepting to oriental scholars,
than that of almost any other sect with whom we mix.
All this revolting ceremonial is a necessary consequence
of the wild dogmas that have been based by the Priest-
hood upon some of the sublimest of truths.

The original religion of the Hindoo, like every ancient
religion of which we have a record, is a pure and sublime
Deism, received, there can be little doubt, from the great
first Father of the human race, and by him, direct from
Heaven, with Reason his distinctive attribute. This

would probably continue the traditional belief of his descendants so long as they followed a pastoral life, and all minds subjected to precisely similar discipline, were in a similar state as to culture. But when men became settled as tillers of the soil ; when wealth no longer consisted in accumulated flocks and herds, but in wide lands ; and in hoarded bullion ; when commerce became necessary for the disposal of superfluous grain, and with the tide of commerce new ideas flowed in upon the land ; when the leisure afforded by affluence and settled habits, operating with the restless energy of the mind, begat a class of men whose employment was the arrangement of others' ideas, and the enrichment of the foreign stock from their own mental treasures ; then knowledge became monopoly, the superiority it confers an acknowledged standard of classification. The poor were confined to narrow circles of the earth, and the freedom of their minds was fettered by mechanical drudgery. They no longer mixed with all the various members of society upon the equal footing of fellow creatures, but were confined to the converse of minds darkened by the same drudgery. Physical disease was begotten, and mental sterility was propagated. Traditions were lost, and the poor were contented to receive their religion, from the rich and the learned. These, swelling with their own importance, were no longer contented with those old and sublime traditions by which all were placed on the same footing as sons of one Father, the equal workmanship of one God. They assumed the title of saints or favorites of Heaven, predestined from

eternity to rights denied to fellow mortals, by the free will of the Most High. They were the colonists of those early ages, and in order for ever to separate themselves from the pretensions of others their brethren, they deduced their lineage from a higher source, deified their great progenitor, and struck with the absurdity of a multiplicity of Godheads, which their sublime traditions denied, assumed that the Supreme manifested himself on earth in the impersonations of his three great attributes of Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. This point attained, the descent from a pure Deism, (so like that delivered by Moses, that we can scarcely doubt their common origin) to a plurality of Deities and Demi-Gods, became natural and inevitable; and as to none of these were allowed the attributes of the Most High, the tradition of which their early acquaintance with letters had rescued from oblivion; it followed that the whole Host were mere forms or powers of the one Al-wise and Al-perfect Spirit of the Universe. Upon this basis was easily and naturally erected that singular and mystic system, which extends the same law of existence from Demi-gods to men; from men to the subordinate creation; and hence, by a similar process of argument, all existence became the Deity. All material substances, a mere delusion of the mind. Life was a dream, the Universe a vision. God alone was truth, and all things true were God. The mind awed by consideration of the mighty attributes of the Most High, gladly embraced the idea of intercession. Shuddering to appear in all its littleness before the tremendous Majesty of Heaven, whose

perfect love was not revealed to them, they degraded his perfections to meet the acquisitions of their own littleness, until Man became God, and God, Man; and rational creatures scrupled not to apply to fellow mortals, all the attributes and the worship of the Highest.

Hence that enormous system of sublime absurdity, in which the Brahmun of later days became involved. Heaven had at an earlier period been assigned in their sacred books as the reward of virtue. But since Man was God, and the Godhead could not sin; it followed that sin and virtue were equally but parts of the system of Maya or Delusion, in which the Godhead as Man was involved. And since the Supreme Spirit was exempt from passion, it followed that he most nearly approached the Divine character who had divested himself of the attribute of a lower state of existence. Hence virtue became sin, equally with crime; and the rite of *Tāpāsā*, or *Tapasia*, was instituted, in which the Devotee sought to abstract soul and body from all that belonged to finite existence, that his spirit—that wave from the immeasured ocean of Divine Perfection—might flow back upon its source, and be absorbed in the Deity.

Hence, as we have seen in our extract from the *Asiatic Researches*, the offerer worshipped, ere he slew his victim; and the mind which had erred by dwelling upon the Divine attributes until Nature became delusion, and Matter a vision; grovelled in the belief that the personifications of God's higher attributes, could be culled by adulation from heaven, to fill the human or bestial body devoted to the knife.

When we go back to the source of this system of ethics, we find the chain unbroken in its extent; link clasping link; deduction inevitably following deduction; until we reach the beginning. There we discover the grand error. A refinement upon that sound philosophical principle which admits of no unnecessary axiom, but leaves its structures on the fewest possible acknowledged facts. The system of Newton, and the system of the Brahmuns differ but in this,—that whilst Newton allowed as axioms all that was universally accepted as true by the senses, the Brahmuns confined themselves to the single fact—that, of the perfections and power of the great final Cause. They rejected his revelation in the Book of Nature, to confine themselves wholly to the volume of inspiration; an error practically as common amongst other sects, as it ever was amongst the Brahmuns. They neglected to compare the two equally inspired texts, by the reason given them for the purpose; and fell, through that false philosophy, which under the recommendation of Religion will receive the most enormous absurdities, degrade faith into the abandonment of God's most precious gift—their reason; and account it crime ever to go back for an examination of the sources from whence this mingled stream of truth and error flows down upon their minds.

This is the great drawback to the advance of the human mind in knowledge, toward perfection. Man has but a few days given him to prepare himself for a higher state, and for the company of angels. The sense of this, instead of inspiring him to turn enjoyment, pain,

thought, existence, into a system of mental culture ; too often leads him to plunge into folly, or to shut up his heart and soul against the beauteous world around him, and the sweet voices, which on every side win him, through enjoyment and love, to the full beatitude of Heaven, counting this munificent provision as sin, because it is Maya or transitory, and vainly endeavouring by Tapasa, or penance, to attain a state of being that unfits him for his post on earth. Happily, the later volume of Revelation, being more full and explicit, than that delivered to our Sires of old, preserves him from many of the absurdities of the Brahmuns ; if it save him not from the self-righteous and exclusive spirit, which characterises their singular system.

SONGS OF THE EXILE,

AND

FRAGMENTS.

SONGS OF THE EXILE.

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Songs of the Exile.

PREFACE.

Several of the following pieces have, in whole, or in part, been presented to the Public, at a time when there was no probability of the author finding leisure for their collection into a series. The tone of all is sad ; and, it is feared, this may give a sameness to their character. But they are what they profess to be, effusions of a mind pining in banishment—sounds of an instrument, of which only the mournful chord was left. They bear also marks of long and deep solitude ; protracted beyond those bounds which are healthful or beneficial. It is difficult, perhaps, for an exile, to treat of the memories of the past, with any but melancholy feelings ; especially when the future offers little hope or prospect of a renewal of the spring season of the heart. But there are some, who,

like the author, have found enjoyment in contemplating the bright regions of early fancy through an atmosphere shadowed with regret : and to such, these trifles are particularly addressed.

It has been the author's lot, since, to enter upon more active duties, and at times to enjoy the refreshment of social intercourse, and even the blessing of his country and his home. His harp has been furnished with fresh strings, and his spirit has laughed in the triumph of delight ; yet even now, should one tone of lightness or of mirth be awakened, when the theme is of the past or of his Native Land ; his judgment would reproach him for profaning a subject, which dwells with his childhood's tears in the deepest recesses of the heart.

June 13th 1842.

TO MIRWARRIE.

As the chill of despondency shadows my breast,
 I look back on the days that are gone, [blest,
 When each grief had its balm, and each joy was thrice
 And *two* bosoms were blended in one.

For *we* grew not, my Sister, as others have grown,
 Twin buds, whom stern Nature's decree
 Hath combin'd on one stem, in appearance alone,
 While their hearts remain single and free.

No!—the blest bond of Nature was never so dear,
 Nor the chord of accordance so sweet,
 As was proved in contracting and closing the sphere
 Where *our* souls were to mingle and meet.

For, what was the life of my childish delight ?
 Oh—was it not centr'd in *thee* ?
 And knew'st thou a bliss, so engaging, so bright,
 As to bless, till partaken with *me* ?

No—never was Echo more true to the note
 Stealing, lightly, her slumber away ;
 Nor the star in the lake, to the planet remote,
 Hanging o'er it with fondest delay ;

Nor the deep-toned response of emotion intense,
 To thy touch, when it wooes, but to bless
 The chords, that seem hanging in trembling suspense
 To welcome each gentle caress ;

Than the soul of my Sister was true to the love
Which repos'd like an infant at rest,
(When secure in the clasp that affection has wove)
On thine artless—thine innocent breast.

Oh !—doubly an Exile, since sever'd from thee,
The wilderness blossoms no more !
'Tis the fitting abode of the tameless and free ;
But my heart *lov'd* the fetters it wore !

The gentle gazelle, with her large, mournful eye,
Gleaming sad, in the midst of delight,
May love, o'er its sands, with the whirlwind to vie,
For *her* partner still lingers in sight.

But had she a *Sister's* affection e'er known,
The endearment of answering minds ;
How sad would she wander that drear waste alone,
'Mid the strife of the still warring winds.

For 'tis hard for two hearts, that have grown up in love,
Till their roots are inwoven and twin'd,
To survive the stern wrench, that would seek to remove,
Or the shock that would seek to unbind

Together they flourish'd—together they fed
At the same desert fountain—and all
Their leaves to the same sunny promise they spread :
Together—together they fall !

Mhow, May, 1842.

TO SOLITUDE.

I've loved thee on Britannia's western coast,
 I've loved thee, bounding o'er th' Atlantic wave,
 When home, and friends, and all but thou were lost,
 And love's young hopes lay buried in the grave!

I've walked with thee the Ganges' mighty tide,
 Have sought and found thee on his woody shore :
 And thou, dear Solitude, hast been a bride,
 Still woo'd, still lov'd, still cherish'd more and more.

I've roam'd with thee the mountains of the East ;
 With thee have climbed their pinnacles of dread ;
 And there reclin'd with thee, my soul to feast
 On struggling thoughts, too mighty to be read.

For there thou lovest best thy couch to spread
 On heights, too giddy for the mountain deer ;
 Above the Eagle's scream, the lightning's tread,
 The sullen thunder's cloud-compacted lair !

I've found thee in the palace of the tomb,*
 The marble shrine of death, and deathless love :
 Within that costly vault's sepulchral gloom,
 The jasmin garlands, drooping from above,

* The Taz, or Taj M'hhl, or Tomb of Moomtaza, the chosen of Shah Jahaun, at Agra. The name of this building is variously interpreted. The most probable interpretation makes it Taj Mhhl the crown palace ;—from its peculiar figure of a crown ; the most poetical, Moomtaz Mhhl, the palace of Moomtaza, or the chosen one. Of her who to her royal lover was deathless ; who needed not a Tomb, but a Palace to enshrine her beauty while at rest.

Shed not perfume so costly as thy breath,
 Thro' the still regions of unlock'd repose,
 Nor hallowed so the mysteries of death,
 Those awful mysteries, that none disclose, [flows.
 None of the concourse vast, that wid'ning, deep'ning
Kurnaul, August, 1830.

THE INFANT'S DOOM.

In youth, in health, I saw thee late,
 And life before thee lay,
 With all its wreathen smiles, and weight
 Of care and chill dismay ;
 And hearts were center'd all in thee,
 And hopes, for many an hour unborn ;
 For love *will* hope—and hope will see
 Bud, flower, and dew,—but not the thorn ;
 And who that view'd that joyous brow,
 Could dream a dream of death or woe ?

And now, I see thee cold and pale,
 And friends are weeping nigh ;—
 And still I gaze—yet *cannot* tell
 What means the tearful eye !
 The colour on thy lip is less,
 Thy cheek is paler than before ;—
 But there's a smile of blissfulness
 Thy living features never wore ;

And if those lids be curtain'd close,
Oh ! can we blame such soft repose ?

Had'st thou, young bud, thy leaves put forth,
And, through life's stormy spring,
Surviv'd the tempest's whirling wrath,
The Siroc's blighting wing ;
Oh ! can we say, if, when the chill,
The winter of thy days drew nigh,
That smile, so sweet, had linger'd still,
And triumph'd o'er the agony,
Which shrinking Nature deems must swell
When flesh and spirit bid—" Farewell."

Not such the signet passion sets,
Not such the look benign,
Which dark remorse, or pride begets,
Or Earth-rear'd interests sign :
Nor this the resignation deep
Of heart, by many a sorrow riven ;
But more the blest, unstartled sleep,
Whose folding, peace ; whose wak'ning, heaven ;
The shower-bow of a sun just born,
Whose lingering promise cheers the morn.

How swift, young spirit, was thy wing,
A heavenly goal in view ;
How dull, compar'd with thine, the swing
Our heavier pinions drew !

It is as tho' unplumed, untaught,
To yon blue vault, at once, should soar
The Eaglet, from her eyrie caught,
And earthward leave the wings that bore,
With tenderest care, her first essay
Through the pure ether's pathless way !

Hadst thou been left on Earth, to cheer
The hearts that round thee clung,
Far other sounds would greet thine ear,
Far other strains thy tongue,
Than those which seraphs love to tune,
And listening angels smile to hear,
In that blest land, where sighs are none,
Where sorrow ne'er distill'd a tear ;
And what can Earth's best glory show
From Heav'n to tempt thee back, below !

I've view'd Death in his every form
Of langour and of dread :
Exulting 'mid the battle-storm,
Or when the tide rolled red
At midnight, from the murderer's hand ;
Or when, by stealth, disease had found,
And loos'd the sickening spirit's band,
And slain, without a wound :—
And various are the shapes of death ;
But, ah !—how few resign
The fleeting treasure of their breath
With smile, serene as thine !
Mhow, July, 1831.

THE LAST SMILE.

And wilt *thou* return, when the rest have disown'd me,
 When the gay and the faithless together are flown ;
 And wilt *thou* return, when the crowds that surround me
 Have left me in silence and sorrow alone ?

Oh! wilt thou return, when the bright dreams of morning
 Are fading before the sad herald of Day ;
 When each hope, that is shedding its transient adorning
 O'er the path-way of life, shall have faded away ?

When the freshness the freedom, the buoyance of being,
 Like summer-day glories, have glitter'd and died ;
 And with them each outward attraction is fleeing,
 And truth and devotion are all that abide ?

And wilt thou return, still to prize and to love me,
 When all that the selfish esteem'd, is no more ?
 And will the bright star, that now glistens above me,
 Beam fair on *thy* truth, when its freshness is o'er ?

Tho' friends have deserted, tho' kindred forsaken ;
 Tho' joy, love, and hope, have prov'd traitors to me ;
 Yet come—and that glance shall my spirit awaken,
 One, last smile of peace shall rekindle on *thee*.

Mhow, 1st March, 1832.

A MESSAGE FROM A FAR LAND.

'Tis night—dark, shadowy night—nor yet
 The silvery moon hath drawn her veil;
 'Tis the still hour, when souls forget
 The treacherous waves o'er which they sail,
 And gaze, where lie, like shadows wove
 On memory's film, the shores they love.

But sleep, with all her dewy power,
 Can seldom cheat the exile now ;
 And all too dear this magic hour
 To wreath her chains around his brow ;
 Whilst he may wander, fancy free,
 To home, to love, sweet girl, and thee.

A word of kindness, wandering o'er
 The pathless, waste, unfathom'd deep !
 Oh ! who shall tell how sweetly draw
 Its soft, fond tones, the thoughts that sleep,
 Each in its own dark, mystic cell,
 To meet and mingle with the spell.

The breeze of summer, when it shakes
 A dew-drop from the early rose,
 Or, wandering, wildly woos, and breaks
 The silent lute-string's long repose ;
 Or, murmuring, where the aspen quakes
 On every leaf a voice bestows.

The Summer's soft, reviving sigh,
With all its sounds of love and bliss,
Comes not so fraught with tones that lie
Coil'd up with dreams of happiness,
That speaks of joys, born but to die,
And this, of love that lives for aye.

Oft, when the bleak world's weight of snow
Lies heavy o'er this lonely breast,
And silent burns the spark, and low,
That once could kindle into rest—
And with its soft, assuasive guile,
H. cheat my bosom of a smile ;

This message of a Sister's love
Dissolves, dispels with magic breath,
The deadly weight that broods above,
And fans and feeds the spark beneath
To brighter flame, and hopes that wave
Their deathless incense o'er the grave.

I *have* been young :—a little while,
And I was but a thoughtless child ;
And *then*, it may be, I could smile
As never since this heart hath smil'd :
But age is not in added years ;—
And fair, false hopes, and faithful tears,

Make up the sum :—And mine have been
All Arctic winters, few, but dark ;
Whose snows, unfading, still are seen
Pil'd o'er my brow—and long shall mark
(Still gathering, as I near life's close,)
The Exile's cares—the wanderer's woes !

Mhow, July, 1832.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Yes ! it may be in kindness ye ask me to smile,
And seek, in this gay scene, my heart to beguile ;
But, oh ! could ye witness its drear, blighting tone,
Ye would leave me to wander the dark vault alone.

Go—ask ye the sere leaf what joy it can find
In the smile of the sun's beam or waft of the wind ;
They could once wake the spring tide of life in its veins,
And now, they but mock o'er the wreck that remains.

I refuse not to enter this bright blaze of day ;
'Tis the saddest of haunts—and I *would* not be gay ;
But the dark vault must witness my first smile of peace,
And my first joy have birth, when the last pulse shall
cease.

Oh ! I ask not your pity—I speak not of woe !

E'en grief were a solace, I never must know !

For I *would* not be happy, if bliss were in store, [more.

And the peace, that ye speak of, were welcome no

The sole boon I crave, is the gloom ye would shun ;

My sole wish, to wander, unpitied, alone :

I mourn not, I sigh not,—my tears are unshed, [dead.

But this heart—but this cold heart—is wither'd and

Oh—speak not of love ! 'tis a word that is past ;

A woe, which the dead are exempt from at last ;

And this *hand* ! if a warm pulse yet loathe to depart,

'Tis from dread to revisit the chill, icy heart.

'Tis too cold to deny—'tis too dead to bestow,

'Tis betroth'd to the grave, in the spousals of woe ;

And ye would not despoil the lone worm of his prey,

Nor rend from the bridegroom his young bride away.

The tomb hath an Echo, responsive to mine ;

The dark pall is woven, my bride-robcs to twine ;

The turf hath a freshness, were soothing to rest, [breast.

Could its verdure survive o'er this drear, blighted

Yet—I would not dishearten the young gush of mirth,

Nor the gay smile o'ersadow, that droops at its birth :

I once knew the freedom, their glad echo gave,—

A cold world smil'd o'er them—they sleep in the grave.

Mhow, May, 1832.

THE WOUNDED GAZELLE.

I watch'd her, as she trembling drew
 Her faltering steps along the dell,
 With wounded side, and strength that grew
 More languid as the death-shower fell :
 The wind, upon its fitful swell,
 Bore the pursuer's shout afar ;
 Yet, seem'd she not, that meek Gazelle,
 To heed those sounds of sylvan war :
 Nor strain'd her eye, nor urg'd her flight,
 Nor sought the wood, nor climb'd the height.

She stood upon the streamlet's brim,
 'Twas not her wounds to lave :
 Beside it sank, with tottering limb,
 But not to quaff its wave ;
 The current rippled, careless, by,
 Untouch'd, untasted, tow'rd the sea ;
 It sooth'd, perchance, her dying sigh,
 That free, glad note of liberty ;
 As by its brink she tranquil lay,
 And breath'd, in sobs, her life away.

Her slender limbs, so frail, so fair,
 Are stretch'd in langour now :
 Once had they known that form to bear,
 Like shaft from Scythian bow ;

But deeply had the galling chain
Of bondage, left its impress there—
Oh ! hard the heart that could restrain,
By force, a thing so free, so fair ;
Or gaze, unmov'd, without a sigh,
On that large, beauteous, mournful eye.

'Twas not that lustrous orb, whose glow
Shifts but in force 'mid hope and fear,
And gathers, like the show'ry bow,
Fresh tints of light from every tear ;
It rather seem'd some mirror'd sphere—
Dark, soft, and shadowy—where the soul
Might glass her sorrows, pondering there ;
Thoughts sad, yet sacred, whose controul
Had birth, ere language sprung, to shew
How powerless words—how mighty woe !

It need not that blood-stain'd reed ;
It need not that wounded side ;
Those limbs so scarr'd, now stretch'd to bleed,
'Till death shall staunch the wasting tide ;
To tell how man, in reckless pride
Of power, the gentlest, loveliest, still
Selects, as victims, to abide
His selfish law—his tyrant will !
'Twas written all, without one dye
Of vengeful hue, in that sad eye !

As nearer peal'd the hunter's cry,
And fainter well'd the vital tide,
She rose, she turn'd—('twas not to fly)
And sunk again that stream beside :
And one, last, lingering effort tried
Fair Zion's distant hills to view,
Scene of her earliest joy and pride—
And droop'd the eye, that sightless grew,
And her expiring life-sob cast
Toward realms beloved to the last.
Mhow, May, 1832.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh ! bid me not the harp-string sweep,
'Tis not as heretofore ;
Its voice would make an angel weep,
So wreck'd the tone—so sad, so deep
The strain it falters o'er !
With heart attun'd to grief alone,
And hand in sorrow's palsy bound,
I cannot wake one slumbering tone
But breathes despair and death around :
And lost, for aye, that playful measure,
Redolent of mirth and pleasure,
Buried, like the heart's lost treasure,
'In Memory's funeral ground.

My native-land !—alas, how throng,
 Call'd by that sacred sound,
'The dreams of hours, when hope was young,
When yet I smil'd, when yet I sung,

 My brow with roses bound :
When yet the wanderer had a home ;
When yet the Exile's step was free
'To tread the land she call'd her own,
Beneath her lov'd acacia tree :

Ere Zion's hour of bliss was over,
Ere Zion's daughter mourn'd above her,
Ere 'twas a crime to prize, to love her,
 Death, to wish her free.

Yet—if thy spirit thirst to hear
 The thrill of song again ;
Then, bear my lute, where, fresh and clear,
The morning breeze streams in !

 For, through yon glorious vault of blue,
His wing hath wander'd, glad and far,
, And sipp'd the morn's delicious dew,
And flutter'd round her orient star ;
And if, beneath yon vault of azure,
Linger still one note of pleasure,
'Tis he must waft the transient measure
 To thy ravish'd ear.

Hark to the light, the thrilling swell !
 As if some spirit' wings,
Too free, too glorious long to dwell
Beneath *this* Heaven, had wak'd the shell,
 Maz'd in its quivering strings :

And deep yon dying, torturous fall
As that of Angel, lingering yet
To breathe one last, long sigh o'er all
Scenes he must leave, but ne'er forget !
Ah ! said I not, this lute could never
Vibrate to the thrill of pleasure ?
Hath not our Zion's sun for ever,
Ever—ever set ?

Mhow, March, 1832.

THE STRAIN OF OTHER DAYS.

Breathe—breathe that magic strain once more,
Those mellow notes, so sweet and clear,
For I would drink them o'er and o'er,
With soul athirst and ravish'd ear !
They conjure back the memory dear
Of buried hopes, and jocund hours,
And her, whose silvery voice could cheer
The heart's faint rills and drooping bowers
While yet the smile, whose radiance dress'd
This cheek, sprang freely from my breast.

Once more ! once more !—but let *that* fall
Be soft, as memory's tenderest sigh !
And murmuring, melting, whispering all,
In lingering, fond reluctance die

Those plaintive chords!—Ah! now the eye
Of Fancy kindles o'er the strain!—
They come—they come careering by,
Th' embodied phantoms of the brain;
A sacred throng of hopes and fears,
And smiles and vows of other years.

O! cease not yet; for whiles that swell
Retains its magic o'er my mind,
I yet may cheat my fancy well;
That she, whose love was first to wind
Its tendrils round my infant breast,
Above me hangs, as once she hung,
To charm my infant fears to rest;
And sings the thrilling song she sung,
In tones that aye to memory dear,
We live not, twice on Earth to hear.

‘Mother, sweet Mother,—earliest friend,
Return and soothe thy wayward child:
Hard is his heart, yet O! *'twill* bend,
If thou *but* smile, as once thou smil'd;
And the rude Soldier, meek and mild,
Shall dream his sterner mood away,
And half believe the vision wild,
That brings him back his boyish day
With all its wealth of hopes and fears—
A child once more:—at least in tears.

Thus, let my burning brow repose
A moment on thy loving breast !
And then, methinks, my cares, my woes,
In deep beatitude of rest
Shall fade, and leave me fully blest,
As when I knew nor sin nor shame,
By those reverèd lips caress'd,
And call'd by that, mine early name,
Dear, since with it come sweetly twin'd
Youth's careless joy and guileless mind.

Minstrel, thy voice is sweet, and o'er
The chords thy hand hath potency high,
And thou hast prov'd th' unwonted power
To cheat me of a tear—a sigh :
I love thy votive minstrelsy—
But, would'st thou wield its perfect sway,
Go listen, where they fall, and die,
And rise, and melt, and still delay,
The love notes of that melody,
Which stole mine infant heart away.

Mhow, May, 1832.

ZION'S DAUGHTER.

I have roam'd the wild mountains, an exile, a stranger,
 In a land where my people and name are abhorr'd,
 O'er the wide, rolling Ocean and billows of danger,
 Whose fury were ruth to the conqueror's sword.

When I shrink in the tempest, alone and unfriended,
 And my blood is congeal'd, and my garments are torn ;
 And the tress, which the daughters of monarchs once
 blended

With the gems of a kingdom, is scatter'd in scorn.

And the wolf to his den, and the dove to her chamber,
 And the meanest of reptiles to shelter hath fled :—
 No hall hath a seat for the unpitied stranger,
 No roof hath a screen for her desolate head.

†

Yet, not for my own selfish sorrows, are mingled
 My tears with the torrent, my sighs with the gale ;
 For me, the lone beacon of faith is still kindled,
 But Zion lies helpless, with none to bewail.

The blast of the Wild may, to-day, murmur o'er me,
 And the morrow arise—and behold me no more ;
 I ask not one sorrowing eye to deplore me,
 I seek but, for Zion, the pity she bore.

For the full, sweeping tide of destruction and ruin
Hath raz'd her fair form with the sand of the plain ;
And the stranger her dust on the whirlwind is strewing,
And her altar is quench'd, and her children are slain.

And the lovely is fall'n, and the loved one forsaken ;
And she, that was fairest, and fondest and best,
Hath liv'd, by her fatal adornments to waken
The fell lust of spoil in the conqueror's breast.

And where the fond friends that once hover'd around thee ?
And where are thy lovers, thy kindred, thy blood ?
Can they gaze on the chains, with which strangers have
bound thee ?
Is there no arm of valor to roll back the flood ?

Alas ! the few spirits of truth and of fire,
Who dar'd to befriend thee, are scatter'd and strown
With the last winter's leaves—and the remnant conspire
With those who exult o'er the wrecks of thy throne.

Thy sole living hope is the Hope thou hast scorn'd :
Thy sole living friend is the Friend thou hast shunn'd :
'Thou *wouldst* not be counsell'd, thou *wouldst* not be
warn'd,
He left thee in anger—and thou art consum'd !

Mhow, March, 1832.

THE CHANGES.

There's a bliss in the sorrow-cloud sadd'ning our heart
 As we muse on the days that are gone ;
 Live again the fleet hours of our childhood, and part
 With the years that have stamp'd us so lone !

O ! who hath not wander'd in fancy, to where
 In the freshness of being he stray'd ?
 And again drawn the draught of his own native air,
 And repos'd in his youth's cherish'd shade ?

And pursued, with a glee that knows nothing of care,
 Those butterfly visions, so bright,
 Which had render'd his boyhood's perspective so fair,
 Nor faded, till dearest to sight ?

And thought, with a sigh, how reality's wand
 Hath effaced those fair visions for aye, [hand ;
 And hath chill'd the warm pulse, and hath palsied the
 And hath clos'd the gay smile with a sigh ?

O ! it is not in all the sweet peace we may find
 On the bosom of her we love best,
 To repay us the promise that cheated our mind,
 Ere truth, like the blast of the hot desert wind,
 Had blighted and wasted the breast !

And those visions, once past, can delight us no more,
Those morning dreams ne'er can return !
I may see thee, my country, may tread thy lov'd shore,
May revisit the haunts where they flourish'd before,
But *never*, truth's lesson unlearn !

The Bulbul may sing when his freedom is gone,
Or, releas'd, may unburthen his breast
In the carol of gladness—but where is the tone
That his young spirit breath'd from the nest ?

'Tis in vain the red rose o'er the chalice is wreath'd
With the myrtle and vine, when we know
That the dank gale of death o'er each blossom has
breath'd,
And his venom flows, darkling, below.

For the cold world we view, is the world that *was* warm,
When her path our young footstep first rang'd :
And it is not her loss of one absolute charm,
'Tis the spirit within us is chang'd !

Mhow, April, 1832.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh ! there is a sorrow—I've known it full well,
And young were the bosom it never hath chill'd,
When the bliss we have liv'd for exerts its sweet spell
O'er a heart, whose glad pulses are wither'd and still'd

'The sunshine of pleasure glows gaily in vain
If the springs of enjoyment be sapp'd up and dry ;
And the germ that appears o'er the desolate plain
Comes forth *but* to wither, is born *but* to die.

It is as tho' he, who is exiled afar,
And hath dragg'd on existence, in hope of return
To the land of his Fathers, should tread that lov'd shore
All friendless and sightless, heart-wreck'd and forlorn.

He hears the stream ripple, where oft he had seen
In his young, sunny hours, its fountain o'erflow ;
And he feels by its touch that the moss is still green ;
But their beauty, their verdure he never must know.

And he learns by the echo that smites o'er his breast
'Tis his own native hall, which he treads in despair :
But no voice of endearment his coming hath bless'd,
No glance of affection shall smile on him there !

The turf that lies light o'er the bosom he loved
Is shadow'd in darkness, tho' moist with the tear,
Of his dim, sightless orbs—and for ever removed [bier.
Is the hand, that should strew the wild rose o'er his

Yet one hope hath surviv'd, tho' its stem be laid low,
And all its fresh fountains dried up in despair ;
It is like a green leaf, on a sere, sapless bough ;
We gaze—and ask sadly—"What doeth it there ?"
Mhow, March 3rd. 1833.

TO THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

I see thee, when my soul is glad,

All radiant in thy youth's array ;
A sun-gleam in a fairy glade,

Unfolding each coy flower of May :
And as, where'er thy light steps play,
Hope germs, and peace and promise spring ;
I hear my raptur'd spirit say,

“ O ! Beauty is a joyous thing ! ”

To live, to move, to think, to feel,

As beauteous creatures feel, think, live :
'Mid thoughts and acts, all grace, to steal
Thro' the fair world, as form'd to give
Delight alone : and e'en derive,

From Discord' self an added string
Of harmony,— —Hopes, joys deceive :
—But, Beauty—is a blissful thing.

I see thee in another hour,

When, o'er my soul dark shadows grow,
A fair, but ah ! how fragile flower,
Bent, e'en by gales that gentlest blow.

—O'er all—Decay his dust shall throw :

O'er Bright and Dark shall gloom death's wing :
And thou — —Avaunt dire shapes of woe !
—O ! Beauty !—is a mournful thing !

I see thee, when, o'er Nature's Dust,
 'The snowdrop, first-born flower, is springing,
When streams their icy fetters burst,
 And to the crash, rocks, woods are ringing :
And Hope, o'er Death her anthem singing,
 " A balsam blooms for every sting" !
Time's wither'd arm the dart is flinging ;
 But Beauty—— ———is a deathless thing !

I see thee, when the Voice of Night,
 O'er the hush'd gale is fainting, dying :
Then gushing, with a fountain's might :
 'The echoes of past joys replying :
And o'er her First-born's urn is sighing,
 Young Hope :—and stars delight to fling
Their tender beams, around *thee* vying :—
 —O ! Beauty—is a hallow'd thing !

And, ah ! in visions of the Night,
 Whom, whom doth Fancy paint, but Thee ?
Least mortal then :—thy Beauty's light
 Like Hesper's o'er th' empurpled sea
Of Siren-haunted Italy !—
 Lend, lend, sweet Dreams, your spirit wing !
Of Heav'n ye breathe,—to Heav'n ye flee ;
 And Beauty—is a Heavenly thing !

THE HALL OF REST.

Ye Phantoms of Pleasure, sweet dreams of an hour,
 In the tide of Eternity drown'd,
 I sought not, invok'd not, your soul-blighting power,
 Nor the magic ye scatter around !

The Past ! 'Tis a word that we strive to forget ;
 For our young joys lie sepulchr'd there ;
 And our sins and our sorrows, like ashes that fret,
 Disinterr'd by the hot desert air,

Would fain find concealment, how gloomy soe'er,
 In the dust o'er cold Apathy's breast,
 Nor shrink from the worm, that is Reveller, there,
 So, in darkness and silence they rest.

Return ye, return to the home ye have found,
 Whose portals lie open for me :
 Its walls may be silent, and narrow their bound,
 But, the World hath no city, so free !

O ! had ye, like me, o'er its wide surface roam'd,
 Oft trusting, and often betray'd ;
 And, like the last leaf of some frail plant been doom'd
 Still to linger, while dearer ones fade ;

Full calmly, full deeply ye'd coil to your rest
In the folds of the cerement and shroud ;
Nor return to revisit a care-peopled breast,
Nor a World to deceitfulness vow'd.

For the peace, that is gather'd by mortals, below,
Springs freshest and fairest from death, [blow
Mid the dank, mournful tomb-weeds, that flourish and
O'er the still heart reposing beneath.

Mhow, May 9th. 1832.

NOTICE.

The following are fragments of a poem of some length, which may never see the light. It was written whilst the author's spirit was deeply imbued with the exquisite and magnificent scenery of the Himmahlah mountains : scenery, which he believes to be unrivalled by any thing the world contains. The Poem was happily not published when completed in 1833, and as maturer judgment has blotted out upwards of a thousand lines, it were manifestly easier to write a new work, than to reconstruct the old.

June 14th. 1842.

NATURE.

A FRAGMENT

Written in the Himmahlah Mountains.

Dear Nature, lov'd when yet my heart was new
 To the warm throb, it since hath felt too well ;
 Thou hast been ever to thy votary true,
 When yows more fervid clos'd in cold farewell !

And, on thy bosom, I have hail'd the spell
Of sympathies, congenial with mine own ;
E'en when my breast against thee would rebel,
And chide thy loveliness, because the tone ●
Of wonted joy and peace appear'd for ever flown !

Yes ! I have lov'd thee ! If to think of thee
From infancy to youth, with new delight,
And fresh attractions every hour to see
In thy dear presence ; if such love requite
Regard so pure as thine ; thou know'st the might
With which thy chain hath fetter-bound my soul ;
'Thou know'st, how desolate, when from thy sight
Compell'd by stern necessity's control [roll !
To roam where o'er thy dust, Pride's gilded chariots

And when, disgusted with the world's alloy,
And sick of self, I back to thee have flown ;
Thy voice of stillness shed a calm, pure joy
Around my spirit.—It was thou, alone,
'That could'st restore the shatter'd bosom' tone :
For thou dost ever, with unwearying cheer,
Smile when I smile, yet frown'st not when I frown ;
Thou minglest rapture, with the very tear
That falls, I ask not why, when only thou art near.

And though in such majestic pomp of grace,
Thou ne'er till now hast beam'd upon my sight ;
There is a land, where I was wont to trace
Thine op'ning charms, with more intense delight ;

For there didst thou to loveliness unite
A thousand dreams, all sacred to the breast :
'The hopes of childhood, the delusions bright,
That cheat young Fancy most, when most caress'd,
Betraying, wounding still, yet sacred deem'd, and blest.

Here are no records of mine early hours ;
No bright memorials of my golden years ;
No names, engraven on thy fairy bowers,
Of those, who shar'd my rapture and my tears ;
The tongue, that first assuaged mine infant fears,
Hath wak'd no slumbering echo of thy grove :
The eye, sweet Day-star to a night of cares ;
Sweet Sun, unfolding each young germ of love,
Ne'er pierc'd thy dell beneath, thy heav'n of charms above.

What, tho' thy breeze hath wander'd far and free,
And swept the star gem'd canopy on high,
And sipp'd the clear, blue ether ; till, like Bee
Fraught with the nectar'd freshness of the sky,
It faints beneath the fulness of its joy,
Droops the bright wing inebriate with delight,
And shoots in bounding bliss of freedom by,
Hums its wild ray and speeds its homeward flight
To realm no eye may reach, some glorious world and bright.

What tho' thy bosom pour the life-spring forth,
By which a world, like child unwean'd, is fed ;
What tho' the cataract, foaming in its wroth,
Lash the wild rocks, that form his restless bed,

And crush'd, yet haughty, raise the crested head,
(Like giant rising from an overthrow)
High o'er the verge, from which his lapse was led,
'Till in the upper sky those plumes of snow
Melt into clouds that float, where'er the light gales blow.

What tho' thy tangled cedar forest spread
Its shadowy aisles and columns vast afar,
And drooping o'er the moss-grown mountain, shed
Down to the dell, where winds forget to war,
Its billowy sea of verdure, where the star,
Dearest to night, scarce pours a straggling ray ;
And he, who rules the fiery pinion'd car,
Walking, majestic, on his golden way,
Scares not the sacred gloom, with dull, material day :—

Wild is thy breeze, and on its rapid wing
A few soft notes of other days are borne ;
The cuckoo's welcome to returning spring,
The blackbird's joyous carol from the thorn ;
' They bear me back, in fancy, to the lawn
Of turf, with daisies and with moss o'ergrown,
Where the first draught of life's pure spring was drawn,
Where first awak'd within my breast a tone
That meets responsive chord in Nature's voice alone !—

Fair is thy grove, but Index to the Throne
Of Him, whose shrine lies consecrated there ;
No virgin spire, with beauties all her own
In graceful purity adorns the air,

Nor grows, by contrast with its hue, more fair ;
No village bells their invitation pour,
To tread the sacred Courts of Heaven in prayer,
And with the bright, angelic host adore
And on the wings of love and pure devotion soar.

How sweetly, here their hallowed chime might fall,
Soft as the dew-shower of a summer sky,
Down the deep dell, and through the cedars tall,
Breath'd in the murmur of young zephyr' sigh ;
Mingling their music with the Eagle's cry,
Wakening ten thousand echoes from their trance,
And heav'nward floating, where the crag on high
Wooes the wild magic of the lightning's glance, [dance.
And where on each light gale the floating moss-wreathes

For tho' the heart may find, when tun'd aright,
A call to prayer in every wood-note wild,
To grateful incense in each flow'ret bright
That buds and breathes the mountain's artless child ;
Yet sweet, amid the offering undefil'd,
The general hymn of all created things
One note to prove,—that not in vain hath smil'd
On Man a bounteous Heav'n ; that he, too brings
His incense to the shrine, and heav'nward spreads his
wings !

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Thou, that hast o'er me, from the twilight hour
Of dawning Reason, stretch'd thy scepter'd hand,
And sway'd me, with a dim, mysterious power,
In form a shadow, but in high command
A sweet, yet potent Tyranny :—thy wand
With al-creative energy hath spread
E'en 'mid the waste, of this mine exile's land,
A fairy Hesperis, where still my tread
Wanders, deceiv'd yet charm'd, and willingly misled !

Where is thy hall of grandeur ? Where, the Tower
Of thy dominion ? And if shrines arise
To thy remembrance, lone, mysterious power,
Where be the domes, the spires, whose bounds
comprise
Their votive marbles ? What, the sacrifice
With which thy fane is guerdon'd ?—Who be they
That yield thee homage in the silent sighs
Of the lone breast, nor murmur at a sway
'Tis wisdom to resist, blest folly to obey ?

Have not the measureless expanse of flood,
The earth, air, ocean, melting into one,
The blended harmony of rock and wood
Deep vale, and mountain girdled with a zone

Of liquid ether, made thy presence known
 In its inspiring rapture ? Have not I
 Found in such wilderness of space thy throne,
 And felt the eagle's transport, as on high
 He walks his own wild paths, treads free his native sky ?

Have not I met thee on the firm built height
 Of mountain precipice, where awe grew wild ?
 Where, but for thee, my giddy, reeling sight,
 Had fail'd, in gazing upon mountain, pil'd
 O'er prostrate mountain ? When but thou beguil'd
 The desperate sense of being, 'mid a scene
 Where all breathes terror, and the shuddering child
 Of frail mortality scarce dares to lean
 On rocks, where Titan steps of ages past have been.

And yon wide vault of sapphire ! Surely there
 Thy mystic roof is builded, and there come
 Unearthly whispers on the burthen'd air
 Of thy dim presence :—echoes of the dome
 Where thou hast fix'd thine everlasting home !
 And, when the storm reverberates, around
 Its self-pois'd aisles,—O ! breathes there not a tone
 Of inspiration, in each glorious sound,
 That lifts the fancy high o'er earth's extremest bound ?

Yon' splinter'd pinnacles, no foot may climb,
 So vast, so bright, with their eternal snow ;
 Built to a height so awfully sublime,
 That fancy 'self, dishearten'd shrinks below

Her own aspiring, and distrusts her glow
Of vent'rous ardor, as her eye explores
The pathless precipice of each hoar brow
Interminably heightning, as it draws
The gaze 'mid wildering sights, disdaining Nature's laws.

View I not there, thine everlasting spires,
Rear'd for thyself, when first the murky flood
Of chaos, parting with its central fires
In adamantine waves arrested, stood ?
Or roll'd like some immeasur'd sea of blood,
Dark, dense and boiling, as the prison'd air
Rush'd to its own supernal tides, and stood
An ocean pil'd above an ocean, where
The new form'd light *but* stream'd in red and lurid glare,

Bas'd on the very nucleus of the earth,
'Ere yet its molten elements found rest ;
While Chaos travail'd wildly, in the birth
Of heavenly Harmony, a beauteous guest,
For her dark womb to nurse ;—at that rude breast
Lull'd by the jarring dissonance, the swell
Of Alpine billows, warring crest to crest,
And fierce tornadoes, howling as to quell
The diapason deep of the hoarse thunder-peal.

Built 'ere a song was ever known to cheer
The earth's void bosom : built where never sound
Of minstrelsy hath reach'd, *shall* reach the ear
Of the lone spirit, who perchance hath found

A moment's respite on the utmost bound
 Of their vast fabric for his wearied wing :
 Unless, perchance, the rapture-kindling sound
 Of the blest lay the rolling planets sing
 As round those spires they wind the still unending ring !

Such be thy halls, thy spires, thy courts, thy towers,
 Such, and so glorious : and 'tis here I feel
 A breathless inspiration, which o'erpowers
 My soul, and doth each sense, bewilder'd, steal :
 'Tis a most wild, most eloquent, appeal
 To all the energies that strive within ;
 Those restless energies that madly wheel
 A fiery vortex, mid a lake serene,
 Where contemplation walks, the genius of the scene !

But thou hast thrones, and temples, and a shrine
 In the dim regions of the past, and when
 In lonely hour around me rise and shine
 The smiles, the hopes, the glories, that *have* been,
 And the soft shadows gently flit between,
 Of early sorrow, and I seem to grow
 A child once more—O, fully, deeply then
 Do I confess the spell that makes me bow,
 And bind thy votive wreath in reverence round my brow !

'Ere yet the pulses of mine infant heart
 Had learn'd the dead'ning throb of human care ;
 'Ere yet I knew the World possess'd an art
 Of seeming *that*, her features never were.

'Ere yet my soul had wrestled with despair,
Thou gav'st me thine adoption : did'st bestow
A skill inscrutable to trace the fair,
Bright, glorious, mournful, in all things below,
And mix circean draughts, sweet bliss and torturous
woe !

"I was thou, didst make me love the green, glad sward ;
"I was thou didst link me, by a secret spell,
'To woods and wilds, and all the blest accord
Of upland copse and deep embosom'd dell :
Thou didst enchain me by the bubbling well,
Whose crystal heighten'd all the emerald glow
Of the fresh moss ; and where the waters fell
In soothing murmur to their rest, below,
The vacant hours roll'd past, unheeded in their flow.

Why was it rapture, to gaze up on high
Into the liquid azure ? Whence did come
All that sweet transport, as with famish'd eye
I drank the lucid lustre of thy dome
Hung with its thousand urns ? and one by one
Drew all their sweetness, all their glory in
With miserly devotion ? Whence that tone
Which flung its discord down life's busy scene,
Yet transc'd one lonely heart, in a most wildering dream ?

Oft, when reclin'd upon the golden sand
Of the blue ocean, watching there the spray
Toss'd in white wreathes upon the coral strand,
'T was bliss to gaze the vacant hours away :

Thought, feeling, life supplied me in the play
Of those wild, restless billows, whilst the soul
Ceas'd from its strife, or learn'd afar to stray,
From mind and matter, and thought's dull control,
Far as those mighty waves, those deep blue mountains
roll.

But most I lov'd and love the wild, pure breeze
Of the blue mountain ; for its restless wing
Wafts the low plaint of birds, and founts, and trees ;
And immaterial forms must love to spring
On its glad current, where the flow'rets fling
Their honied fragrance : gushing thus along,
I love it as a free, a tameless thing ;
Like that, my spirit shall become, 'ere long,
When it shall tread the heavens, and lose itself in song.

— Was this not all *thy* doing ? Was I not,
E'en from my cradle, nurs'd at thy wild breast
On that strange element, which makes the lot
Of him who tastes, so friendless, yet so blest ?
Was not the song which charm'd mine infant rest
A flood of heavenly harmony, that stole
Its subtle magic from the halcyon's nest,
And deep imbued my yet unconscious soul [control.
With strange tumultuous bliss, that knew nor brook'd

And as the fleeting years matur'd within,
Each embryo chord, and scatter'd, one by one,
Their long dark shadows o'er the mental scene ;
'Twas thou, didst try their concord with a tone

Of deep, appalling sadness, which the tomb
Surrender'd up ; and as it roll'd along,
'There mingled with its swell the ceaseless moan
Of a lone heart, that 'mid the giddy throng,
Finds not one kindred soul, one fond, familiar tongue.

And now I do invoke thee by the spell
Of power, which thine own shadowy voice bequeath'd
To him, thy nursling, who hath lov'd thee well,
Nor e'er turn'd traitor to the vows he breath'd :
Is not my brow with cypress foliage wreath'd,
And lines of harrowing thought, and bands of care ?
Hath not my heart thy chosen robe receiv'd,
The weeds of widow'd hope, which he must wear,
Who'd meet thee in thy strength, thy deeper converse
share ?

Come not in smiles ; for, I thy sadness love !
Come not in light ! for, more majestic, far,
Wilt thou in all thy gloomy terrors prove ;
, Thy wing, the tempest ; and the mightiest jar
Of elemental strife, the harbinger
Of thy dread presence ; and th' uprooted main,
Mix'd with the clouds, thy mantle : but the war
Of the soul's darker depths thy holiest fane
Which 't approach requires firm heart and stedfast brain.

O! I invoke thee, by the wild, wild breeze
'That feasts on Heaven ! By ev'ry mighty moan
Of the dense forest ! By the rocks, the trees,
Prolific ages have rear'd up or strown !

By the terrific silence of thy throne,
Which it is death to violate ! By all
The snow-wreaths gather'd in the mountain's zone
In thundr'ous ruin, o'er man's realm to fall,
Lone spirit, hear my cry ! Give answer to my call !

Thou com'st, thou com'st : I feel thee stealing o'er
The heart, whose tides, like the dead sea's, do rest
In awful calm, as swell from shore to shore
The wail of spirits, prison'd in their breast :
So pause the heart-tides, burthen'd and oppress'd,
Aw'd by dire phantoms fetter'd in their tide,
Hail thee, as storm-borne Genius of the West,
Whose clarion stirs each torpid billow's pride, [ride.
Till forth tumultuous hurl'd, the white plum'd myriads

Mhow, 1832.

FAREWELL TO HIMMAHLAH !

O ! 'ere for ever from mine eye they fade,
Thy gleams of glory, thy deep floods of shade ;
Thy paths of mystery, leading ever, on,
The captive step ; thy forest-glades so lone,
Where, only holiest sounds of bliss intrude,
To perfect Nature's breathing solitude !
'Ere thus bereav'd my soul, O ! let me call
From far and near, around me, one and all

Thy glorious lineaments, until mine eye
Roll in bewilder'd rapture, and the high
Full tide of inspiration lend its swell
To waft the accents of my last farewell !

Farewell ! Farewell ! friends of my lonely hour,
Visions of splendor long'd for, yet unknown ;
When first there dawn'd upon my soul the power
To love perfection, and find rest, alone
In building beauteous thoughts :—if ever tone
Were fraught with sadness :—if there 'ere did fall
A tide of tenderness in the last moan
Of the wreck'd lute t' atone its perish'd power,
Scorn not the heart's last gift, nor spurn its widow'd
dower !

Joy is a transient good ;—'tis pain alone
We vest with immortality, below
Yon vault of azure :—still the years roll on
Effacing fresh delight, in the warm glow
Of good, bestow'd from Heaven :—'tis lony woe
That leaves a furrow of his car behind :
The sunbeam stains not with its tints the snow
Of yon vast Alp : yet tears have even min'd [find.
Lines on the granite rock, which Time's last sand shall

Farewell ! Ye mountains of the sunny East !
Farewell ! ye peaks of never rivall'd height !
Shoot still those pinnacles with snow wreathes dress'd,
And swath'd in tints of iridescent light !

Soon must ye fade, for ever, from my sight ;
And colder eyes your beauties shall explore ;
And colder bosoms feign the fresh delight
They never felt ; and hollow words shall pour [awe !
Their icy praise, where tongues of fire hang mute with

Farewell ! ye forests of inviolate shade !
Farewell ! ye channels to the mountains' tears !
Farewell ! ye chasms, by the earthquake made,
Bold reminiscences of other years !
Ye have been round me, in my hopes, my fears,
My joys and sorrows : ye have witness'd still
My high and lonely musing, when earth's cares
Were lost in fancy's all-absorbing thrill,
And my lone spirit walk'd o'er each majestic hill.

Farewell ! ye rills that leap impetuous down,
And mingle with the wind your feathery spray !
Farewell, ye gales that waft the fresh perfume,
From banks, with Flora's decorations gay !
Farewell ! Farewell ! If ever hope betray,
'Twill be with smile, like thine, from memory won :
If e'er again, one transitory lay
Revive the wild delight of days bygone,
Ye, in your charms shall rise, around me, one by one !

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

This volume was printed in 1842. Circumstances prevented its publication at that time. The Author has since had more extended acquaintance with the natives of India than he had previously enjoyed. It is mentioned in a note, that the whisker of the tiger is burnt as a charm. This was the only explanation the author could gather of a custom universal in India; but whatever may be the motive of the practice in particular cases, the origin of it is a belief that the whisker of the tiger is the most deadly of poisons. As such it is administered in the leaf of pawn given to visitors on quitting their host, and no native thinks of putting the leaf into his mouth until he has torn away the main fibre in which this supposed poison might be concealed. I have kept several tigers and leopards, but never could preserve their whiskers inviolate. Threats and even fines had no effect, the whiskers were cut every second or third day, but whether as poison for enemies or to prevent this abuse of them, I never could learn. The instant a tiger has been shot, a piece of lighted wood or cowdung is brought and the whiskers are singed away. The talons are stolen as charms against witchcraft, and, being set in silver are suspended round the neck. The fat is melted and preserved as a remedy for rheumatism, and Bhial women bring for sale what they call tiger's milk, absorbed in raw cotton, and which they say they have collected from the rocks on which tigresses were suckling their cubs. This, if I recollect aright, is an antidote to witchcraft. The flesh of the tiger is dried and preserved

Errata in the Lotus-Walker.

	page	line
	18	transpose notes at foot
	45	20 for 'on' read 'in'
Notes	vii	70 for 'Ubhava,' read 'The 21st
	xiii	4 for 'Kanjya,' read 'Radha'
	—	— for 'conducts,' read 'conducts'
	xvi	8 for 'dream,' read 'dream'
	xvii	9 for 'concealed,' read 'concealed'

Errata in Spenser's Poem

	page	line.
	11	7 for 'illumina,' read 'illumina'
	14	17 for 'Belov'd' read 'Beloved'
	19	25 for 'chase,' read 'tuck'
Canto	iii.	page 4 line 15 for 'ignoble,' read 'ignoble'
"	iii.	" 17 " 6 for 'thine' read 'thine'
"	iv.	" 43 " 27 for 'dun' read 'dun'
"	iv.	" 51 " 21 for 'in' read 'in'
"	"	" 211 " 11 for 'unm' read 'unm'
"	"	" ix " 16 for 'haust' read 'haust'
"	"	" xii " 7 for 'ind' read 'ind'
"	"	" xiii " 7 for 'old' read 'old'
Notes,	"	20 " 25 for 'Mush' read 'Mush'
"	"	22 " 11 for 'revers' read 'revers'
"	"	xxx " 9 for 'In' read 'In'
"	"	xxxi " 11 for 'm' read 'm'
"	"	xxxii " 11 for 'm' read 'm'
"	"	xlvi " 16 for 'the' read 'the'
"	"	last line for 'wines' read 'wines'
"	xviii	" 17 for 'M' read 'M'
"	xv	" 18 for 'unholy,' read 'unholy'
"	xv	" 2 for 'columns,' read 'columns'
"	xvi	" 3 for 'acquisitions,' read 'acquisitions'
"	xvi	" 29 for 'called,' read 'called'
"	xvi	" 7 for 'base,' read 'base'
"	"	" 11 for 'that' read 'that'
"	xviii	" 1 for 'the changes,' read 'the changes'
"	"	" 17 for 'element,' read 'element'

